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OR
CRITICAL JOURNAL:

FOR
JANUARY, 1845 APRIL, 1845.

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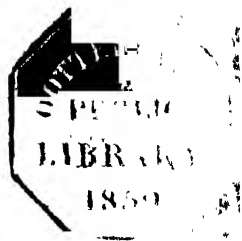
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THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW,

APRIL, 1845.

N^o. CLXIV.

ART. I.—*Gregoire VII.; St François d'Assize, St Thomas D'Aquin.* Par. E. J. Delécluze. Two Volumes. 8vo. Paris: 1844.

HE had been a shrewd, if not a very reverent observer of human life, who bowed to the fallen statue of Jupiter, by way of bespeaking the favour of the god in the event of his again being lifted on his pedestal. Hildebrand, the very impersonation of Papal arrogance and of spiritual despotism, (such had long been his historical character,) is once more raised up for the homage of the faithful. Dr Arnold vindicates his memory. M. Guizot hails him as the Czar Peter of the Church. Mr Voight, a professor at Halle, celebrates him as the foremost and the most faultless of heroes. Mr Bowden, an Oxford Catholic, reproduces the substance of Mr Voight's eulogy, though without the fire which warms, or the light which irradiates, the pages of his guide. M. Delécluze, and the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève*, are elevated by the theme into the region where rhetoric and poetry are conterminous; while M. l'Abbé Jager absolutely shouts with exultation, to witness the subsidence, at the voice of Protestants, of those mists which had so long obscured the glory of him, by whom the pontifical tiara was exalted far above the crowns of every earthly potentate. Wholly inadequate as are our necessary limits to the completion of such an enquiry, we would fain explore the grounds of this revived

worship, and judge how far it may be reasonable to join in offering incense at the shrine of this reinstated *Jupiter Ecclesiasticus*.

Except in the annals of Eastern despotisms, no parallel can be found for the disasters of the Papacy during the century and a half which followed the extinction of the Carlovingian dynasty. Of the twenty-four Popes who during that period ascended the apostolic throne, two were murdered, five were driven into exile, four were deposed, and three resigned their hazardous dignity. Some of these Vicars of Christ were raised to that awful pre-eminence by arms, and some by money. Two received it from the hands of princely courtesans. One was self-appointed. A well-filled purse purchased one papal abdication; the promise of a fair bride another. One of those holy fathers pillaged the treasury, fled with the spoil, returned to Rome, ejected his substitute; and mutilated him in a manner too revolting for description. In one page of this dismal history, we read of the disinterred corpse of a former Pope brought before his successor to receive a retrospective sentence of deposition; and in the next we find the judge himself undergoing the same posthumous condemnation, though without the same filthy ceremonial. Of these heirs of St Peter, one entered on his infallibility in his eighteenth year, and one before he had seen his twelfth summer. One again took to himself a coadjutor, that he might command in person such legions as Rome then sent into the field. Another, Judas like, agreed for certain pieces of silver to recognise the Patriarch of Constantinople as universal bishop. All sacred things had become venal. Crime and debauchery held revel in the Vatican; while the afflicted Church, wedded at once to three husbands, (such was the language of the times,) witnessed the celebration of as many rival masses in the metropolis of Christendom. To say that the gates of hell had prevailed against the seat and centre of Catholicism, would be to defy the Inquisition. But Baronius himself might be cited to prove that they had rolled back on their infernal hinges, that thence might go forth malignant spirits, commissioned to empty on her devoted head the vials of bitterness and wrath.

How, from this hotbed of corruption, the seeds of a new and prolific life derived their vegetative power, and how, in an age in which the Papacy was surrendered to the scorn and hatred of mankind, the independence of the Holy See on the imperial crown became first a practical truth, and then a hallowed theory, are problems over which we may not now linger. Suffice it to say, that in the middle of the eleventh century, Europe once more looked to Rome as the pillar and the ground of the truth; while Rome herself looked forth on a long chain of stately

monasteries, rising like distant bulwarks of her power in every land which owned her spiritual rule.

Of these, Clugni was the foremost in numbers, wealth, and piety; and at Clugni, towards the end of the year 1048, a priest, arrayed in all the splendour, and attended by the retinue of a Pontiff elect, demanded both the hospitality and the homage of the monks. His name was Bruno. His office, that of the Bishop of Toul. But at the nomination of the Emperor Henry the Third, and in a German synod, he had recently been elected to the vacant Papacy, and was now on his way to Rome, to take possession of the Chair of Peter. The Prior of the house was distinguished above all his brethren by the holiness of his life, the severity of his self-discipline, and by that ardent zeal to obey which indicates the desire and the ability to command. He was then in the prime of manhood, and his countenance (if his extant portraits may be trusted) announced Hildebrand as one of those who are born to direct and subjugate the wills of ordinary men. Such a conquest he achieved over him on whose brows the triple crown was then impending. An election made beyond the precincts of the Holy City, and at the bidding of a secular power, was regarded by the austere monk as a profane title to the seat once occupied by the Prince of the Apostles. At his instance, Bruno laid aside the vestments, the insignia, and the titles of the pontificate; and, pursuing his way in the humble garb of a pilgrim to the tomb of Peter, entered Rome with bare feet, and a lowly aspect, and with no attendant (or none discernible by human sense) except the adviser of this politic self-abasement. To Bruno himself indeed was revealed the presence of an angelic choir, who chanted in celestial harmonies the return of peace to the long-afflicted people of Christ. Acclamations less seraphic, but of less doubtful reality, from the Roman clergy and populace, rewarded this acknowledgment of their electoral privileges, and conferred on Leo the Ninth (as he was thenceforth designated) a new, and, as he judged, a better title to the supreme government of the Church. The reward of this service was prompt and munificent. Hildebrand was raised to the rank of a Cardinal, and received the offices of sub-deacon of Rome, and superintendent of the church and convent of St Paul.

Not less assiduous to soothe, than they had been daring to provoke, the resentment of the Emperor, the Pope became once more a courtier and a pilgrim, while the Cardinal remained in Rome to govern the city and the church. Thrice Bruno visited the German court, bringing with him papal benedictions to Henry, and papal censures on Henry's rebellious vassals. So grateful and so effective was the aid thus rendered to the mon-

arch, that, on his last return to Italy, Leo was permitted to conduct thither a body of Imperial troops, to expel the Norman invaders of the papal territory. At Civitella, however, the axes of Humphrey and Robert, brothers of William of the Iron-hand, prevailed over the sword and the anathemas of Peter. Whether Hildebrand bore a lance in that bloody field, is debated by his biographers. But no one disputes that he more than divided the fruits of it with the conquerors. To them were conceded the three great fiefs of Calabria, Apulia, and Sicily—to the Holy See the suzerainty over them. Humiliated and broken-hearted by his defeat, Bruno pined away and died. Strong in this new feudal dominion, and in the allegiance of these warlike vassals, Hildebrand directed his prescient gaze to the distant conflicts and the coming glories in which they were to minister to him. The auspicious hour was not yet come. His self-command tranquilly abided the approach of it.

Gebhard, Bishop of Eichstadt, enjoyed the unbounded confidence and affection of Henry. He had ever lent the weight of his personal advice, and the sanction of his episcopal authority, to sustain his friend and master in his opposition to papal encroachments. Yet Gebhard was selected by the discerning Cardinal, as of all men the best qualified to succeed to the vacant Papacy. Presenting himself in the Emperor's presence, Hildebrand implored his acquiescence in a choice in which he must perceive (such was the language of the Cardinal) that his feelings, his interests, and his honour, had all been anxiously consulted. The thoughtful German detected the net spread for him by the wily Italian. He struggled to avoid it, but in vain. He suggested many other candidates. To each Hildebrand had some conclusive objection. He urged that, by the favour and the testimony of Henry himself, Gebhard, and he alone, had been raised to an eminence unassailable by reproach, and beyond the reach of suspicion. Importuned and flattered, his affections moved but his understanding unconvinced, the Emperor at length yielded. If our own second Henry had studied this passage of history, the darkest page of his own had perhaps never been written.

Gebhard became Pope, assumed the title of Victor the Second, adopted, even to exaggeration, the anti-imperial principles of Hildebrand, and rewarded his services by a commission to act as his Legate *a latere* in the kingdom of France. By Victor, this high employment was probably designed as an honourable exile for a patron to whom he had contracted so oppressive a debt of gratitude. But the new Legate was not a man on whom any dignity could fall as a mere unfruitful embellishment. He cited before him the bishops and ecclesiastical dignitaries

subjected to his legantine power, and preferred against the whole body one comprehensive charge of simony. Of the accused, one alone stoutly maintained his innocence. 'Believest thou,' exclaimed the judge, 'that there are three persons of one substance?' 'I do.' 'Then repeat the doxology.' The task was successfully accomplished, until the prelate reached the name of him whose gifts Simon Magus had desired to purchase. That name he could not utter. The culprit cast himself at the Legate's feet, confessed his guilt, and was deposed. More than eighty of his brethren immediately made the same acknowledgment. The rumour spread on every side, that the papal emissary was gifted with a preternatural skill to discern the presence in the human heart of any thoughts of Satanic origin. Popular applause followed the steps of the stern disciplinarian, and the wonder of the ignorant was soon rivalled by the admiration of the learned and the great. Such was the fame of his wisdom, that the claim of Ferdinand of Castile to bear the imperial title, was referred to his legantine arbitrement by the Spanish and the German sovereigns. He awarded that exclusive privilege to Henry and to his heirs. Ill had Henry divined the future. Rashly had he consented to hold the honours of his crown by the judicial sentence of a man, who, within twenty years, was to pluck that crown with every mark of infamy from the brows of his only son and successor.

When that son ascended the throne of his progenitors, and assumed the kingly title of Henry the Fourth, he was yet a child. Agnes, his widowed mother, became the regent of his dominions, and Victor the guardian of his person. But the Pope soon followed the deceased Emperor to the grave, and another papal election placed Frederick of Lorraine on the apostolic throne. In appearance, the choice was the undesigned and hasty result of a mere popular tumult. In reality, it was effected by the influence, as it promoted the designs, of Hildebrand.

Frederick was the brother of Godfrey, who, in right of his wife Beatrice, and during the minority of her daughter Matilda, exercised the authority and enjoyed the title of Duke of Tuscany. This promotion cemented the alliance between the Holy See and the most powerful of the Italian states, by which the northern frontier of the papal territories might be either defended or assailed. Nor were the clamour and confusion which attended it, really unpremeditated. For so flagrant a disregard of the rights of the infant Emperor, some excuse was necessary, and none more specious could be found than that which was afforded by the turbulence of popular enthusiasm. By what informing

spirit the rude mass had been agitated, was sufficiently disclosed by the first act of the new Pontiff. He had scarcely assumed the title of Stephen the Ninth, before he conferred on Hildebrand the dignities of Cardinal-Archdeacon of Rome, and of Legate at the Imperial Court.

After a reign of eight months, Stephen, conscious of the approach of death, left to the Romans his last injunction to postpone the choice of his successor, until the return from Germany of this great dispenser of ecclesiastical promotions. The command was obeyed. The Cardinal-Archdeacon reappeared, bringing with him the consent of the Empress-Regent to the choice of Gerard, Bishop of Florence, another adherent of the ducal house of Tuscany. He accordingly ascended the Chair of St Peter. Like each of his three immediate predecessors, he sat there at the nomination of Hildebrand—the one great minister of his reign, and director of his measures. At his instance, Nicholas the Second (so was he now called) summoned a council at which was first effected, in the year 1059, a revolution, the principle of which, at the distance of eight centuries, still flourishes in unimpaired vitality. It, for the first time, conferred on the College of Cardinals the exclusive right of voting at papal elections. It set aside not only the acknowledged rights of the Emperor to confirm, but the still more ancient privilege of the Roman clergy and people to nominate, their bishop. But Hildebrand was now strong enough in his Norman alliance, to defy a power before which so many churchmen had trembled. At his summons, Robert Guiscard broke down the fortresses of the Roman counts and barons, who, with their retainers, had been accustomed, in the comitia of papal Rome, to reveal the exploits of Clodius and his gladiators. Their authority was arrested for ever, and from that period their name ceases to appear in the history of pontifical elections. The title of Duke, and a recognition of his sovereignty, over all the conquests which he had made, or should ever make, rewarded the obedience of the Norman freebooter.

This service rendered to the cause of sacerdotal independence, Nicholas died. It was a cause which, however much advanced by the profound sagacity and promptitude of Hildebrand, could, as he well knew, triumph over the hostility of its powerful antagonists by no means less hazardous or less costly than that of open and protracted war. During the minority of Henry such a conflict could hardly be commenced, still less brought to a decisive issue. The rights of the royal child derived from his very weakness a sanctity in the hearts, and a safeguard in the arms, of his loyal German subjects. The time of mortal struggle was

not yet come. The aspiring Cardinal judged that by again resigning to another the nominal conduct, he could best secure to himself the real guidance, of the impending controversy.

To obtain from the Empress-Regent an assent to the observance by the Sacred College of the new electoral law, was the first object of the conclave which assembled after the death of Nicholas, at the command of Hildebrand. At his instance an envoy was dispatched to the Imperial Court, with the offer that the choice should fall on any ecclesiastic whom Agnes might nominate, if she would consent that the Cardinals alone should appear and vote at the ceremonial. The compromise was indignantly rejected. A synod of imperialist prelates was convened at Basil, and by them Cadolous, Bishop of Parma, (the titular Honorius the Second,) was elevated to the vacant Papacy. To this defiance the Cardinal-Archdeacon, and his brethren, answered by the choice of Anselm, Bishop of Lucca, afterwards known in history as Alexander, the second of that name. After a brief but sanguinary conflict in the open field, each of the rival Popes, at the mediation of Godfrey, retired to his diocese, there to await the judgment of a future council on their pretensions. But Alexander did not quit the city until he had acknowledged and rewarded the services of the head and leader of his cause. Hildebrand now received the office of Chancellor of the Holy See, the best and the highest recompense which he could earn, by raising others to supreme ecclesiastical dominion. Two successive councils confirmed the election of Alexander, who continued during twelve years to rule the Church with dignity, if not in peace.

The time had at length arrived when Hildebrand was to receive the high and hazardous reward which his unfaltering hopes had so long contemplated, and his self-controlling policy so often declined. Leo, Victor, Stephen, Nicholas, and Alexander, had each been indebted to his authority for the pontificate, and to his councils for the policy with which it had been administered. Successively Cardinal, Deacon, Archdeacon, Legate, and Chancellor of the Apostolic See, one height alone was yet to be scaled. In the great church of the Lateran the corpse of Alexander was extended on the bier. A solemn requiem commended to the Supreme Judge the soul of the departed, when the plaintive strain was broken by a shout, which, rising as it seemed spontaneously and without concert from every part of the crowded edifice, proclaimed that, by the will of the Holy Peter himself, the Cardinal-Chancellor was Pope. From the funeral procession Hildebrand flew to the pulpit. With impassioned gestures, and in a voice inaudible amidst the uproar, he seemed to be imple-

ring silence ; but the tempest was not to be allayed until one of the Cardinals announced, in the name of the Sacred College, their unanimous election of him whom the Apostle and the multitude had thus simultaneously chosen. Crowned with the tiara, and arrayed in the gorgeous robes of a Pope-elect, Gregory the Seventh was then presented to the people. Their joyous exultation, and the pomp of the inaugural ceremonies, blended and contrasted strangely with the studied gloom and the melancholy dirge of the funeral rites.

That this electoral drama was a mere improvisation, may be credited by those before whose faith all the mountains of improbability give way. But thus to reach the summit of sacerdotal dominion as if by constraint ; and thus, without forfeiting the praise of severe sanctity, to obtain the highest of this world's dignities ; and thus to anticipate and defeat the too probable resistance of the Imperial Court ; and thus to afford the Cardinals the opportunity and the excuse for the prompt exercise of their yet precarious electoral privilege—was a combination and a coincidence of felicities such as fortune, unaided by policy, seldom, if ever, bestows even on her choicest favourites. He who had nominated five Popes, was, assuredly, no passive instrument in his own nomination. His letters, written on the occasion, would alone be sufficient to prove, if proof were wanting, that a career thus far guided by the most profound sagacity, was not abandoned at its crisis to the caprice of a dissolute multitude. To several of his correspondents he addressed pathetic descriptions of his alarm and sorrow, but with an uniformity of terms so remarkable as to suggest the belief, that the elegiac strain was repeated as often as necessary by his secretaries, with such variations as their taste suggested. To the Emperor he breathed nothing but submission and humility. The most unimpeachable decorum presided over the whole ceremonial that followed. Envoys passed and repassed. Men of grave aspect instituted tedious enquiries. Solemn notaries attested prolix reports ; and in due time the world was informed, that of his grace and clemency Henry, King of Germany and Italy, calling himself Emperor, had ratified the election of his dearly-beloved father, Gregory the Seventh ; the world, meanwhile, well knowing that despite the Emperor's hostility, the Pope was able and resolved to maintain his own ; and that, if his power had seconded his will, the Emperor would have driven the Pope from Rome, as the most dangerous of rebels and the most subtle of usurpers.

But Henry was ill prepared for such an effort. During the first six years of his reign, the affairs of his vast hereditary empire had been conducted by his widowed mother. She was

formed to love, to reverence, and to obey. In an age less rude, or in a station less exalted, her much long-suffering, her self-sustaining dignity, and the tenderness of her gentle spirit, might have enabled her even to win obedience. But her mind was ductile, her conscience enfeebled by a morbid sensibility, and her character formed by nature and by habit for subservience to any form of superstitious terror. She was surrounded by rapacious nobles whom no sacrifices could conciliate, and by lordly churchmen, who at once exacted and betrayed her confidence. Though severely virtuous, she was assailed by shameless calumnies. Her female rule was resented by the pride of Teutonic chivalry, and fraud and violence combined to inflict the deepest wound on her rights as a sovereign, and her feelings as a mother.

At Kaiserworth, on the Rhine, Agnes and her son, then in his thirteenth year, were reposing from the fatigues of an imperial progress. A galley, impelled by long lines of oars, and embellished with every ornament which art and luxury could command, appeared on the broad stream before them. Attended by a train of lords and servitors, Anno, the Archbishop of Cologne, descended from the gallant barge, and pressed the royal youth to inspect so superb a specimen of aquatic architecture and episcopal magnificence. Henry gladly complied, and, as the rowers bent to their oars, he enjoyed with boyish delight the rapidity with which one object after another receded from his view, till, turning to the companions of what had hitherto seemed a mere holiday voyage, he read in the anxious countenances of the commanders, and the vehement efforts of the boatmen, that he was a prisoner, and more than ever an orphan. With characteristic decision, he at once plunged into the water, and endeavoured to swim to shore; but the toils were upon him. A confederacy, formed by the Archbishops of Cologne and Mentz, and supported by the Dukes of Bavaria and Tuscany, consigned their young Sovereign to a captivity at once sumptuous and debilitating. They usurped the powers, and plundered the treasures of the crown. They bestowed on themselves and their adherents forests, manors, abbeys, and lordships. But to the future ruler of so many nations, they denied the discipline befitting his age, and the instruction due to his high prospects. They encouraged him, and with fatal success, to enervate by ceaseless amusement, and to debase by precocious debauchery, a mind naturally brave and generous. Anno has been canonized by the see of Rome. By the same ghostly tribunal, the Monarch whom he kidnapped, betrayed, and corrupted, was excluded from the communion of the Church when living, and from her consecrated soil when

dead. Impartial history will reverse either sentence, and will reserve her anathemas rather for St Anno, by whom the princely boy was exposed to the furnace of temptation, than for him in whose young mind the seeds of vice, so unsparingly sown, sprung up with such deadly luxuriance.

The heart of youth was never won by habitual indulgence. As Henry advanced towards manhood, the Archbishops of Cologne and Mentz discovered that they were the objects of his settled antipathy, and that they had to dread the full weight of a resentment at once just, vindictive, and unscrupulous. To avert that danger they transferred the charge of the royal youth to Adalbert, Archbishop of Bremen, rightly judging that his skill in courtly arts (for he had lived on affectionate terms with the deceased Emperor) might enable him to win his pupil's regard, but erroneously believing that his ecclesiastical zeal (for it seemed the master-passion of his soul) would induce him to employ that advantage in the defence and service of the hierarchy.

Adalbert, whose life is written in the Church History of Adam of Bremen, was a man whose character was so strangely composite, and whose purposes were so immutably single, that he might have suggested portraits to Scott, epigrams to Young, antitheses to Pope, an analysis to Dryden, or to Shakspeare himself some rich and all-reconciling harmony. According to the aspect in which he was viewed, he might with equal justice be regarded as a saint or a man of pleasure, as a scholar or a courtier, as a politician or a wit. Now washing the feet of beggars, eloquently expounding Christian truth, or indignantly denouncing the sins of the rich and the great, the shifting scene exhibited him amidst a throng of actors, jugglers, and buffoons, or as the soul and centre of a society where lords and ambassadors, prelates and priests of low degree, met to enjoy his good cheer, to partake of his merriment, and to endure his relentless sarcasms. At the very moment when, with irresistible address, he was insinuating himself into the favour of some potent Count or Bishop, the approach of another dignitary would rouse him to bitter and unmeasured invective. From the laughing playfellow of his companions he would pass at once into their fierce assailant, and then atone for the extravagance of his passion by a bounty not less extravagant. But whether he preached or gave alms, whether philosophy, or fun, or satire, was his passing whim, he still enjoyed one luxury which habit had rendered indispensable. Parasites were ever at hand to confirm his own conviction, that Adalbert of Bremen was an universal genius, and that, under his fostering care, the see of Bremen was destined to become the northern capital of the universal Church.

Nor was it strange that he believed them. Of the countless victims of self-idolatry, few have had so many seductions to that intoxicating worship. A military as well as an ecclesiastical prince, he witnessed the extension of his Archiepiscopal dominion far along the shores of the Elbe and the Baltic. Kings solicited his personal friendship. Sweden and the Empire accepted him as the mediator of peace. Envoys from every state in Europe, not excepting Constantinople, thronged his palace. He was at once the confidential adviser of the Pope and the chief minister of the Emperor, and even boasted (with whatever truth) that he had declined the Papacy itself. But this earlier Wolsey, like his great antitype, longed for some imperishable monument of his glory. Bremen was the Ipswich of Adalbert; the site selected, but in vain, for perpetuating to the remotest ages the memory of an ambition less ennobled by the greatness of its aims, than debased by an insatiable vanity. To aggrandize his diocese, he builded and fortified, negotiated and intrigued, became by turns a suitor and an oppressor, conciliated attachments and braved enmities, and lived and died the imaginary patriarch of the imaginary patriarchate of the German and Scandinavian nations.

Brightly dawned on the young Henry the day which transferred the charge of his person and of his education from the austere Anno to the princely Adalbert. The Archbishop of Cologne had rebuked the vices he indulged. The conscience of the Archbishop of Bremen demanded no such soothing compromise. He fairly threw the reins on the neck of his royal charge, who invoked the aid of young and profligate companions to use or to abuse this welcome indulgence. His tutors had sown the wind: his people were now to reap the whirlwind. Of the domestic life of the young Emperor, the dark tale recorded by the chroniclers of his age would not be endured by the delicacy of our own. His public acts might seem to have been prompted by the determination to exasperate to madness the national pride, the moral sense, and the religious feelings of his subjects. Yet even when thus provoked, their resentment slumbered. A popular address, a noble presence, and the indulgence so liberally yielded to the excesses of the great, the prosperous, and the young, gave scope for the full expansion of his crimes and follies. At the Lateran the influence of his personal qualities was unfelt. Roused to a just indignation by the frequent intelligence of a life so debauched, and of a reign so impious, Alexander cited the Emperor to appear at Rome, there to answer in person to the apostolic throne for the simony and the other offences imputed to him. The voice was Alexander's voice, but the hand was the hand of Gregory.

Between the day on which Hildebrand conducted Leo the Ninth into Rome as a simple pilgrim, to the time of his own tumultuary election, the quarter of a century had intervened. During the whole of that period he had been the confidential minister and guide of the Papacy. In each of the five pontificates which he had nominally served and really governed, the Holy See had pursued the same aggressive policy with a steadfastness indicating the guidance of one far-seeing mind gifted with patience to await, with promptitude to discern, and with courage to seize the moments of successful advance. When, therefore, the citation of Henry was issued in the name of the dying Pope, none doubted that this audacious act, then without a parallel in history, had been dictated by the same stern and unrelenting counsellor. When tidings reached the Imperial Court that the voice of the people and the votes of the cardinals had placed in Gregory's hands the mysterious keys and the sharp sword of Peter, none doubted the near approach of the conflict which was to assign the supreme dominion over the Christian world, either to the German sceptre, or to the Roman crosier. That, after ages of war and controversy, they should peacefully exercise a concurrent yet divided rule, would have seemed an idle dream to a generation whose feudal theory of government had for its basis the principle of various gradations of dependency on some one common head, or suzerain.

With a life unstained by any sensual or malignant crime, (a praise of which his contemporary and rancorous biographer, Cardinal Benno, is the reluctant and unconscious witness,) and self-acquitted of any selfish ends, (for except as the champion of the Church he neither obtained nor sought any personal aggrandizement,) Pope Hildebrand surrendered himself freely to the current of those awful thoughts which have peopled the brain of each of the successors of Peter in his turn, the basest and the most impure scarcely excepted. A mystery to himself, he had become the supreme Vicar of Christ on earth; the predestined heir of a throne among those saints who should one day judge the world; the mortal head of an immortal dynasty; the depository of power delegated yet divine; the viceroy to whom had been entrusted by God himself the care of interests, and the dispensation of blessings and of curses, which reduced to inappreciable vanities all the good and evil of this transitory world. Resolute as he was, he appears to have trembled at the contrast between the weakness of his human nature and the weight of these majestic responsibilities. With the Abbots of Clugni and of Monte Cassino he maintained a relation, as much resembling friendship as was compatible with the austerity of his nature and his habits; and to

them he depicted the secret tumults of his mind, in terms of which it would be impossible to deny either the sincerity or the eloquence.

Before his prophetic eye arose a vast theocratic state, in which political and religious society were to be harmonized, or absorbed into each other. At the head of this all-embracing polity, the Bishop of Rome was to assert his legitimate authority over all the kings and rulers of the earth. In immediate dependence on him was to be ranged the circle of his liege spiritual lords—some residing at the seat of empire as electors, councillors, and ministers to the supreme potentate; others presiding over the fraternities, the provinces, and the sees of which his empire was composed. At the capital of this hierarchal state were to be exercised the various powers of government—legislative, administrative, and judicial. There also were to be held the occasional meetings of the extraordinary or ecumenical legislature. To the infallible sovereign of this new Jerusalem were to be assigned prerogatives limited only by his own conscience, and restrained by no power but that of God himself. To the Emperor, the Kings, the Dukes, and Counts, his feudatories, was to be entrusted a ministry subordinate and auxiliary to his. They were to maintain order, to command armies, to collect revenues, to dispense justice. But they were to hold their crowns or coronets at the pleasure of the Autocrat; to justify to him the use of their inferior authority, and to employ it in support of that power, which, derived from heaven itself, could acknowledge no superior, equal, or competitor on earth. But woe—such woe as vengeance, almighty and unrelenting, could inflict—on him who should impiously wield the pontifical sceptre, in the name of Christ, in any spirit, or for any ends, not in accordance with these awful purposes which once made Christ himself a sojourner among men! Heathen Rome had been raised up to conquer and to civilize. To Christian Rome was appointed a far loftier destiny. It was hers to mediate between hostile nations, to reconcile sovereigns and their people—to superintend the policy, restrain the ambition, redress the injustice, and punish the crimes of princes—to render the Apostolic Throne the source and centre of an holy influence, which, diffused through every member of the social body, should inform, and animate, and amalgamate the whole, and realize the inspired delineation of that yet unborn age, when the lion and the lamb should lie down together, with a little child their leader.

Sublime as were the visions which thus thronged on the soul of Gregory the Seventh, and which still shed a glowing light over his three hundred and fifty extant letters, life was never, for a single

day, a state of mere visionary existence to him. Before him lay the impending struggle with Henry, with Honorius, with the ecclesiastics of Lombardy, with the German people, whose loyalty had so long survived the sorest provocation, and with many even of the German prelates, who ascribed to the successor of Charlemagne and of Otho the same rights which these great monarchs had exercised over the Pontiffs of an earlier generation. Nor was he unconscious that the way for his theocracy must be paved by reforms, so searching as to convert into inexorable antagonists many of those on whose attachment to his person and his laws he might otherwise have most implicitly relied.

Yet it was with no faint auguries of success that he girded himself for the battle. His Norman feudatories to the south, his Tuscan alliance to the north, promised security to the papal city. Disaffection was widely spread among the commonalty of the Empire. The Saxons were on the verge of revolt. The Dukes of Swabia, Carinthia, and Bavaria, were brooding over insufferable wrongs. From the young and debauched Emperor, it seemed idle to dread any resolved or formidable hostility. From the other powers of Europe, Henry could expect no succour. From every region of Christendom a voice, addressed and audible to the supreme Pontiff, invoked a remedy for the traffic in holy things, and for the fearful pollutions beneath which the Church was groaning; and that heavenly voice promised to him, when he should have strangled those monsters of iniquity, every honour which man could confer, and every benediction which God bestows on his most favoured servants. He heard, and he obeyed it.

From the most remote Christian antiquity, the marriage of clergymen had been regarded with the dislike, and their celibacy rewarded by the commendation, of the people. Among the ecclesiastical heroes of the four first centuries, it is scarcely possible to point to one who was not, in this respect, an imitator of Paul rather than of Peter. Among the ecclesiastical writers of those times, it is scarcely possible to refer to one by whom the superior sanctity of the unmarried to the conjugal state is not either directly inculcated or tacitly assumed. This prevailing sentiment had ripened into a customary law, and the observance of that custom had been enforced by edicts and menaces, by rewards and penalties. But nature had triumphed over tradition, and had proved too strong for Councils and for Popes.

When Hildebrand ascended the chair first occupied by a married Apostle, his spirit burned within him to see that marriage held in her impure and unhallowed bonds a large proportion of

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those who ministered at the altar, and who handled there the very substance of the incarnate Deity. It was a profanation well adapted to arouse the jealousy, not less than to wound the conscience, of the Pontiff. Secular cares suited ill with the stern duties of a theocratic ministry. Domestic affections would choke or enervate in them that corporate passion which might otherwise be directed with unmitigated ardour towards their chief and centre. Clerical celibacy would exhibit to those who trod the outer courts of the great Christian temple, the impressive and subjugating image of a transcendental perfection, too pure not only for the coarser delights of sense, but even for the alloy of conjugal or parental love. It would fill the world with adherents of Rome, in whom every feeling would be quenched which could rival that sacred allegiance. From every monastery might be summoned a phalanx of allies to overpower the more numerous, but dispersed and feeble antagonists of such an innovation. In every mitred churchman it would find an active partisan. The people, ever rigid in exacting eminent virtue from their teachers, would be rude but effective zealots of a ghostly discipline from which they were themselves to be exempt.

With such anticipations, Gregory, within a few weeks from his accession, convened a council at the Lateran, and proposed a law, not, as formerly, forbidding merely the marriage of priests, but commanding every priest to put away his wife, and requiring all laymen to abstain from any sacred office which any wedded priest might presume to celebrate. Never was legislative foresight so verified by the result. What the great Council of Nicaea had attempted in vain, the Bishops assembled in the presence of Hildebrand accomplished, at his instance, at once, effectually, and for ever. Lamentable indeed were the complaints, bitter the reproaches, of the sufferers. Were the most sacred ties thus to be torn asunder at the ruthless bidding of an Italian priest? Were men to become angels, or were angels to be brought down from heaven to minister among men? Eloquence was never more pathetic, more just, or more unavailing. Prelate after prelate silenced these complaints by austere rebukes. Legate after legate arrived with papal menaces to the remonstrants. Monks and abbots preached the continency they at least professed. Kings and barons laughed over their cups at many a merry tale of compulsory divorce. Mobs pelted, hooted, and besmeared with profane and filthy baptisms the unhappy victims of pontifical rigour. It was a struggle not to be prolonged—broken hearts pined and died away in silence. Expostulations subsided into murmurs, and murmurs were drowned in the general shout of victory. Eight hundred years have since passed away. Amidst the wreck of laws,

opinions, and institutions, this decree of Hildebrand's still rules the Latin Church, in every land where sacrifices are offered on her altars. Among us, but not of us,—valuing their rights as citizens, chiefly as instrumental to their powers as churchmen—ministers of love, to whom the heart of a husband and a father is an inscrutable mystery—teachers of duties, the most sacred of which they may not practise—compelled daily to gaze on the most polluted imagery of man's fallen heart, but denied the refuge of nature from a polluted imagination—professors of virtue, of which, from the death of the righteous Abel down to the birth of the fervent Peter, no solitary example is recorded in Holy Writ—excluded from that posthumous life in remote descendants, the devout anticipation of which enabled the patriarchs to walk meekly, but exultingly with their God—the sacerdotal caste still flourishes in every Christian land, the imperishable and gloomy monument of that far-sighted genius which thus devised the means of papal despotism, and of that short-sighted wisdom which proposed to itself that despotism as a legitimate and laudable end.

With this Spartan rigour towards his adherents, Gregory combined a more than Athenian address and audacity towards his rivals and antagonists. So long as the monarchs of the West might freely bestow on the objects of their choice the sees and abbeys of their states, papal dominion could be but a passing dream, and papal independency an empty boast. Corrupt motives usually determined that choice; and the objects of it were but seldom worthy. Ecclesiastical dignities were often sold to the highest bidder, and then the purchaser indemnified himself by a use no less mercenary of his own patronage; or they were given as a reward to some martial retainer, and the new churchman could not forget that he had once been a soldier. The cope and the coat-of-mail were worn alternately. The same hand bore the crucifix in the holy festival, and the sword in the day of battle. Episcopal warriors and abbatial courtiers thus learned to regard themselves rather as feudatories holding of their temporal lord, than as liegemen owing obedience to their spiritual chief. In the hands of the newly consecrated Bishop was placed a staff, and on his finger a ring, which, received as they were from his temporal sovereign, proclaimed that homage and fealty were due to him alone. And thus the sacerdotal Proconsuls of Rome became, in sentiment at least, and by the powerful obligation of honour, the vicegerents, not of the Pontifex Maximus, but of the Emperor.

To dissolve this *trinoda necessitas* of simoniacal preferments, military service, and feudal vassalage, a feeblér spirit would have

exhorted, negotiated, and compromised. To Gregory it belonged to subdue men by courage, and to rule them by reverence. Addressing the world in the language of his generation, he proclaimed to every potentate, from the Baltic to the Straits of Calpé, that all human authority being holden of the divine, and God himself having delegated his own sovereignty over men to the Prince of the Sacred College, a divine right to universal obedience was the inalienable attribute of the Roman Pontiffs, of whom, as the supreme earthly suzerain, emperors and kings held their crowns, patriarchs and bishops their mitres, and held them not mediately through each other, but immediately as tenants *in capite* from the one legitimate representative of the great Apostle.

In turning over the collection of the epistles of Hildebrand, we are every where met by this doctrine asserted in a tone of the calmest dignity and the most serene conviction. Thus he informs the French monarch that every house in his kingdom owed to Peter, as their father and pastor, an annual tribute of a penny, and he commands his legates to collect it in token of the subjection of France to the Holy See. He assures Solomon the King of Hungary, that his territories are the property of the Holy Roman Church. Solomon being incredulous and refractory, was dethroned by his competitor for the Hungarian crown. His more prudent successor, Ladislaus, acknowledged himself the vassal of the Pope, and paid him tribute. To Corsica a legate is sent to govern the demesnes of the Papacy in the island, and to recover the rest of it from the Saracens. To the Sardinians an account is dispatched of her title to their obedience, with menaces of a Norman invasion if it should be withheld. On Demetrius, Duke of Dalmatia, we find him conferring the kingly title, reserving a yearly payment of two hundred pieces of silver 'to the holy Pope Gregory, and his successors lawfully elected, 'as supreme lords of the Dalmatian kingdom.' Among the visitors of Rome was a youth described in one of these epistles as son of the King of Russia. The letter informs the sovereign so designated, that, at the request of the young Prince, the Pontiff had administered to him the oath of fealty to St Peter and his successors, not doubting that 'it would be approved by 'the king and all the lords of his kingdom, since the Apostle 'would henceforth regard their country as his own, and defend it 'accordingly.' From Sweno the Dane he exacted a promise of subjection. From the recently converted Polanders he demanded, and received, as sovereign lord of the country, an annual tribute of an hundred marks in silver. From every part of the European continent, Bishops are summoned by these imperial missives to Rome, and there are either condemned and deposed,

or absolved and confirmed in their sees. In France, in Spain, and in Germany, we find his legates exercising the same power; and the correspondence records many a stern rebuke, sometimes for their undue remissness, sometimes for their misapplied severity. The rescripts of Trajan scarcely exhibit a firmer assurance both of the right and the power to control every other authority, whether secular or sacerdotal, throughout the civilized world.

There was, however, one memorable exception. Robert the Norman conqueror of Sicily, and William the Norman conqueror of England, steeped in blood and sacrilege, were the most shameless and cruel of usurpers. The groans and curses of the oppressed cried aloud for vengeance against them. But the apostolic indignation, though roused by the active vices of the Emperor, and the apathetic depravity of Philip of France, had for these tyrants no menaces of ghostly wrath, no exhortations to repentance. Robert was embraced and honoured as the faithful ally of Rome. William was addressed in the blandest accents of esteem and tenderness. 'You exhibit towards us' (such is the style) 'the attachment of a dutiful son, yea, of a son whose heart is moved by the love of his mother. Therefore, my beloved son, let your conduct be all that your language has been. Let what you have promised be effectually performed.' The injunction was not disobeyed, for even of promises the grim conqueror of the north had been sufficiently parsimonious. As Duke of Normandy he remitted to the Pope the amount of certain dues. As King of England he indignantly refused the required oath of fealty. 'I hold my kingdom of God and of my sword,' was his stern and decisive answer. Something the papal legate dared to mutter of the worthlessness of gold without obedience; but the gold was accepted and the disobedience endured. These were not the days of John, surnamed Lackland; and for Innocent the Third was reserved by his great predecessor the glory of receiving, from an English sovereign on his bended knee, the crown which, on the head of William, challenged equal honours with the papal tiara. For concessions favourable to his hopes of unlimited dominion, the Pontiff turned to a sovereign whose crimes no triumphs had sanctified, and no heroism redeemed.

Alexander's citation had been despised by Henry, and was not revived by Hildebrand. Every post from Germany brought fresh proof that, without the use of weapons so hazardous, the Emperor must, ere long, be reduced to solicit the aid of Rome on such terms as Rome might see fit to dictate. Dark as were the middle ages, the German court had light enough (if we may credit the chroniclers) to anticipate our own enlightened Irish policy. The ancient chiefs of Saxony were imprisoned, their

estates confiscated, and granted to absent lords and prelates. Tithe proctors hovered like birds of prey over the Saxon fields. A project was formed for driving the ancient inhabitants into a Saxon pale, and for converting the land into a great Swabian colony. Castles frowned on every height. Their garrisons pillaged and enslaved the helpless people. Alliances were formed with the Bavarian and the Dane to crush a race hated for their former pre-eminence, and despised for their recent sufferings. Nothing was wanting to complete the parallel but discord and dejection amongst the intended victims.

Groaning under the oppressions, and penetrating the designs of their sovereign, the Saxons solicited for their leaders an audience at Goslar. The appointed day arrived. The deputies presented themselves at the palace. Henry was engaged at a game of hazard, and bade them wait till he had played it out. A stern and indignant demand for justice repelled the insult. A second time, in all the insolence of youth, Henry returned a contemptuous answer. In a few hours he found himself blockaded at his castle of Hartzburg by a vast assemblage of armed men, under the command of Otho of Nordhim, the Tell or Hofer of his native land.

Escaping with difficulty, the Emperor traversed Western Germany to collect forces for crushing the Saxon insurgents. But the spell of his Imperial name and of his noble presence were broken. The crimes of a defeated fugitive were unpardonable. His allies made common cause with the Saxons, whom they had so lately leagued to destroy. Long repressed resentment burst out in the grossest indignities against the recreant sovereign. Unworthy to wear his spurs or his crown, (so ran the popular arraignment,) he descended at a step from the summit of human greatness almost to the condition of an outcast from human society. A Diet had been summoned for his deposition. His sceptre had been offered to Rudolf of Swabia. A few days more, and his crown, if not his life, had been forfeited, when an opportune illness and a rumour of his death awakened the dormant feelings of reverence and compassion. Haggard from disease, abject in appearance, destitute, deserted and unhappy, he presented himself to the citizens of Worms. The ebbing tide of loyalty rushed violently back into its wonted channels. Shouts of welcome ran along the walls. Every house-top rang with acclamations. Women wept over his wrongs. Men-at-arms devoted their lives, rich burghers their purses, to his cause. The Diet was dissolved, Rudolf fled, and it remained for Henry to practise, on his recovered throne, the lessons he had learned in the school of adversity.

Those lessons had been unfolded and enforced by the parental admonitions of Gregory. The royal penitent answered by promises of amendment, 'full' (as the Pope declared) 'of sweetness and of duty.' Nor was this a mere lip homage. To prove his sincerity, he abandoned to the Pope the government of the great see and city of Milan, the strongest hold of the Imperialists in Italy. A single desire engrossed the heart of Henry. No sacrifice seemed too costly which might enable him to inflict an overwhelming vengeance on the Saxon people; no price excessive by which he could purchase the aid, or at least the neutrality, of Hildebrand in the impending struggle. The concessions were accepted by the Pope, the motive understood, and the equivalent rendered. With gracious words to the Emperor and to Rudolf, with pacific councils and vague promises to the Saxons, the Pope retired from all further intervention in a strife of which it remained for him to watch the issue and to reap the advantage.

It was in the depth of a severe winter that Henry, hoping to surprise the insurgents, marched from Worms at the head of forces furnished by the wealth and zeal of that faithful city. Drifts of snow obstructed his advance. The frozen streams could no longer turn the mills on which he depended for subsistence. Meteors blazed in the skies, and the dispirited soldiers trembled at such accumulated omens of disaster. In that anxious host, one bosom only was heedless of danger, and unconscious of suffering. He, who had hitherto been known only as a profligate and luxurious youth, now urged on his followers through cold, disease, and famine, to the Saxon frontier. But there Otho awaited him at the head of a large and well-disciplined army. The Imperialists declined the unequal encounter. Again Henry was reduced to capitulate. Humbled a second time before his subjects, he bound himself to dismantle his fortresses, to withdraw his garrisons, to restore the confiscated fiefs, to confirm their ancient Saxon privileges, and to grant an amnesty unlimited and universal.

The treaty of Gerstungen (so it was called) was dictated by animosity and distrust, and was carried into execution by the conquerors in the spirit of vindictive triumph. They expelled from his residence at Goslar their dejected king and his household, and destroyed the town of Hartzburg with its royal sepulchre, where lay the bones of his infant son, and of others of his nearest kindred. The graves were broken open, and their ghastly contents exposed to shameful and inhuman contumelies—a wild revenge, and a too plausible pretext for a fearful and not distant retribution.

Henry returned to his Rhenish provinces to meditate vengeance.

Reckless of any remoter danger in which the indulgence of that fierce passion might involve him, he invoked the arbitrement of Hildebrand, and called on him to excommunicate the sacrilegious race who had burned the church and desecrated the sepulchres of his forefathers. Gregory watched the gathering tempest of civil war, received the appeals of the contending parties, and answered both by renewed injunctions of obedience to himself. To the Saxons he sent homilies, to the Emperor an embassy, graced by the name and the presence of his mother, Agnes. She bore a papal mandate to her son to enforce the celibacy of the clergy, and to restore to its lawful channels the patronage of the Church. Henry promised obedience. The legates then convoked a national Synod, to be held in Germany under their own presidency. To this encroachment also, Henry submitted. A remonstrance against it from the Archbishop of Bremen was answered by a legantine sentence suspending him from his see. Still the Emperor was passive. Another sentence of the papal ambassadors exiled from the court and presence of Henry, five of his councillors whom Alexander had excommunicated. No signal of resistance was given by their insulted sovereign. Edicts for the government of the Teutonic Church were promulgated without the usual courtesy of asking his concurrence. They provoked from him no show of resentment. Their work accomplished, the legates then returned to Rome, the messengers of successes more important than any former Pope had ventured to contemplate over the authority of the Cæsar. Applause, honours, preferments rewarded her associates; while to Agnes herself were given assurances of celestial joy, and of a distinguished place among the choristers of heaven.

Her less aspiring son fed his mind with hopes of vengeance, rendered as he thought more sure by all his concessions to the Roman Pontiff. Twice, indeed, he had recoiled ignominiously from the Saxon frontier. But from defeat itself he might draw the means of victory. By the great feudatories of the Empire, the spectacle of armed peasants and wealthy burghers imposing terms of peace on the successor of Charlemagne, had been regarded with proud scorn and indignation. They resented the rising fame and influence of Otho. He and his followers might become strong enough to resume by arms the estates they had lost by confiscation. Rumours were already rife of such designs. To fan these flames, and deepen these alarms, to excite among restless chiefs and predatory bands the appetite for war and plunder, became the easy and successful labour of the impatient Emperor. At Henry's summons, the whole strength of

Germany collected on the Elbe to crush in his quarrel the power they had so lately aided to depose him. There were to be seen the crucifix of the Abbot of Fulda, and there the sacred banner of the Archbishop of Mentz. There Guelph, the Bavarian, raised his ducal standard to reconquer the broad lands restored to their former owners by the treaty of Gerstungen. There, surrounded by the chivalry of Lorraine, and restored by the Emperor to that forfeited principality, Godfrey repaid the boon by the desertion of the alliance, conjugal, as well as political, which bound him to the House of Tuscany. There appeared the King of Hungary, lured by the hope of new provinces to be assigned to him on the dismemberment of Saxony. And there, in the centre of countless pennons, came Rudolf, to prove his loyalty to the prince whose throne he had so recently endeavoured to usurp.

The tide of war rolled on towards the devoted land. It had been saved, if penitence, humility, and prayer were of the same power in the courts of earth as in those of heaven. It had been saved, if courage gathered from despair, and guided by patriotism, could have availed against such a confederacy of numbers and of discipline. But prayer was vain, and patriotism impotent. A long summer's day had reached its close, when, under the command of their great leader Otho, the Saxon lines approached the Unstrut. On the opposite banks of that stream the Imperialists had already encamped. Neither army was aware of the vicinity of the other, and Henry had retired to rest, when Rudolf roused him with the intelligence that the insurgent forces were at hand, unarmed, and heedless of their danger, the ready prey of a sudden and immediate attack. The Emperor threw himself in a transport of gratitude at the feet of his adviser, and leaping on his horse, led forward his forces to the promised victory.

In this strange world of ours, tragedies, of which the dire plot and dark catastrophe might seem to be borrowed from hell, are not seldom depicted by historical dramatists, in colours clear and brilliant as those which may be imagined to repose over Paradise. One of the mitred combatants has sung, and Lambert, the chronicler of Aschafnaburg, has narrated, the battle of the Unstrut. The Bishop's hexameters have all the charm which usually belongs to episcopal charges. But Lambert is among the most graphic and animated of historians. His picture of the field glows with his own military ardour, and is thronged with incidents and with figures which might well be transferred to the real canvass. Among them we distinguish the ill-arranged Saxon lines broken, flying, and again forming at

the voice of Otho as it rises above the tumult, and then rushing after him with naked swords, and naked bosoms, on the main battle of the triumphant invaders. And still the eye follows Otho wherever there are fainting hearts to rally, or a fierce onslaught to repel;—and we seem almost to hear the shrill Swabian war-cry from the van of the Imperial host, where by a proud hereditary right they had claimed to stand;—and Rudolf their leader, the very minister of death, is ever in the midst of the carnage, himself, as if in covenant with the grave, unharmed;—and in the agony and crisis of the strife, Henry the idol, to whom this bloody sacrifice is offered, is seen in Lambert's battle-piece, leaping at the head of his reserve on his exhausted enemies, sweeping whole ranks into confused masses, and amidst shrieks, and groans, and fruitless prayers, and fruitless curses, immolating them to his insatiable revenge.

The sun went down on that Aceldama amidst the exultations of the victorious allies. It rose on them the following morning agitated by grief, by discord, and by disaffection. Many nobles who had fought the day before under the Imperial banner, were stretched on the field of battle. The enthusiasm of the Saxons had proved at how fearful a price, if at all, the selfish ends of the confederacy must be attained. They mourned the extinction of one of the eyes of Germany. Silently but rapidly the armament dissolved. Godfrey alone remained to prosecute the war. With his aid it was brought to a successful issue. A capitulation placed Otho and the other leaders in the Emperor's power. With their persons secured, their estates forfeited, and their resources destroyed, he returned to join with the loyal citizens of Worms in chanting the '*Te Deum laudamus.*' The same sacred strain had but a few days before celebrated at Rome a still more important, and enduring victory.

Gregory had rightly judged, that while the rival princes were immersed in civil war, he might securely convene the princes of the Church to give effect to designs of far deeper significance. The long aisles of the Lateran were crowded with grave Canonists and mitred Abbots, with Bishops and Cardinals, with the high functionaries, and the humble apparitors of the Papal State. Proudly eminent above them all, sat the Vicar and Vicegerent of the King of Kings. Masses were sung, and homilies were delivered, and rites were performed, of which the origin might be traced back to the worship of the Capitoline Jove; and then was enacted by the ecclesiastical Senate, a law, not unlike the most arrogant of those which eleven centuries before had been promulgated in the Capitol. It forbade the kings and rulers of the earth to exercise their ancient right of investiture of any spiritual dignitary, and transferred to the Pope alone a patronage and an influence more

than sufficient to balance within their own dominions all the powers of all the monarchs of Christendom. In the darkest hours of Imperial despotism, the successors of Julius had never enjoyed or demanded an authority so wide or so absolute. Even the daring spirit by which it had been dictated, drew back from the immediate publication of such a decree. The Pope intimated to the German court and prelates the other acts of the council, but passed over in silence the great edict for which they had been assembled, and by which they were to be immortalized. It reposed in the Papal Chancery as an authority to be invoked at a more convenient season, and in the mean time as a text for the devout to revere, and for the learned to interpret. To Hildebrand it belonged neither to expound nor to threaten, but to act.

The Bishop of Lucca was dead: the Pope nominated his successor. The Bishop of Bamberg was accused of simony: the Pope suspended him. The Archbishop of Bremen still denied the right of Papal legates to preside in a German synod: the Pope deprived him of his see and of the holy sacraments. The Bishops of Pavia, Turin, and Placentia adhered to Honorius: the Pope deposed them. Henry's five exiled councillors gave no signs of repentance: the Pope again excommunicated them. The Normans invaded the Roman territory: the Pope assailed them by a solemn anathema. Philip of France continued to indulge himself, and to pillage every one else: the Pope upbraided and menaced him. Thus with maledictions, sometimes as deadly as the Pomptine miasma, sometimes as innocuous as the Mediterranean breeze, he waged war with his antagonists, and exercised in reality the powers which he yet hesitated to assert in words.

To the conqueror of Saxony these encroachments and anathemas of the Pontiff appeared more offensive than formidable. He retaliated rather by scorn than by active hostility. He heaped favours on his own excommunicated councillors—sent one of his chaplains to ascend the vacant throne—nominated an obscure and scandalous member of his own household for the princely mitre of Cologne, and forbade his Saxon subjects to appeal to Rome even in cases exclusively ecclesiastical. To Henry, the Pontiff seemed an angry, arrogant, vituperative, old man, best to be encountered by contempt. To Gregory, the Emperor appeared as the feeble and unconscious agent in a providential scheme for subjecting the secular to the spiritual dynasty. To such as could read the signs of the times, it was evident that, on either side, this contempt was misplaced, and that a long and sanguinary conflict drew near, by which the future destinies of the world would be determined.

Events hurried rapidly onward to that crisis. Complaints were preferred to the Holy See of crimes committed by Henry against the Saxon Church which cried for vengeance, and of vices practised by him in private, which rendered him unfit for communion with his fellow Christians. Gregory cited the Emperor to appear before him to answer these charges. The Emperor, if we may believe the papal historians, answered by an attempt to assassinate the author of so presumptuous a citation.

On Christmas eve, in the year 1075, the city of Rome was visited by a dreadful tempest. Not even the full moon of Italy could penetrate the dense mass of superincumbent clouds. Darkness brooded over the land, and the trembling spectators believed that the day of final judgment was about to dawn. In this war of the elements, however, two processions were seen advancing to the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. At the head of one was the aged Hildebrand, conducting a few priests to worship at the shrine of the *Virgo Deipara*. The other was preceded by Cencius, a Roman noble. His followers were armed as for some desperate enterprise. At each pause in the roar of the tempest might be heard the hallelujahs of the worshippers, or the voice of the Pontiff pouring out benedictions on the little flock which knelt before him—when the arm of Cencius grasped his person, and the sword of some yet more daring ruffian inflicted a wound on his forehead. Bound with cords, stripped of his sacred vestments, beaten, and subjected to the basest indignities, the venerable minister of Christ was carried to a fortified mansion within the walls of the city, again to be removed at daybreak to exile or to death. Women were there with women's sympathy and kindly offices, but they were rudely put aside, and a drawn sword was already aimed at the Pontiff's bosom, when the cries of a fierce multitude threatening to burn or batter down the house, arrested the arm of the assassin. An arrow, discharged from below, reached, and slew him. The walls rocked beneath the strokes of the maddened populace, and Cencius, falling at the prisoner's feet, became himself a suppliant for pardon and for life.

In profound silence and undisturbed serenity, Hildebrand had thus far submitted to these atrocious indignities. The occasional raising of his eyes towards heaven alone indicated his consciousness of them. But to the supplication of his prostrate enemy he returned an instant and a calm assurance of forgiveness; he rescued Cencius from the exasperated besiegers, dismissed him in safety and in peace, and returned amidst the acclamations of the whole Roman people to complete the interrupted solemnities of Santa Maria Maggiore.

That Henry instigated this crime, is a charge of which no

proof is extant, and to which all probabilities are opposed. But it was current at the time; and the contest thenceforward assumed all the bitterness of personal animosity. To the charges of sacrilege, impurity, and assassination, preferred against the Emperor, his partisans answered by denouncing the Pope himself, at a Synod convened at Worms, as base-born, and as guilty of murder, simony, necromancy and devil worship, of habitual, though concealed, profligacy, and of an impious profanation of the Eucharist. Fortunately for the fame of Gregory, his enemies have written a book. Cardinal Benno, one of the most inveterate, has bequeathed to us a compendium of all those synodal invectives. The guilt of a base birth is established; for Hildebrand's father was a carpenter in the little Tuscan town of Saone. The other imputations are refuted by the evident malignity of the writer, and by the utter failure, or the wild extravagance, of his proofs.

Such, however, was not the judgment of the Synod of Worms. A debate, of two days' continuance, closed with an unanimous vote that Gregory the Seventh should be abjured and deposed. Henry first affixed his signature to the form of abjuration. Then each Archbishop, Bishop, and Abbot, rising in his turn, subscribed the same fatal scroll. Scarcely was the assembly dissolved, before Imperial messengers were on their way to secure the concurrence of other Churches, and the support of the temporal princes. On every side, but especially in Northern Italy, a fierce and sudden flame attested the long mouldering resentment of the priests whom the Pope had divorced from their wives; of the lords whose simoniacal traffic he had arrested; of the princes whose Norman invaders he had cherished; of ecclesiastics whom his haughty demeanour had incensed; of the licentious whom his discipline had revolted; and of the patriotic whom his ambition had alarmed. The abjuration of Worms was adopted with enthusiasm by another Synod at Placenza. Oaths of awful significance cemented the confederacy. Acts of desperate hostility bore witness to their determination to urge the quarrel to extremities. Not a day was to be lost in intimating to Gregory that the apostolic sceptre had fallen from his hands, and that the Christian Church was once more free.

It was now the second week in Lent, in the year 1076. From his throne, beneath the sculptured roof of the Vatican, Gregory, arrayed in the rich mantle, the pall, and the other mystic vestments of pontifical dominion, looked down the far-receding aisle of the sacred edifice on the long array of ecclesiastical Lords and Princes, before whom 'Henry King of Germany and Italy, calling himself Emperor,' had been summoned to appear, not as their sovereign to receive their homage, but as a culprit to await

their sentence. As he gazed on that new senate, asserting a jurisdiction so majestic—and listened to harmonies which might not unfitly have accompanied the worship of Eden—and joined in anthems which in far distant ages had been sung by blessed saints in their dark crypts, and by triumphant martyrs in their dying agonies—and inhaled the incense symbolical of the prayers offered by the Catholic Church to her eternal Head—what wonder, if, under the intoxicating influence of such a scene and of such an hour, the old man believed that he was himself the apostolic Rock on which her foundations were laid, and that his cause and person were sacred as the will, and invincible as the power, of heaven itself. The ‘*Veni Creator*’ was on the lips of the papal choir, when Roland, an envoy from the Synods of Worms and Placenza, presented himself before the assembled hierarchy of Rome. His demeanour was fierce, and his speech abrupt. ‘The King and the united Bishops both of Germany and Italy,’ (such was his apostrophe to the Pope,) ‘transmit to thee this command:—Descend without delay from the throne of St Peter. Abandon the usurped government of the Roman Church. To such honours none must aspire without the general choice and the sanction of the Emperor.’ Then addressing the conclave—‘To you, brethren,’ he said, ‘it is commanded, that at the feast of Pentecost ye present yourselves before the King my master, to receive a pope and father from his hands. This pretended pastor is a ravenous wolf.’ A brief pause of mute astonishment gave way to shouts of fury. Swords were drawn, and the audacious herald was about to expiate his temerity with his blood. But Gregory descended from his throne, received from the hands of Roland the letters of the Synods, and resuming his seat, read them in a clear and deliberate voice to the indignant council. Again the sacred edifice rang with a tempest of passionate invective. Again swords were drawn on Roland, and again the storm was composed by the voice of the Pontiff. He spoke of prophecies fulfilled in the contumacy of the King and in the troubles of the faithful. He assured them, that victory would reward their zeal, or divine consolations soothe their defeat; but whether victory or defeat should be their doom, the time, he said, had come when the avenging sword must be drawn to smite the enemy of God and of his Church.

The speaker ceased, and turned for approbation, or at least for acquiescence, not to the enthusiastic throng of mitred or of armed adherents, but to one who, even in that eventful moment, divided with himself the gaze and the sympathy of that illustrious assemblage. For by his side, though in an inferior station, sat Agnes the Empress-mother, brought there to witness and to ratify the judgment to be pronounced on her only child, whom she had

borne amidst the proudest hopes, and trained for empire beneath the griefs and anxieties of widowhood. She bore, or strove to bear herself as a daughter of the Church, but could not forget that she was the mother of Henry, when, in all the impersonated majesty of that holy fellowship, Hildebrand, raising his eyes to heaven, with a voice echoing, amidst the breathless silence of the Synod, through the remotest arches of the lofty pile, invoked the holy Peter, prince of the apostles, to hear, and ‘Mary ‘the mother of God,’ and the blessed Paul and all the saints to bear witness, while for the honour and defence of Christ’s Church, in the name of the sacred Trinity, and by the power and authority of Peter, he interdicted to King Henry, son of Henry the Emperor, the government of the whole realm of Germany and Italy, absolved all Christians from their oaths and allegiance to him, and bound him with the bond of anathema, ‘that the nations ‘may know and acknowledge that thou art Peter, and that upon ‘thy rock the Son of the living God hath built his church, and ‘that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.’

When intelligence of the deposition of Henry first astounded the nations of Europe, the glories of Papal Rome seemed to the multitude to have been madly staked on one most precarious issue. Men foretold that the Emperor would promptly and signally punish a treason so audacious, and that the Holy See would, ere long, descend to the level of the Patriarchate of Constantinople. Nor did the wisest deem such anticipations unreasonable. They reflected that Henry was still in the very prime of life—that he possessed a force of will which habitual luxury had not impaired, and a throne in the hearts of his people which the wildest excess of vice and folly had not subverted—that he reigned over the fairest and the wealthiest portion of the Continent—that he commanded numerous vassals, and could bring into the field powerful armies—that he had crushed rebellion among his subjects, and had no rival to dread among his neighbours—and that the Papacy had flourished under the shelter of the Imperial crown, the authority of which had been so arrogantly defied, and the fierce resentment of which was now inevitably to be encountered. But in the seeming strength of the Imperial resources, there was an inherent weakness, and in the seeming weakness of the Papal cause, a latent but invincible strength. Even Teutonic loyalty had been undermined by the cruelties, the faithlessness, and the tyranny of the monarch, and the doom of the oppressor was upon him. The cause of Gregory was, on the other hand, in popular estimation, the cause of sanctity and of truth, of primeval discipline and traditionary reverence, and the Pope himself a martyr, who, in all the

majesty of superhuman power, was resolved either to repel the spoiler from the Christian fold, or to lay down his life for the sheep. That these high and lofty purposes really animated the soul, or kindled the imagination of him to whom they were thus ascribed, it would be presumptuous to deny. But whatever may have been his reliance on the promises of heaven, he certainly combined with it a penetrating insight into the policy of earth. He summoned to his aid his Norman feudatories, and invoked the succour of his Tuscan allies. She who now reigned in Tuscany might be supposed to have been called into being for the single purpose of sustaining, like another Deborah or Judith, the fainting hopes of another Israel.

On the death of Boniface, Duke and Marquis of Tuscany, in 1054, his states descended to his only surviving child, who, under the title of 'The Great Countess,' ruled there until her own death in 1116, first in tutelage, then in conjunction with her mother Beatrice, and, during the last thirty-nine years of that long period, in her own plenary and undivided right. Though she married Godfrey of Lorraine in her youth, and Guelf of Bavaria in her more mature age, neither the wit and military genius of her first husband, nor the wisdom and dignity of his successor, could win the heart of Matilda. Her biographer has entered into an elaborate enquiry to establish the fact, that, notwithstanding her nuptial vows with two of the most accomplished princes of that age, she lived and died as in a state of celibacy. Even they who cannot concur with him in pronouncing the sacrifice sublime, will admit that it was at least opportune. While persuading the clergy to put away their wives, she herself repudiated both her husbands. The story, indeed, is not very tractable. Schools for scandal preceded, as they have survived, all the other schools of modern Italy; and whoever has read Goldasti's '*Replication for the Sacred Cæsarean and Royal Majesty of the Franks*,' is aware that if Florence had then possessed a comic stage and an Aristophanes, he would have exhibited no less a personage than the great Hildebrand in the chains of no meaner an Aspasia than the great Countess of Tuscany. But large as is the space occupied by this charge, and by the refutation of it, in the annals of those times, it may safely be rejected as altogether incredible and absurd. At that period, the anatomists of the human heart seem not to have described, if indeed they had detected, that hieropathic affection so familiarly known among ourselves, of which the female spirit is the seat, and the ministers of religion the objects—a flame usually as pure as it is intense, and which burned as brightly in the soul of Matilda eight centuries ago, as in the most ardent of

the fair bosoms which it warms and animates now. She was in truth in love, but in love with the Papacy. Six aged Popes successively acknowledged and rejoiced over her, at once the most zealous adherent of their cause, and the most devoted worshipper of their persons. And well might those holy fathers exult in such a conquest. Poets in their dreams have scarcely imaged, heroes in the hour of their triumph have rarely attained, so illustrious a trophy of their genius or of their valour.

The life of Matilda is told by Donnizone, a member of her household, in three books of lamentable hexameters, and by Fiorentini, an antiquarian and genealogist of Lucca in the seventeenth century, in three other books scarcely less wearisome; though his learning, his love of truth, and his zeal for the glory of his heroine, secure for him the respect and the sympathy of his readers. That she should have inspired no nobler eulogies than theirs, may be ascribed partly to her having lived in the times when the Boethian had subsided into the Bæotian age of Italian literature, and partly to the uninviting nature of the ecclesiastical feuds and alliances in which her days were consumed. Otherwise, neither Zenobia, nor Isabella, nor Elizabeth, had a fairer claim to inspire and to live in immortal verse. Not even her somnolent chaplain, as he beat out his Latin doggerel, could avoid giving utterance to the delight with which her delicate features, beaming with habitual gaiety, had inspired him. Not even her severe confessor, Saint Anselm of Lucca, could record without astonishment, how her feeble frame sustained all the burdens of civil government, and all the fatigues of actual war; burdens indeed, which, but for a series of miraculous cures wrought for her at her own intercession, she could not (he assures us) have sustained at all.

Supported, either by miracle, or by her own indomitable spirit, Matilda wielded the sword of justice with masculine energy in the field against the enemies of the Holy See, or in the tribunal against such as presumed to violate her laws. He who knew her best, regarded these stern exercises of her authority but as the promptings of a heart which loved too wisely and too well to love with fondness. In the camp, such was the serenity of her demeanour, and the graceful flow of her discourse, that she appeared to him a messenger of mercy, in the garb of a Penthiselea. On the judgment-seat he saw in her not the stern avenger of crime, but rather the compassionate mother of the feeble and the oppressed.

Nor did she allow to herself any of the weak indulgence she denied to others. In a voluptuous age she lived austere, subduing her appetites, and torturing her natural affections with

the perverse ingenuity which her ghostly councillors inculcated and extolled. In a superstitious age she subdued her desire for the devotional abstractions of the cloister; and with greater wisdom, and more real piety, consecrated herself to the active duties of her princely office. In an illiterate age, her habits of study were such that she could make herself intelligible to all the troops among whom she lived, though levied from almost every part of Europe, and especially to the Italian, French, and German soldiers, whose tongues she used with equal facility. Donnizzone assures us, that, though he was ever at hand as her Latin secretary, she wrote with her own pen all her letters in that language to the Pontiffs and Sovereigns of her times—a proof, as his readers will think, of her discernment no less than of her learning. On his testimony, also, may be claimed for her the praise of loving, collecting, and preserving books; for thus he sings—

‘Copia librorum non deficit huic ve bonorum;
Libros ex cunctis habet artibus atque figuris.’

How well she understood the right use of them, may be inferred from her employment of Werner, a jurist, to revise the ‘*Corpus Juris Civilis*,’ and of Anselm, her confessor, to compile a collection of the ‘*Canon Law*,’ and to write a commentary on the ‘*Psalms of David*.’ Such, indeed, was her proficiency in scriptural knowledge, that her versifying chaplain maintains her equality in such studies with the most learned of the Bishops, her contemporaries.

Warrior, ascetic, and scholar as she was, the spirit of Matilda was too generous to be imprisoned within the limits of the camp, the cell, or the library. It was her nobler ambition to be the refuge of the oppressed, and the benefactor of the miserable, and the champion of what she deemed the cause of truth. Mortifying the love of this world’s glory, she laboured with a happy inconsistency to render it still more glorious. At her bidding, castles and palaces, convents and cathedrals, statues and public monuments, arose throughout Tuscany. Yet, so well was her munificence sustained by a wise economy, that to the close of her long reign, she was still able to maintain her hereditary title to the appellation of ‘the rich,’ by which her father, Boniface, had been distinguished. She might, with no less propriety, have been designated as ‘the powerful;’ since, either by direct authority, or by irresistible influence, she ruled nearly the whole of Northern Italy, from Lombardy to the Papal States, and received from the other monarchs of the West, both the outward homage and the real deference reserved for sovereign potentates.

Matilda attained to the plenary dominion over her hereditary

states at the very crisis of the great controversy of her age, when Henry had procured and promulgated the sentence of the Synod of Worms for the deposition of Gregory. Heedless, or rather unconscious, of the resources of that formidable adversary, he had made no preparation for the inevitable contest; but, as if smitten by a judicial blindness, selected that critical moment for a new outrage on the most sacred feelings of his own subjects. He marched into Saxony; and there, as if in scorn of the free German spirit, erected a stern military despotism, confiscated the estates of the people, exiled their nobles, imprisoned their bishops, sold the peasants as slaves, or compelled them to labour in erecting fortresses, from which his mercenary troops might curb and ravage the surrounding country. The cry of the oppressed rose on every side from the unhappy land. It entered into the ears of the Avenger.

As Henry returned from this disastrous triumph to Utrecht, the Imperial banner floated over a vast assemblage of courtiers, churchmen, vassals, ministers of justice, men-at-arms, and sutlers, who lay encamped, like some nomad tribe, round their chief, when the indignant bearing of some of his followers, and the alarmed and half-averted gaze of others, disclosed to him the awful fact, that a pontifical anathema had cast him down from his Imperial state, and exiled him from the society of all Christian people. His heart fainted within him at these dismal tidings as at the sound of his own passing bell. But that heart was kingly still, and resolute either to dare or to endure, in defence of his hereditary crown. Shame and sorrow might track him to the grave, but he would hold no counsel with despair. The world had rejected him—the Church had cast him out—his very mother deserted him. In popular belief, perhaps in his own, God himself had abandoned him. Yet all was not lost. He retained, at least, the hope of vengeance. On his hated adversary he might yet retaliate blow for blow, and malediction for malediction.

On Easter-day, in the year 1076, surrounded by a small and anxious circle of Prelates, William the Archbishop of Utrecht ascended his archiepiscopal throne, and recited the sacred narrative which commemorates the rising of the Redeemer from the grave. But no strain of exulting gratitude followed. A fierce invective depicted, in the darkest colours, the character and the career of Hildebrand, and with bitter scorn the preacher denied the right of such a Pope to censure the Emperor of the West, to govern the Church, or to live in her communion. In the name of the assembled Synod, he then pronounced him excommunicate.

At that moment the summons of death reached the author of

this daring defiance. While the last fatal struggle convulsed his body, a yet sorer agony affected his soul. He died self-aborred, rejecting the sympathy, the prayers, and the sacraments with which the terrified bystanders would have soothed his departing spirit. The voice of Heaven itself seemed to rise in wild concert with the cry of his tortured conscience. Thunderbolts struck down both the church in which he had abjured the Vicar of Christ, and the adjacent palace in which the Emperor was residing. Three other of the anti-papal prelates quickly followed William to the grave, by strange and violent deaths. Godfrey of Lorraine fell by the hand of an assassin. Universal horror was awakened by such accumulated portents. Each day announced to Henry some new secession. His guards deserted his standard; his personal attendants avoided his presence. The members of the Synod of Worms fled to Rome, to make their peace with the justly-irritated Pontiff. The nobles set free the Saxon prisoners who had been confined to their custody. Otho appeared once more in arms to lead a new insurrection of his fellow-countrymen. The great Princes of Germany convened a council to deliberate on the deposition of their Sovereign. To every eye but his own, all seemed to be lost. Even to him it was but too evident that the loyalty of his subjects had been undermined, and that his throne was tottering beneath him. A single resource remained. He might yet assemble the faithful or the desperate adherents of his cause—inspire dread into those whose allegiance he had forfeited—make one last strenuous effort in defence of his crown—and descend to the tomb, if so it must be, the anointed and acknowledged Chief of the Carlovingian Empire.

With a mind wrought up to such resolves, he traversed the north of Germany to encounter the Saxon insurgents—published to the world the sentence of Utrecht—and called on the Lombard Bishops to concur in the excommunication it denounced. He reaped the usual reward of audacity. Though repelled by Otho, and compelled to retrace his march to the Rhine, he found every city, village, and convent, by which he passed, distracted with the controversy between the diadem and the tiara. Religion and awakening loyalty divided the Empire. Though not yet combining into any definite form, the elements of a new confederacy were evidently at work in favour of a Monarch who thus knew how to draw courage and energy from despair.

Yet the moral sentiment of the German people was as yet unequivocally against their Sovereign. The Imperialists mournfully acknowledged that their chief was justly condemned. The Papalists indignantly denied the truth of the reproaches cast on

their leader. In support of that denial, Gregory defended himself in epistles addressed to all the greater Teutonic prelates. Among them is a letter to Herman, Bishop of Metz, which vividly exhibits both the strength of the writer's character and the weakness of his cause. Although (he says) such as, from their exceeding folly, deny the papal right of excommunicating kings hardly deserve an answer, (the right to *depose* kings was the real point in debate,) yet, in condescension to their weakness, he will dispel their doubts. Peter himself had taught this doctrine, as appeared by a letter from St Clement, (in the authenticity of which no one believes.) When Pepin coveted the crown of Childeric, Pope Zachary was invited by the Mayor of the Palace to give judgment between them. On his ambiguous award the usurper had founded the title of his dynasty. Saint Gregory the Great had *threatened* to depose any monarch who should resist his decrees. The story of Ambrose and Theodosius rightly interpreted, gave proof that the Emperor held his crown at the will of the Apostle. Every king was one of the 'sheep' whom Peter had been commanded to feed, and one of the 'things' which Peter had been empowered to bind. Who could presume to place the sceptre on a level with the crosier? The one the conquest of human pride, the other the gift of divine mercy: the one conducting to the vain glories of earth, the other pointing the way to heaven. As gold surpasses lead, so does the Episcopal transcend the Imperial dignity. Could Henry justly refuse to the universal Bishop that precedence which Constantine had yielded to the meanest Prelate at Nicæa? Must not he be supreme above all terrestrial thrones, to whom all ecclesiastical dominations are subordinate?

To employ good arguments, one must be in the right. To make the best possible use of such as are to be had, is the privilege of genius, even when in the wrong. Nothing could be more convincing to the spiritual lords of Germany, nothing more welcome to her secular chiefs, than this array of great names and sonorous authorities against their falling Sovereign. To overcome the obstinate loyalty of the burghers and peasantry to their young and gallant King, religious terrors were indispensable; and continual reinforcements of Pontifical denunciations were therefore solicited and obtained. At length, in the autumn of 1076, appeared from Rome a rescript which, in the event (no longer doubtful) of Henry's continued resistance to the sentence of the last Papal council, required the German princes and prelates, counts and barons, to elect a new Emperor, and assured them of the Apostolical confirmation of any choice which should be worthily made. These were no idle words. The death-

struggle could no longer be postponed. Legates arrived from Rome, to guide the proceedings of the Diet to be convened for this momentous deliberation. It met during the autumn at Tribur.

The annals of mankind scarcely record so solemn or so dispassionate an act of national justice. On every adjacent height some princely banner waved over the mature vintage, and joining in that pleasant toil, and in the carols of that gay season, groups of unarmed soldiers might be traced along the furthest windings of the neighbouring Rhine. In the centre, and under the defence of that vast encampment, rose a pavilion, within which were collected all whose dignity entitled them to a voice in that high debate. From the only extant record of what occurred, and of what was spoken there, it may be inferred that Henry's offences against the Church were regarded lightly in comparison with the criminality of his civil government. Stationed on the opposite bank of the river, he received continued intelligence of the progress and tendency of the discussion. The prospect darkened hourly. Soldiers had already been dispatched to secure him; and unknightly indignities inflicted on his person, might for ever have estranged the reverence borne to him by the ruder multitude, when he attempted to avert the impending sentence by an offer to abdicate all the powers of government to his greater feudatories, and to retreat from the contest as the merely titular head of the Teutonic Empire.

Palpable as was the snare to the subtle Italian legates, the simple-minded Germans appear to have nearly fallen into it. For seven successive days, speech answered speech on this proposal, and when men could neither speak nor listen more, the project of a nominal reign, shorn of all substantial authority, was adopted by the Diet; but (in modern phrase) with amendments obviously imposed by the representatives of the sacerdotal power. The Pope was to be invited to hold a Diet at Augsburg in the ensuing spring. He was meanwhile to decide whether Henry should be restored to the bosom of the Church. If so absolved, he was at once to resume all his beneficial rights. But if the sun should go down on him, still an excommunicate person, on the 23d of February 1077, his crown was to be transferred to another. Till then he was to dwell at Spire, with the Imperial title, but without a court, an army, or a place of public worship.

The theocratic theory, hitherto regarded as a mere Utopian extravagance, had thus passed into a practical and a sacred reality. The fisherman of Galilee had triumphed over the conqueror of Pharsalia. The vassal of Otho had reduced Otho's

successor to vassalage. The universal monarchy which heathen Rome had wrung from a bleeding world, had been extorted by Christian Rome from the superstition or the reverence of mankind. The relation of the Papacy and the Empire had been inverted, and Churchmen foretold with unhesitating confidence the exaltation of their order above all earthly potentates, and the resort to their capital of countless worshippers, there to do homage to an oracle more profound than that of Delphi, to mysteries more pure than those of Eleusis, and to a pontificate more august than that of Jerusalem. Strains of unbounded joy resounded through the papal city. Solitude and shame and penitential exercises attended the past crimes and the abject fortunes of the exile of Spire.

But against this regimen of sackcloth and fasting, the body and the soul of Henry revolted. At the close of the Diet of Tribur, he had scarcely completed his twenty-sixth year. Degraded, if not finally deposed, hated and reviled, abandoned by man, and compelled by conscience to anticipate his abandonment by God, he yet in the depths of his misery retained the remembrance and the hope of dominion. Youth could still gild the future. He might yet retrieve his reputation, resume the blessings he had squandered, and take a signal vengeance on his great antagonist. And amidst the otherwise universal desertion, there was one faithful bosom on which to repose his own aching heart. Contrasted with the guilt and the baseness of her husband's court, Bertha is disclosed to us as the pure surrounded by the licentious, the faithful by the false. Her wrongs had been such as to render a deep resentment nothing less than a duty. Her happiness and her honour had been basely assailed by the selfish profligate to whom the most solemn vows had in vain united her. But to her, those vows were a bond stronger than death, and never to be dissolved or weakened by all the confederate powers of earth and hell. To suffer was the condition—to pardon and to love, the necessity—of her existence. Vice and folly could not have altogether depraved him who was the object of such devoted tenderness, and who at length returned it with almost equal constancy, after a bitter experience had taught him the real value of the homage and caresses of the world.

In her society, though an exile from every other, Henry wore away two months at Spire in a fruitless solicitation to the Pope to receive him in Italy as a penitent suitor for reconciliation with the Church. December had now arrived; and in less than ten weeks would be fulfilled the term, when, if still excommunicate, he must, according to the sentence at Tribur, finally resign, not the prerogatives alone, but the title and rank of Head of the

Empire. To avert this danger, no sacrifice could be declined; and history tells of none more singular than those to which the heir of the Franconian dynasty was constrained to submit. In the garb of a pilgrim, and in a season so severe as during more than four months to have converted the Rhine into a solid mass of ice, Henry and his faithful Bertha, carrying in her arms their infant child, undertook to cross the Alps, with no escort but such menial servants as it was yet in his power to hire for that desperate enterprise. Among the courtiers who had so lately thronged his palace, not one would become the companion of his toil and dangers. Among the neighbouring princes who so lately had solicited his alliance, not one would grant him the poor boon of a safe-conduct and a free passage through their states. Even his wife's mother exacted from him large territorial cessions as the price of allowing him and her own daughter to scale one of the Alpine passes, apparently that of the Great St Bernard. Day by day, peasants cut out an upward path through the long windings of the mountain. In the descent from the highest summit, when thus at length gained, Henry had to encounter fatigues and dangers from which the chamois-hunter would have turned aside. Vast trackless wastes of snow were traversed, sometimes by mere crawling, at other times by the aid of rope-ladders or still ruder contrivances, and not seldom by a sheer plunge along the inclined steep; the Empress and her child being enveloped on those occasions in the raw skins of beasts slaughtered on the march.

The transition from these dangers to security, from the pine forests, glaciers, and precipices of the Alps, to the sunny plains of the South, was not so grateful to the wearied travellers as the change from the gloom of Spires to the rapturous greetings which hailed their advance along the course of the Po. A splendid court, a numerous army, and an exulting populace, once more attested the majesty of the Emperor; nor was the welcome of his Italian subjects destitute of a deeper significance than usually belongs to the pæans of the worshippers of kings. They dreamed of the haughty Pontiff humbled, of the See of Ambrose exalted to civil and ecclesiastical supremacy, and of the German yoke lifted from their necks. Doomed as were these soaring hopes to an early disappointment, the enthusiasm of Henry's partisans justified those more sober expectations which had prompted his perilous journey across the Alps. He could now prosecute his suit to the Pope with the countenance and in the vicinity of those zealous adherents, and at a secure distance from the enemies towards whom Hildebrand was already advancing to hold the contemplated Diet of Augsburg. In per-

sonal command of a military escort, Matilda attended the Papal progress; and was even pointing out to her guards their line of march through the snowy peaks which closed in her northern horizon, when tidings of the rapid approach of the Emperor at the head of a formidable force induced her to retreat to the fortress of Canossa. There, in the bosom of the Apennines, her sacred charge would be secure from any sudden assault. Nor had she any thing to dread from the regular leaguer of such powers as could in that age have been brought to the siege of it.

Canossa was the cradle and the original seat of her ancient race. It was also the favourite residence of the Great Countess; and when Gregory found shelter within her halls, they were crowded with guests of the highest eminence in social and in literary rank. So imposing was the scene, and so superb the assemblage, that the drowsy muse of her versifying chaplain awakened for once to an hyperbole, and declared Canossa to be nothing less than a new Rome, the rival of that of Romulus. Thither, as if to verify the boast, came a long line of mitred penitents from Germany, whom the severe Hildebrand consigned on their arrival to solitary cells with bread and water for their fare; and there also appeared the German Emperor himself, not the leader of the rumoured host of Lombard invaders, but surrounded by a small and unarmed retinue—mean in his apparel, and contrite in outward aspect, a humble suppliant for pardon and acceptance to the communion of the faithful. Long centuries had passed away since the sceptre of the West had been won in Cisalpine fields fought by Italian armies; and Henry well knew that, to break the alliance of patriotism, cupidity, and superstition, which had degraded him at Tribur, it was necessary to rescue himself from the anathema which he had but too justly incurred. And Hildebrand! fathomless as are the depths of the human heart, who can doubt that, amidst the conflict of emotions which now agitated him, the most dominant was the exulting sense of victory over the earth's greatest Monarch? His rival at his feet, his calumniator self-condemned, the lips which had rudely summoned him to abdicate the Apostolic crown now suing to him for the recovery of the imperial diadem, the exaltation in his person of decrepid age over fiery youth, of mental over physical power, of the long-enthralled church over the long-tyrannizing world, all combined to form a triumph too intoxicating even for that capacious intellect.

The veriest sycophant of the Papal Court would scarcely have ventured to describe, as a serious act of sacramental devotion, the religious masquerade which followed between the high priest

and the imperial penitent; or to extol as politic and wise, the base indignities to which the Pontiff subjected his prostrate enemy, and of which his own pastoral letters contain the otherwise incredible record. Had it been his object to compel Henry to drain to its bitterest dregs the cup of unprofitable humiliation—to exasperate to madness the Emperor himself, and all who would resent as a personal wrong an insult to their sovereign—and to transmit to the latest age a monument and a hatred alike imperishable, of the extravagances of spiritual despotism, he could have devised no fitter course.

Environed by many of the greatest Princes of Italy who owed fealty and allegiance to the Emperor, Gregory affected to turn a deaf ear to his solicitations. His humblest offers were spurned; his most unbounded acknowledgments of the sacerdotal authority over the kings and kingdoms of the world were rejected. For the distress of her royal kinsman, Matilda felt as women and as monarchs feel; but even her entreaties seemed to be fruitless. Day by day, the same cold stern appeal to the future decisions of the Diet to be convened at Augsburg, repelled the suit even of that powerful intercessor. The critical point, at which prayers for reconciliation would give way to indignation and defiance, had been almost reached. Then, and not till then, the Pope condescended to offer his ghostly pardon, on the condition that Henry would surrender into his hands the custody of the crown, the sceptre, and the other ensigns of royalty, and acknowledge himself unworthy to bear the royal title. This, however, was a scandal on which not even the proud spirit of the now triumphant Priest dared to insist, and to which not even the now abject heart of the Emperor could be induced to submit. But the shame which was spared to the Sovereign was inflicted with relentless severity on the Man.

It was towards the end of January, the earth was covered with snow, and the mountain streams were arrested by the keen frost of the Apennines, when, clad in a thin penitential garment of white linen, and bare of foot, Henry, the descendant of so many kings, and the ruler of so many nations, ascended slowly and alone the rocky path which led to the outer gate of the fortress of Canossa. With strange emotions of pity, of wonder, and of scorn, the assembled crowd gazed on his majestic form and noble features, as, passing through the first and the second gateway, he stood in the posture of humiliation before the third, which remained inexorably closed against his further progress. The rising sun found him there fasting; and there the setting sun left him stiff with cold, faint with hunger, and devoured by shame and ill-suppressed resentment. A second day dawned, and wore

tardily away, and closed, in a continuance of the same indignities, poured out on mankind at large in the person of their chief by the Vicar of the meek, the lowly, and the compassionate Redeemer. A third day came, and still irreverently trampling on the hereditary lord of the fairer half of the civilized world, Hildebrand once more prolonged till nightfall this profane and hollow parody on the real workings of the broken and contrite heart.

Nor in the midst of this outrage on every natural sentiment and every honest prejudice, was he unwarned of the activity and the strength of those feelings. Lamentations, and even reproaches, rang through the castle of Canossa. Murmurs from Henry's inveterate enemies, and his own zealous adherents, upbraided Gregory as exhibiting rather the cruelty of a tyrant than the rigour of an apostle. But the endurance of the sufferer was the only measure of the inflexibility of the tormentor; nor was it till the unhappy Monarch had burst away from the scene of his mental and bodily anguish, and sought shelter in a neighbouring convent, that the Pope, yielding at length to the instances of Matilda, would admit the degraded suppliant into his presence. It was the fourth day on which he had borne the humiliating garb of an affected penitence, and in that sordid raiment he drew near on his bare feet to the more than imperial Majesty of the Church, and prostrated himself in more than servile deference before the diminutive and emaciated old man, 'from the terrible grace of 'whose countenance,' we are told, 'the eye of every beholder recoiled as from the lightning.' Hunger, cold, nakedness, and shame, had for the moment crushed that gallant spirit. He wept and cried for mercy, again and again renewing his entreaties, until he had reached the lowest level of abasement to which his own enfeebled heart, or the haughtiness of his great antagonist, could depress him. Then, and not till then, did the Pope condescend to revoke the anathema of the Vatican.

Cruel, however, were the tender mercies of the now exulting Pontiff. He restored his fallen enemy at once to the communion and to the contempt of his Christian brethren. The price of pardon was a promise to submit himself to the future judgment of the Apostolic See; to resign his crown if that judgment should be unfavourable to him; to abstain meanwhile from the enjoyment of any of his royal prerogatives or revenues; to acknowledge the validity of the release of his subjects from their allegiance; to banish his former friends and advisers; to govern his states, should he regain them, in obedience to the papal counsels; to enforce all papal decrees, and never to revenge his present humiliation. To the observance of the terms thus dictated by the

conqueror, the oaths of Henry himself, and of several Prelates and Princes as his sponsors, were pledged; and then, in the name of Him who had declared that his kingdom was not of this world, and as the successor of him who had forbidden to all Bishops any lordship over the heritage of Christ, the solemn words of pontifical absolution rescued the degraded Emperor from the forfeit to which he had been conditionally sentenced by the confederates at Tribur.

Another expiation was yet to be made to the injured majesty of the Tiara. He in whom the dynasties of Cæsar, of Charlemagne, and of Otho had their representative, might still be compelled to endure one last and galling contumely. Holding in his hand the seeming bread, which words of far more than miraculous power had just transmuted into the very body which died and was entombed at Calvary—‘Behold!’ exclaimed the Pontiff, fixing his keen and flashing eye on the jaded countenance of the unhappy Monarch—‘behold the body of the Lord! Be it this day the witness of my innocence. May the Almighty God now free me from the suspicion of the guilt of which I have been accused by thee and thine, if I be really innocent! May He this very day smite me with a sudden death, if I be really guilty!’ Amidst the acclamations of the bystanders, he then looked up to heaven, and broke and ate the consecrated element. ‘And now,’ he exclaimed, turning once more on the awe-stricken Henry that eye which neither age could dim nor pity soften; ‘if thou art conscious of thine innocence, and assured that the charges brought against thee by thine own opponents are false and calumnious, free the Church of God from scandal, and thyself from suspicion, and take as an appeal to heaven this body of the Lord.’

That in open contradiction to his own recent prayers and penances, the penitent should have accepted this insulting challenge was obviously impossible. He trembled, and evaded it. At length when his wounded spirit, and half-lifeless frame could endure no more, a banquet was served, where, suppressing the agonies of shame and rage with which his bosom was to heave from that moment to his last, he closed this scene of wretchedness, by accepting the hospitalities, sharing in the familiar discourse, and submitting to the benedictions of the man who had in his person given proofs till then unimagined, of the depths of ignominy to which the Temporal chief of Christendom might be depressed by an audacious use of the powers of her Ecclesiastical head.

The Lombard lords who had hailed the arrival of their Sovereign in Italy, had gradually overtaken his rapid advance to

Canossa. There, marshalled in the adjacent valleys, they anxiously awaited from day to day intelligence of what might be passing within the fortress, when at length the gates were thrown open, and attended only by the usual Episcopal retinue, a bishop was seen to descend from the steep path which led to their encampment. He announced that Henry had submitted himself to the present discipline and to the future guidance of the Pope, and had received his ghostly absolution; and that on the same terms His Holiness was ready to bestow the same grace on his less guilty followers. As the tidings of this papal victory flew from rank to rank, the mountains echoed with one protracted shout of indignation and defiance. The Lombards spurned the pardon of Hildebrand—an usurper of the Apostolic throne, himself excommunicated by the decrees of German and Italian Synods. They denied the authority of the Emperor, debased as he now was by concessions unworthy of a king, and by indignities disgraceful to a soldier. They vowed to take the crown from his dishonoured head, to place it on the brows of his son, the yet infant, Conrad; to march immediately to Rome, and there to depose the proud Churchman who had thus dared to humble to the dust the majesty of the Franconian line and of the Lombard name.

In the midst of this military tumult, the gates of Canossa were again thrown open, and Henry himself was seen descending to the camp, his noble figure bowed down, and his lordly countenance overcast with unwonted emotions. As he passed along the Lombard lines, every eye expressed contempt, and derision was on every tongue. But the Italian was not the German spirit. They could not at once despise and obey. Following the standard of their degraded monarch, they conducted him to Reggio, where, in a conclave of ecclesiastics, he instantly proceeded to concert schemes for their deliverance, and for his own revenge.

Within a single week from the absolution of Canossa, Gregory was on his way to Mantua to hold a council, to which the Emperor had invited him, with the treacherous design (if the papal historians may be credited) of seizing and imprisoning him there. The vigilance of Matilda rescued her Holy Father from the real or imaginary danger. From the banks of the Po she conducted him back, under the escort of her troops, to the shelter of her native mountain fastness. His faith in his own infallibility must have undergone a severe trial. The Imperial sinner he had pardoned, was giving daily proof that the heart of man is not to be penetrated even by Papal eyes. Henry was exercising, with ostentation, the prerogatives he had so lately vowed to forego.

He had cast off the abject tone of the confessional. All his royal instincts were in full activity. He breathed defiance against the Pontiff—seized and imprisoned his legates—recalled to his presence his excommunicated councillors—became once more strenuous for his rights—and was recompensed by one simultaneous burst of sympathy, enthusiasm, and devotedness, from his Italian subjects.

To balance the ominous power thus rising against him, Gregory now received an accession of dignity and of influence on which his eulogists are unwilling to dwell. The discipline of the Church, and the fate of the Empire, were not the only subjects of his solicitude while sheltered in the castle and city of the Tuscan heroine. The world was startled and scandalized by the intelligence, that his princely hostess had granted all her hereditary states to her Apostolic guest, and to his successors for ever, in full allodial dominion. By some sage of the law, who drew up the act of cession, it is ascribed to her dread of the Emperor's hostility. A nobler impulse is ascribed to the mistress of Liguria and Tuscany in the hobbling verses of her more honest chaplain. Peter, he says, bore the keys of heaven, and Matilda had resolved to bear the Etrurian keys of Peter's patrimony in no other character than that of doorkeeper to Peter. With what benignity the splendid inheritance was accepted, may also be learned from the worthy versifier. At this hour Pope Gregory the Sixteenth holds some parts of his territorial dominion in virtue of this grant. Hildebrand is one of the saints of the Church, and one of the heroes of the world. He, therefore, escapes the reproach of so grave an abuse of the hospitality of the Great Countess, and of the confidence she reposed in her spiritual guide. The coarser reproach in which it has involved them both, will be adopted by no one who has ever watched the weaving of the mystic bonds which knit together the female and the sacerdotal hearts. It was the age of feudalism, not of chivalry. Yet, when chivalry came, and St Louis himself adorned it, would he, if so tried, have resisted the temptation under which St Gregory fell? It is, probably, well for the fame of that illustrious prince that his virtue was never subjected to so severe a test.

Canossa, the scene of this memorable cession, was, at the same time, the prison of him to whom it was made. All the passes were beset with Henry's troops. All the Lombard and Tuscan cities were in Henry's possession. His reviving courage had kindled the zeal of his adherents. He was no longer an outcast to be trampled down with impunity; but the leader of a formidable host, with whom even the Vicar of Christ must condescend to temporize.

In the wild defiles of the Alps, swift messengers from the Princes to the Pope hurried past solemn legates from the Pope to the Princes—they urging his instant appearance at Augsburg—he exhorting them to avoid any decision in his absence. Mitred emissaries also passed from Gregory to the Emperor, summoning him to attend the Diet within a time by which no one unwalled by wings or steam could have reached the place, and requesting from him a suicidal safe-conduct for his pontifical judge. The Pope was now confined to the weapons with which men of the gown contend with men of the sword. His prescience foreboded a civil war. His policy was to assume the guidance of the German league just far enough to maintain his lofty claims, not far enough to be irrevocably committed to the leaguers. A plausible apology for his absence was necessary. It was afforded by Henry's rejection of demands made only that they might be rejected.

To Otho and to the aspiring Rudolf such subtleties were alike unfamiliar and unsuspected. Those stout soldiers and simple Germans, knew that the Pope had deposed their King and had absolved them from their allegiance. They doubted not, therefore, that he was bound heart and soul to their cause. Or if, in the assembly which they held at Forcheim, a doubt was whispered of Italian honour or of Pontifical faith, it was silenced by the presence there of Papal legates, who sedulously swelled the tide of invective against Henry. At first, indeed, they dissuaded the immediate choice of a rival sovereign. But to the demand of the Princes for prompt and decisive measures, they gave their ready assent. They advised them, it is true, to confer no hereditary title on the object of their choice. Yet when, in defiance of that advice, the choice was made, they solemnly confirmed it in the name, and by the authority, of Gregory. They did not, certainly, vote for the election of Rudolf; but, when the shouts of the multitude announced his accession to the Teutonic throne, they placed the crown on his head. That Hildebrand did not disavow these acts of his representatives, but availed himself of the alliances and aids to be derived from them, appeared, to these downright captains, abundantly sufficient to bind him in conscience and in honour. That the Pope had not the slightest intention of being so bound, unless it should chance to suit his own convenience, is, however, past dispute. Even in the nineteenth century he has found, in M. l'Abbé Jager, an apologist who absolves him from all responsibility for the acts of his legates at the Diet of Forcheim, because they were adopted without awaiting his own personal arrival. The Diet might just as reasonably have awaited the arrival of the Millennium.

The decretals of Rome, of Tribur, of Canossa, and of Forcheim, were now to bear their proper fruits—fruits of bitter taste and of evil augury. At the moment when the cathedral of Mentz was pouring forth the crowds who had just listened to the coronation oath of Rudolf, the clash of arms, the cries of combatants, and the shrieks of the dying, mingled, strangely and mournfully, with the sacred anthems and the songs of revellers. An idle frolic of some Swabian soldiers had kindled into rage the sullen spirit with which the partisans of Henry had gazed on that unwelcome pageant; and the first rude and exasperated voice was echoed by the thousands who learned, from those acclamations, the secret of their numbers and their strength. The discovery and the agitation spread from city to city, and roused the whole German people from the Rhine to the Oder. Men's hearts yearned over their exiled King. They remembered that, but twelve short years before, he had been basely stolen from his mother by churchmen who had yet more basely corrupted him. They commemorated his courage, his courtesy, and his munificence. They pardoned his faults as the excesses of youth, and resented, as insults to themselves, the indignities of Canossa and the treason of Forcheim. In this reflux of public opinion, the loyal and the brave, all who cherished the honours of the crown, and all who desired the independence of the state, were supported by the multitudes to whom the papal edicts against simony and clerical marriages were fraught with calamity, and by that still more numerous body who at all times lend their voices and their arms to swell the triumph of every rising cause. To this confederacy Rudolf had to oppose the alliance of the princes, secular and ecclesiastical, the devoted zeal of the Saxon people, and the secret support, rather than the frank and open countenance, of the Pope. The shock of these hostile powers was near and inevitable.

In the spring of 1077, tidings were spread throughout Germany of the Emperor's arrival to the northward of the Alps. From Franconia, the seat of his house, from the fruitful province of Burgundy, and from the Bohemian mountains, he was greeted with an enthusiastic welcome. Many, even of the Bavarians and Swabians, revolted in his favour. His standard once more floated over all the greater citadels of the Rhine. He who, six months before, had fled from Spire a solitary wanderer, was now at the head of a powerful army, controlling the whole of Southern Germany, laying waste the territories of his rivals, and threatening them with a signal retribution.

Amidst the rising tempest the voice of Gregory was heard; but it was no longer trumpet-tongued and battling with the storm. The Supreme Earthly Judge, the dread avenger, had

subsided into the pacific mediator. In the name of Peter he enjoined either king to send him a safe-conduct, that he might, in person, arbitrate between them and stop the effusion of Christian blood. A safe but an impracticable offer; an indirect but significant avowal of neutrality between the sovereign he had so lately deposed, and the sovereign whom, by his legates, he had so lately crowned. Thus ignobly withdrawing from the contest he had so precipitately kindled, Hildebrand returned from Canossa to the papal city. The Great Countess, as usual, attended as the commander of his guard. Rome received in triumph her new Germanicus, and decreed an ovation to his ever-faithful Agrippina.

While the glories of Canossa were thus celebrated by rejoicings in the Christian Capital, these were expiated by blood in the plains of Saxony. Confiding in the solemn acts of the Pope and his Legates, the Saxons had thronged to the defence of the crown of Rudolf, and they had sustained it undauntedly. But the bravest quailed at the intelligence that Gregory had disowned the cause of the Church, and of their native land; and that, even in the palace of the Lateran, the ambassadors of Henry were received with honours and with a deference denied to the humbler envoys of his rival. Sagacity far inferior to that of Hildebrand, could, at that time, have divined that the sword alone could decide such a quarrel—that the sword of Henry was the keener of the two—and that, by the cordial adoption of the cause of either, the Pope might draw on himself the vengeance of the conqueror. To pause, to vacillate, and to soothe, had, therefore, become the policy of the Sovereign of the Papal States; but to be silent or inactive in such a strife, would have been to abdicate one of the highest prerogatives of the Papacy. Pontifical legates traversed Europe. Pontifical epistles demanded the submission of the combatants. Pontifical warnings denounced woes on the disobedient. But no pontifical voice explained who was to be obeyed or who opposed, what was to be done or what forborne. Discerning readers of these mandates understood them as an intimation that, on the victorious side, (whichever that side might be,) the pontifical power would ultimately be found.

The appeal from these dark oracles to the unambiguous sword was first made by the rival kings in the autumn of 1078. They met on the banks of the Stren, on the plains of Melrichstadt. Each was driven from the field with enormous loss; Henry by his inveterate antagonist Otho; Rudolf by Count Herbard, the lieutenant of Henry. Each claimed the victory. An issue so indecisive could draw from the circumspect Pontiff nothing more definite than renewed exhortations to rely on the Holy Peter; and

could urge him to no measure more hazardous than that of convening a new Council at the Lateran. There appeared the Imperial envoys with hollow vows of obedience, and Saxon messengers invoking some intelligible intimation of the judgment and purposes of the Apostolic See. Again the Pope listened, spoke, exhorted, threatened, and left the bleeding world to interpret, as it might, the mystic sense of the Infallible.

To that brave and truth-loving people, from whom, at the distance of four centuries, Luther was to rise for the deliverance of mankind, these subterfuges appeared in their real light. The Saxon annalist has preserved three letters sent by his countrymen on this occasion to Gregory, which he must have read with admiration and with shame. ‘You know, and the letters of your ‘Holiness attest’ (such is their indignant remonstrance) ‘that it ‘was by no advice nor for any interest of ours, but for wrongs ‘done to the Holy See, that you deposed our King, and forbade ‘us, under fearful menaces, to acknowledge him. We have obeyed ‘you at great danger, and at the expense of horrible sufferings. ‘Many of us have lost their property and their lives, and have ‘bequeathed hopeless poverty to their children. We who survive are without the means of subsistence, delivered over to ‘the utmost agonies of distress. The reward of our sacrifices is, ‘that he who was compelled to cast himself at your feet has been ‘absolved without punishment, and has been permitted to crush ‘us to the very abyss of misery. After our King had been solemnly deposed in a Synod, and another chosen in virtue of the ‘Apostolic authority, the very matter thus decided is again brought ‘into question. What especially perplexes us simple folk is, that ‘the legates of Henry, though excommunicated by your legates, ‘are well received at Rome. Holy Father, your piety assures us ‘that you are guided by honourable, not by subtle views ; but we ‘are too gross to understand them. We can only explain to you that ‘this management of two parties has produced civil war, murder, ‘pillage, conflagration. If we helpless sheep had failed in any ‘point of duty, the vengeance of the Holy See would have overtaken us. Why exhibit so much forbearance, when you have ‘to do with wolves who have ravaged the Lord’s fold ? We conjure you to look into your own heart, to remember your own ‘honour, to fear the wrath of God, and for your own sake, if not ‘for love of us, rescue yourself from the responsibility for the torrents of blood poured out in our land.’

To these pathetic appeals Gregory answered slowly and reluctantly ; by disavowing the acts of his legates at Forcheim ; by extolling his own justice, courage, disinterestedness ; by invoking the support of all orders of men in Germany ; and by assuring them,

in scriptural language, of the salvation of such 'as should persevere to the end.' But the hour for blandishments had passed away. The day of wrath and the power of the sword had come.

The snow covered the earth, and the frost had chained the rivers, when in the winter of 1079-80, the armies of Henry and Rudolf were drawn up, in hostile lines, at the village of Fladenheim near Mulhausen. Henry was the assailant, but, though driven with great loss from the field, Rudolf was the conqueror; for in that field the dreaded Otho again commanded, and by his skill and courage a rout was turned into a victory.

The intelligence arrived at Rome at the moment when Gregory was presiding there in the most numerous of the many councils he had convened at the Lateran. Long-suppressed shame for his ignoble indecision, the murmurs of the assembled Prelates, a voice from Heaven audible, as we are told, to his sense alone, and above all the triumphant field of Fladenheim, combined to overcome his long-cherished but timid policy. Rising from his throne with the majesty of his earlier days, the Pope, in the names of Peter and of Paul, 'of God and of his holy mother Mary,' excommunicated Henry, took from him the government of his states, deprived him of his royal rank, forbade all Christian people to receive him as their king, 'gave, granted, and conceded,' that Rudolf might rule the German and Italian Empire, and with blessings on Rudolf's adherents, and curses on his foes, dissolved the assembly. Then moved, as he believed, by a divine impulse, he proceeded to the altar, and uttered a prediction, that ere the Church should celebrate the festival of the Prince of the Apostles, Henry, her rebellious outcast, should neither reign nor live to molest her.

A perilous prophecy. Henry was no longer the exile of Tribur nor the penitent of Canossa. His own rage, on hearing of this new papal sentence, did not burn so fiercely as the wrath of his adherents. With the sanction of thirty bishops, a new Anti-Pope, Guibert of Ravenna, was elected at Brixen; and, at every court in Europe, Imperial embassies demanded support for the common cause of all temporal sovereigns. In every part of Germany troops were levied, and Henry marched at their head to crush the one Cisalpine power in alliance with Rome. But that power was still animated by the Saxon spirit, and was still sustained by the claims of Rudolf and by the genius of Otho.

On the bright dawn of an autumnal day, his forces, drawn up on the smiling banks of the Elster, raised the sacred song of the Hebrews, 'God standeth in the congregation of princes; he is a judge among Gods;' and flung themselves on the far ex-

tended lines of Henry's army; who, with emulous devotion, met them with the hardly less sublime canticle, 'Te Deum laudamus.' Cries more welcome to the demons of war soon stilled these sacred strains—cries of despair, of anguish, and of terror. They first rose from one of Henry's squadrons, which, alarmed by the fall of their captain, receded, and, in their retreat, spread through the rest a panic, a pause, and a momentary confusion. That moment was enough for the eagle glance of Otho. He rushed on the wavering Imperialists, and, ere that bright sun had reached the meridian, thousands had fallen by the Saxon sword, or had perished in the blood-stained river. The victory was complete, the exultation rapturous. Shouts of glory to the God of battles, thanksgivings for the deliverance of Saxony, pæans of immortal honour to Otho, the noblest of her sons, soothed or exasperated the agonies of the dying, when the triumph was turned into sudden and irremediable mourning. On the field which had, apparently, secured his crown, Rudolf himself had fallen. He fell by an illustrious arm. Godfrey of Bouillon, the hero of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, struck the fatal blow. Another sword severed the right hand from the arm of Rudolf. 'It is the hand,' he cried, as his glazing eye rested on it, 'with which I confirmed my fealty to Henry my lord.' At once elevated by so signal a victory, and depressed by these penitent misgivings, his spirit passed away, leaving his adherents to the mercy of his rival.

The same sun which witnessed the ruin of Henry's army on the Elster, looked down on a conflict, in which, on that eventful morning, the forces of Matilda in the Mantuan territory fled before his own. He now, once more, descended into Italy. He came, not, as formerly, a pilgrim and an exile; but at the head of an army devoted to his person, and defying all carnal enemies and all spiritual censures. He came to encounter Hildebrand, destitute of all Transalpine alliances, and supported, even in Italy, by no power but that of Matilda; for the Norman Duke of Apulia was far away attempting the conquest of the Eastern capital and empire. But Henry left, in his rear, the invincible Saxons and the hero who commanded them. To prevent a diversion in that quarter, the Emperor proposed to abdicate his dominion in Saxony in favour of Conrad, his son. But Otho (a merry talker, as his annalist informs us) rejected the project with the remark, that 'the calf of a vicious bull usually proved vicious.' Leaving, therefore, this implacable enemy to his machinations, the Emperor pressed forward; and before the summer of 1080, the citizens of Rome saw, from their walls, the German standards in hostile array in the Campagna.

In the presence of such danger, the gallant spirit of the aged Pope once more rose and exulted. He convened a Synod to attest his last defiance of his formidable enemy. He exhorted the German princes to elect a successor to Rudolf. In letters of impassioned eloquence, he again maintained his supremacy over all the kings and rulers of mankind. He welcomed persecution as the badge of his holy calling; and, while the besiegers were at the gates, he disposed (at least in words) of royal crowns and distant provinces. Matilda supplied him with money, which, for a while, tranquillized the Roman populace. He himself wrought miracles to extinguish conflagrations kindled by their treachery. In language such as martyrs use, he consoled the partners of his sufferings. In language such as heroes breathe, he animated the defenders of the city. The siege, or blockade, continued for three years uninterruptedly, except when Henry's troops were driven, by the deadly heats of autumn, to the neighbouring hills. Distress, and, it is alleged, bribery, at length subdued the courage of the garrison. On every side clamours were heard for peace; for Henry demanded, as the terms of peace, nothing more than the recognition of his Imperial title, and his coronation by the hands of Gregory. The conscience, perhaps the pride, of Gregory revolted against the proposal. His invincible will opposed and silenced the outcries of the famished multitudes; nor could their entreaties, or their threats, extort from him more than a promise that, in the approaching winter, he would propose the question to a Pontifical Synod. It met, by the permission of Henry, on the 30th November 1083. It was the latest council of Gregory's pontificate. A few Bishops, faithful to their chief and to his cause, now occupied the seats so often thronged by mitred churchmen. Every pallid cheek and anxious eye was turned to him who occupied the loftier throne in the centre of that agitated assembly. He rose, and the half-uttered suggestions of fear and human policy were hushed into deep stillness as he spoke. He spoke of the glorious example, of the sacred duty, of the light affliction, and of the eternal reward, of martyrs for the faith. He spoke, as dying fathers speak to their children, of peace, and hope, and of consolation. But he spoke also, as inspired prophets spake of yore to the Kings of Israel, denouncing the swift vengeance of Heaven against his oppressor. The enraptured audience exclaimed that they had heard the voice of an angel, not of a man. Gregory dismissed the assembly, and calmly prepared for whatever extremity of distress might await him.

It did not linger. In the spring of 1084 the garrison was overpowered, the gates were thrown open to the besiegers, and

Gregory sought a precarious refuge in the Castle of St Angelo. He left the great Church of the Lateran as a theatre for the triumph of his antagonist and his rival. Seated on the Apostolic throne, Guibert, the Anti-Pope of Brixen, was consecrated there by the title of Clement the Third; and then, as the successor of Peter, he placed the crown of Germany and of Italy on the brows of Henry and of Bertha as they knelt before him.

And now Henry had in his grasp the author of the shame of Canossa, of the anathemas of the Lateran, and of the civil wars and rebellions of the Empire. The base populace of Rome were already anticipating, with sanguinary joy, the humiliation, perhaps the death, of the noblest spirit who had reigned there since the slaughter of Julius. The approaching catastrophe, whatever might be its form, Gregory was prepared to meet with a serene confidence in God, and a haughty defiance of man. A few hours more, and the castle of St Angelo must have yielded to famine or to assault, when the aged Pope, in the very agony of his fate, gathered the reward of the policy with which he had cemented the alliance between the Papacy and the Norman conquerors of the south of Italy. Robert Guiscard, returning from Constantinople, flew to the rescue of his Suzerain. Scouts announced to Henry the approach of a mighty host, in which the Norman battle-axe and the cross were strangely united with the Saracenic cimeter and the crescent. A precipitate retreat scarcely rescued his enfeebled troops from the impending danger. He abandoned his prey in a fever of disappointment. Unable to slake his thirst for vengeance, he might allay it by surprising the Great Countess, and overwhelming her forces, still in arms in the Modenesse. But he was himself surprised in the attempt by her superior skill and vigilance. Shouts for St Peter and Matilda roused the retreating Imperialists by night, near the Castle of Sorbaria. They retired across the Alps with such a loss of men, of officers, and of treasure, as disabled them from any further enterprises.

The Emperor returned into Germany to reign undisturbed by civil war; for the great Otho was dead, and Herman of Luxemburg, who had assumed the Imperial title, was permitted to abdicate it with contemptuous impunity. Henry returned, however, to prepare for new conflicts with the Papacy—to drain the cup of toil, of danger, and of distress—and to die, at length, with a heart broken by the parricidal cruelty of his son. No prayers were said, and no requiem sung, over the unhallowed grave which received the bones of the excommunicated Monarch. Yet they were committed to the earth with the best and the kindest obsequies. The pity of his enemies, the lamentation of his subjects, and the unbidden tears of the poor, the widows, and the orphans,

who crowded round the bier of their benefactor, rendered his tomb not less sacred than if blessed by the united prayers of the whole Christian Episcopacy. Those unbribed mourners wept over a Prince to whom God had given a large heart and a capacious mind; but who had derived from canonized Bishops a corrupting education, and from too early and too unchecked prosperity the development of every base and cruel appetite; but to whom calamity had imparted a self-dominion from which none could withhold his reverence, and an active sympathy with sorrow to which none could refuse his love.

With happier fortunes, as, indeed, with loftier virtues, Matilda continued, for twenty-five years, to wage war in defence of the Apostolic See. After a life which might seem to belong to the province of romance rather than of history, she died at the age of seventy-five, bequeathing to the world a name second, in the annals of her age, to none but that of Hildebrand himself.

To him the Norman rescue of the Papal city brought only a momentary relief. He returned in triumph to the Lateran. But, within a few hours, he looked from the walls of that ancient palace on a scene of woe such as, till then, had never passed before him. A sanguinary contest was raging between the forces of Robert and the citizens attached to Henry. Every street was barricaded, every house had become a fortress. The pealing of bells, the clash of arms, cries of joy, and shrieks of despair, assailed his ears in dismal concert. When the sun set behind the Tuscan hills on this scene of desolation, another light, and a still more fearful struggle, succeeded. Flames ascended at once from every quarter. They leaped from house to house, enveloping and destroying whatever was most splendid or most sacred in the edifices of mediæval Rome. Amidst the roar of the conflagration they had kindled, and by its portentous light, the fierce Saracens and the ruthless Northmen revelled in plunder, lust, and carnage, like demons by the glare of their native pandemonium. Gregory gazed with agony on the real and present aspect of civil war. Perhaps he thought with penitence on the wars he had kindled beyond the Alps. Two-thirds of the city perished. Every convent was violated, every altar profaned, and multitudes driven away into perpetual and hopeless slavery.

Himself a voluntary exile, Gregory sought, in the Castle of Salerno, and under the protection of the Normans, the security he could no longer find among his own exasperated subjects. Age and anxiety weighed heavily upon him. An unwonted lassitude depressed a frame till now incapable of fatigue. He recognised the summons of death, and his soul rose with unconquerable power to entertain that awful visitant. He summoned

round his bed the Bishops and Cardinals who had attended his flight from Rome. He passed before them, in firm and rapid retrospect, the incidents of his eventful life. He maintained the truth of the great principles by which it had been governed from the commencement to the close. He named his three immediate successors in the Papacy. He assured his weeping friends of his intercession for them in heaven. He forgave, and blessed, and absolved his enemies, though with the resolute exceptions of the Emperor and the Anti-Pope. He then composed himself to die. His faltering lips had closed on the transubstantiated elements. The final unction had given assurance that the body, so soon to be committed to the dust, would rise again in honour and in incorruption. Anxious to catch the last accents of that once oracular voice, the mourners were bending over him, when, struggling in the very grasp of death, he collected, for one last effort, his failing powers, and breathed out his spirit with the indignant exclamation—‘I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, ‘and therefore I die in exile!’

It was not permitted, even to the genius of Hildebrand, to condense, into a single sentence, an epitome of such a life as his. It was a life scarcely intelligible to his own generation, or to himself, nor indeed to our age, except by the light of that ecclesiastical history in which it forms so important an era.

It had ill beseeemed the inspired wisdom of the tent-maker of Tarsus, and of the Galilean fishermen, to have founded on any other than a popular basis a society destined to encounter the enmity of the dominant few by the zeal of the devoted many. From the extant monuments of their lives and writings, it accordingly appears that they conceded to the lay multitude an ample share in the finance, the discipline, and the legislation of the collective body. The deacons were the tribunes of the Christian people. This was the age of Proselytism.

In the sad and solemn times which followed, ecclesiastical authority became austere and arbitrary, and submission to it enthusiastic. Martyrs, in the contemplation of mortal agonies and of an opening paradise, had no thoughts for the adjustment and balancing of sacerdotal powers. They who braved the wild beasts of the amphitheatre, or the ascetic rigours of the wilderness, were the heroes of the Church. The rest sunk into a degraded caste. But all laid bare their souls at the confessional. All acknowledged a dominion which, discountenanced by the state, sustained itself by extreme and recondite maxims of government. In virtue of such maxims, the Episcopal order encroached on every other. The vicarious attributes of Deity

were ascribed to those who ministered at the altar. There, and at the font, gifts of inestimable price were placed, in popular belief, at the disposal of the priest, whose miracles, though unattested by sense or consciousness, threw into the shade the mightiest works of Moses and of Christ. This was the age of Persecution.

Heretics arose. To refute them from the sacred text was sometimes difficult, always hazardous. It was easier to silence them by a living authority. The Bishops came forth as the elect depositories of an unwritten code. Tradition became the rule of the Christian world. It might crush the errors of Arius—it might sustain the usurpations of Ambrose. This was the age of Controversy.

Constantine saw the miraculous cross, and worshipped. He confirmed to the Christian hierarchy all their original and all their acquired powers. This was the age of the Church and State alliance.

The seat of empire was transferred from the Tiber to the Bosphorus. The Roman bishop and clergy seized on the vacant inheritance of abdicated authority. The Pope became the virtual sovereign of the Roman city. The Greeks and Latins became ecclesiastical rivals. Then was first heard the Roman watchword and rallying cry of the Visible Unity of the Church. This was the age of Papal Independence.

Goths, Vandals, Huns, Bulgarians, Franks, and Lombards, conquered the dominions of Cæsar. But they became the converts and tributaries of Peter. The repulse of the Saracens by Charles Martel gave to Europe a new empire, to the Church a second Constantine. This was the age of Barbaric Invasion.

Europe became one vast assemblage of military states. The lands were every where partitioned by the conquerors among their liegemen, who, having bound themselves to use their swords in their lords' defence, imposed a similar obligation on their own tenants, who, in turn, exacted it from their subordinate vassals. This was the age of Feudalism and of Hildebrand.

He ascended the Apostolic throne, therefore, armed with prescriptions in favour of the loftiest claims of the hierarchy, thus reaching back almost to the apostolic times. But he found in the Papal armoury other weapons scarcely less keen, though of a more recent fabric. Of these the most effective were the intimate alliance of the Roman See with the monastic orders, and the re-appearance, in theological debate, of that mystic word which, seven centuries before, had wrought such prodigies at Nicæa. He who first taught men to speak of an Hypostatic change beneath unchanging forms, may have taught them to talk nonsense. But

though he added little or nothing to the received doctrine of the Church, he made an incalculable addition to the sacerdotal power.

To grasp, to multiply, and to employ these resources in such a manner as to render the Roman Pontiff the suzerain of the civilized world, was the end for which Hildebrand lived—an unworthy end, if contrasted with the high and holy purposes of the Gospel—an end even hateful, if contrasted with the free and generous spirit in which the primitive founders of the Church had established and inculcated her liberties—yet an end which might well allure a noble spirit in the eleventh century, and the attainment of which (so far as it was attained) may be now acknowledged to have been conducive, perhaps essential, to the progress of Christianity and civilization.

To the spiritual despotism of Rome in the middle ages may, indeed, be traced a long series of errors and crimes, of wars and persecutions. Yet the Papal dynasty was the triumphant antagonist of another despotism the most galling, the most debasing, and otherwise the most irremediable, under which Europe had ever groaned. The centralization of ecclesiastical power more than balanced the isolating spirit of the feudal oligarchies. The vassal of Western, and the serf of Eastern Europe, might otherwise, at this day, have been in the same social state, and military autocracies might now be occupying the place of our constitutional or paternal governments. Hildebrand's despotism, with whatever inconsistency, sought to guide mankind, by moral impulses, to a more than human sanctity. The feudal despotism with which he waged war, sought, with a stern consistency, to degrade them into beasts of prey or beasts of burden. It was the conflict of mental with physical power, of literature with ignorance, of religion with injustice and debauchery. To the Popes of the middle ages was assigned a province, their abandonment of which would have plunged the Church and the World into the same hopeless slavery. To Pope Gregory the Seventh were first given the genius and the courage to raise himself and his successors to the level of that high vocation.

Yet Hildebrand was the founder of a tyranny only less odious than that which he arrested, and was apparently actuated by an ambition neither less proud, selfish, nor reckless, than that of his secular antagonists. In the great economy of Providence human agency is ever alloyed by some base motives; and the noblest successes recorded by history, must still be purchased at the price of some great ultimate disaster.

To the title of the Czar Peter of the Church conferred on him by M. Guizot, Hildebrand's only claim is, that by the energy of his will he moulded her institutions and her habits of thought to his

own purposes. But the Czar wrought in the spirit of an architect who invents, arranges, and executes his own plan: Hildebrand in the spirit of a builder, erecting by the divine command a temple of which the divine hand had drawn the design and provided the materials. His faith in what he judged to be the purposes and the will of Heaven, were not merely sublime but astounding. He is every where depicted in his own letters the habitual denizen of that bright region which the damps of fear never penetrate, and the shadows of doubt never overcast.

To extol him as one of those Christian stoics whom the wreck of worlds could not divert from the straight paths of integrity and truth, is a mere extravagance. His policy was Imperial; his resources and his arts Sacerdotal. Anathemas and flatteries, stern defiances and subtle insinuations, invective such as might have been thundered by Genseric, and apologies such as might have been whispered by Augustulus, succeed each other in his story, with no visible trace of hesitation or of shame. Even his professed orthodoxy is rendered questionable by his conduct and language towards Berengarius, the great opponent of transubstantiation. With William of England, Philip of France, and Robert of Apulia, and even with Henry of Germany, he temporized at the expense of his own principles as often as the sacrifice seemed advantageous. 'Nature gave horns to bulls:' to aspiring and belligerent Churchmen she gave Dissimulation and Artifice.

Our exhausted space forbids the attempt to analyse or delineate the character of the great founder of the spiritual despotism of Rome. His acts must stand in place of such a portraiture. He found the Papacy dependent on the Empire: he sustained her by alliances almost commensurate with the Italian Peninsula. He found the Papacy electoral by the Roman people and clergy: he left it electoral by a college of Papal nomination. He found the Emperor the virtual patron of the Holy See: he wrested that power from his hands. He found the secular clergy the allies and dependents of the secular power: he converted them into the inalienable auxiliaries of his own. He found the higher ecclesiastics in servitude to the temporal sovereigns: he delivered them from that yoke to subjugate them to the Roman Tiara. He found the patronage of the Church the mere desecrated spoil and merchandise of princes: he reduced it within the dominion of the Supreme Pontiff. He is celebrated as the reformer of the impure and profane abuses of his age: he is more justly entitled to the praise of having left the impress of his own gigantic character on the history of all the ages which have succeeded him.

- ART. II.—1. *The Pictorial Edition of the Works of Shakspeare.* Edited by CHARLES KNIGHT. Eight volumes, royal 8vo. London: 1838-1842.
2. *The Comedies, Histories, Tragedies, and Poems of William Shakspeare.* Edited by CHARLES KNIGHT. The Second (or Library) Edition. Twelve volumes, 8vo. London: 1842-1844.
3. *The Works of William Shakespeare. The Text formed from an entirely new collation of the old editions; with the various Readings, Note; a Life of the Poet, and a History of the English Stage.* By J. PAYNE COLLIER, Esq, F.S.A. Eight volumes, 8vo. London: 1842-1844.

WE have heard enough of smart talk about the eternal commentaries upon, and illustrations of Shakspeare, not to expect that the first salutation with which this Article will be greeted, among the dealers in commonplaces, will be a ready verdict of inutility, without the formality of a trial. But, disliking as much as any the ponderous and vapid commentaries, fantastic emendations, and other impertinences, with which the genius and text of the immortal Dramatist have been at different periods obscured and vexed, we are not, in a period of great and rich acquisitions, and sounder criticism, to suffer ourselves to be put aside, by shallow sneers, from the duty of making our readers acquainted with what has been recently done by two Editors, or either of them, to render the perusal of the works of the most everlasting of English writers more easy, more agreeable, and more satisfactory; or the bibliographical, literary, and progressive history of his Dramas more probable and instructive.

Before proceeding farther with this task, it may be fair to let each of the two Editors explain his own understanding of that which he has done, or attempted.

‘The prospectus of my edition of Shakspeare,’ says Mr Knight, ‘issued in the summer of 1838, announced an intention to do something more than reprint the ordinary text with a selection of notes; nor was the chief recommendation of the new edition to consist in its pictorial illustrations. I knew, and I endeavoured to explain in that prospectus, that Shakspeare had been grievously injured by those who had undertaken the office of making him understood; that they had corrupted his text, and had never rightly appreciated his consummate art. Since the publication of the posthumous edition of Malone by Boswell in 1821, there had been no attempt to produce a new critical edition, which should

sedulously examine the ancient texts, instead of revelling in conjectural emendation—should avail itself of any improved facilities for illustrating the author—should exhibit something of what had been done to that end in foreign countries—and, above all, casting aside the ignorant spirit of all that species of commentary, which sought more to show the cleverness of depreciating criticism than the confiding humility of a reverential love, should represent the altered spirit of our literary tastes during the last quarter of a century. The antiquarians—the bibliographers—had not come forward to do this; and I ventured to apply myself zealously but humbly to the task.*

‘I should not have ventured,’ says Mr Collier in his Preface, ‘to undertake the superintendence of a new edition of the works of Shakspeare, had I not felt confidence, arising not only out of recent, but long-continued experience, that I should enjoy some important and peculiar advantages. The Duke of Devonshire and Lord Francis Egerton, I was sure, would allow me to resort to their libraries; in cases where search in our public depositories must be unavailing, in consequence of their inevitable deficiencies: this would of itself have been a singular facility; but I did not anticipate that these two noblemen would at once have permitted me, as they have done, to take home, for the purpose of constant and careful collation, every early impression of Shakspeare’s productions they possessed. The collection of the Duke of Devonshire is notoriously the most complete in the world; his grace has a perfect series, including of course every first edition, several of which are neither at Oxford, Cambridge, nor in the British Museum: and Lord Francis Egerton has various impressions of the utmost rarity, besides plays, poems, and tracts of the time, illustrative of the works of our great dramatist. All these I have had in my hands during the preparation and printing of the ensuing volumes; so that I have had the opportunity of going over every line and letter of the text, not merely with one, but with several original copies, (sometimes varying materially from each other,) under my eye. Wherever, therefore, the text of the present edition is faulty, I can offer no excuse founded upon want of most easy access to the best authorities. * * * My main object has been to ascertain the true language of the poet, and my next to encumber his language with no more in the shape of comment, than is necessary to render the text intelligible; and I may add, that I have the utmost confidence in the perspicuity of Shakspeare’s mode of expressing his own meaning, when once his precise words have been established. The introductions to the separate dramas are intended to comprise all the existing information regarding the origin of the plot, the period when each play was written and printed, the sources of the most accurate readings, and any remarkable circumstance attending composition, production, or performance. I have arranged the whole for the first time, in the precise sequence observed by Heminge and Condell in

* *Postscript to the Sixth Volume of the First or Pictorial Shakspeare, issued in December 1841.*

the folio of 1623: they were fellow-actors with Shakspeare, and had played, perhaps, in every drama they published; and, as they executed their task with intelligence and discretion in other respects, we may presume that they did not without reason settle the order of the plays in their noble monument to the author's memory. For about half the whole number, their volume affords the most ancient and authentic text; but with respect to the rest, printed in quarto before the appearance of the folio, I have in every instance traced the text through the earlier impressions, and have shown in what manner and to what degree it has been changed and corrupted. In the biographical memoir of the poet, of whom it is not too much to say, that he combined in himself more than all the excellences of every dramatist before or since the revival of letters, I have been anxious to include the most minute particles of information, whether of tradition or discovery. This information is now hardly as scanty as it was formerly represented; and by the favour of friends and my own research, I have been able to add to it some particulars entirely new, and of no little importance. * * * The account of our drama and stage, to the time of Shakspeare, is necessarily brief and summary; but it is hoped that it will be deemed sufficient. * * * The glossarial index, which concludes the preliminary portion of this work, will perhaps demand some forbearance on the part of the reader; it is, I believe, the first time an alphabetical list of words, used by Shakspeare, has been made to answer the double purpose of a mere glossary, and of a means of reference to notes, where explanatory matter is inserted.'

The two editors have some points in common. In the first place, they agree in discarding that ponderous mass of antiquarian and philological notes, and that interminable array of citations, which have made the name of Shakspeare's commentators a byword, and which ended in swelling out the last *variorum* editions of his works to the bulk of twenty-one thick volumes. In the second place, they agree in condemning the received text of the poet as in many places erroneous, and as every where made up on false principles: they alike profess to have improved the text, and to have improved it in the same way. But beyond these, and a few other points of likeness, there is between the editors a very wide dissimilarity. It is gratifying, however, to find that each of them has done service for which the students of the poet's works are bound to entertain lasting gratitude: it would be disappointing to discover that either of two men, who have otherwise deserved so well of letters, had proved quite incompetent to the task of editing Shakspeare.

The systematic and business-like description given by Mr Collier himself, communicates a very accurate notion of the nature and extent, while it in no small degree anticipates the tone and character, of the illustrative matter which his edition contains. His strength lies in antiquarian research, not in critical specula-

tion. Every thing is effected by him which can be effected by unwearied industry and patience in research, by accuracy almost impeccable in recording observed facts, and by extreme caution of judgment in estimating consequences. But, even when he ventures to infer, his caution is greatly in excess: he has a horror of novelty—a horror yet more lively of theorizing: even in determining questions of historical fact, (the ground on which he justly feels himself most at home,) he very seldom travels beyond the particular circumstance or its immediate relations; and, thus dealing with details each for itself, he neither forms nor expresses any systematic or consistent generalization. The value of his labours, even in his own favourite field, consists more in the materials he has collected, than in the use he has made of them.

But those materials do possess a value which it is not easy to estimate too highly. They affect equally the state of the text, and the history of the poet's life. Of his collation of the old editions we shall have occasion to say something hereafter; but we are unwilling to defer expressing cordially our sense of the merit possessed by that collation, and by the editor's patient record of its results. In the matter furnished by his *Life of the poet*, there is something that is quite new, and very much that, though anticipated, has been anticipated only by the writer himself, in publications which have scarcely been known beyond the narrow circle formed by the systematic students of the old English drama. But here, too, he occupies a position which is whimsically rare in the annals of research. He has been, and is to this day, more reluctant than any other man to draw inferences, or to admit the soundness of inferences drawn by others, from the facts which he has himself had the undivided honour of discovering. The *Life*, however, when compared with some of the author's earliest writings, does exhibit such symptoms of progress in his opinions, that we are not without hopes he may one day enjoy the satisfaction of rating, nearly at their full value, the results of his own antiquarian investigations.

That *Life*, and the prefixed *History of the Early Stage*, are the only treatises of considerable length which Mr Collier's volumes contain. His foot-notes are laconic, often laconic to excess; for even in that task of tracing the bibliographical history of the text, which he has performed so meritoriously, his microscopic way of taking up the readings, and of recording the variations, makes it not unfrequently difficult or impossible for the reader to gather that comprehension of the complex fact, which could easily have been furnished by a few sentences of continuous narrative. The *Introductions* prefixed to each play are strictly historical and bibliographical. We should therefore be spared the duty of

saying, that we think the writer deficient in qualifications for the higher offices of criticism, were it not that his shortcomings in this quarter operate unfavourably, both on his decisions as to conflicting readings, and on his conjectures as to the history of not a few of the dramas.

Mr Knight's Second Edition differs from his First in external form, especially in wanting the more fanciful of the beautiful wood-engravings. The matter of the two editions is alike in almost every thing, except that the second (besides making certain omissions) has improved upon the first in a few of the minor readings, and of the notes relating to them. The editor's plan is very much more comprehensive and ambitious than Mr Collier's. To each play (except some which are taken in groups) there is prefixed an Introductory Notice, which embraces the following topics in succession:—an account of the 'State of the Text, and Chronology,' a topic leading, in several instances, to much interesting disquisition;—a notice of the known or supposed 'Source of the Plot,' sometimes introducing elaborate illustrations of the manner in which the poet has used his materials;—and an antiquarian paper on the 'Costumes.' The foot-notes in the course of each play are usually brief, and are almost all confined to explanations of the sense, or to questions of various readings. To each act are commonly annexed 'Illustrations,' which, according to the subject, are historical, topographical, or miscellaneous. Each play (or group of plays) is followed by a 'Supplementary Notice,' which is the editor's field for the higher kind of criticism, and in which he has introduced much speculation of his own, with much quoted from others. In the first edition, the plays and poems are followed by a volume devoted to an elaborate biography of the poet. An eighth or supplemental volume of that edition exhibits much curious matter not given by any other editor. It contains four of the plays of doubtful authorship, printed at full length, (*Titus Andronicus*, *Pericles*, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, and the *Yorkshire Tragedy*;) and to these it adds critical analyses and specimens of thirteen other plays that have been ascribed to the poet; a 'History of Opinion' on his writings; a separate treatise on the criticism of the poet in Germany; a verbal index; and an index to the characters of the plays. The second edition omits the Biography and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, and also the *Histories of Opinion* and of German Criticism.

The very conception of a plan like this indicates a turn of mind very unlike Mr Collier's; and views of the editorial functions very different from those which dictated the arrangements of his edition. The dissimilarity becomes yet more evident when

we examine the particulars of the execution, every part of which is due to Mr Knight himself, except the essays on costume, some of the illustrations of the acts, the paper on German criticism, and (presumably) the Indices. Mr Knight, indeed, is weakest in some points where Mr Collier is strong; and he is strong in those points in which Mr Collier is weakest. He is less of the antiquary: he is infinitely more of the critic. He writes with excellent taste and warm enthusiasm: he has a just and lively sense of poetical beauty, and has studied the laws of poetical and dramatic art in a liberal and philosophical school. His manner of thinking is marked by great comprehensiveness of generalization. Not unfrequently, however, he is hasty and incautious: in endeavouring to establish a favourite theory, he is apt to overlook necessary modifications. His mind, likewise, instead of being, like that of his brother editor, too little open to new impressions, is considerably too much so: his imagination is apt to be dazzled by showy and unsubstantial hypotheses, which, once entertained, his characteristic ingenuity of speculation dresses up in a shape that might surprise even their original inventors. So, too, he is often seduced into diffuseness by that hearty love for his theme which is so pleasing a feature of all that he has done throughout the work. He forgets, like other gentlemen who ride spirited hobbies, that his readers (who act as running footmen by his side) will be wearied by long stages.

Mr Knight would suffer injustice at our hands were we not to add, that in the work before us his good qualities are displayed much more frequently than his faults; and that the illustrative apparatus of his editions possesses not only much value for its immediate purpose, but also literary merit of no mean order. This is especially true in regard to his critical disquisitions, some of which display good writing as well as successful speculation. We shall soon have an opportunity of directing attention more particularly to the results of this editor's researches into the history of some of the plays that appeared successively in several old editions—a section in the criticism of Shakspeare's works which must be more generally understood than hitherto, before the character of the poet's mind can be exactly appreciated; and a section in which Mr Knight may fairly be said to have been the first to comprehend the question rightly, and to value adequately the consequences to which its solution leads.

Reserving space for this and another topic, we are obliged to pass almost without remark the abundant matter for discussion which both of the editors present in regard to Shakspeare's life. Of Mr Knight's biography of the poet, we can only say, that its points of unlikeness to Mr Collier's are striking and numerous

enough to illustrate, as well as any thing in the whole series of volumes, the dissimilarity between the two minds. In those parts of it which relate immediately to the poet himself, it is speculative, critical, and not seldom imaginative. In the outline of the views which it expounds as to the main points in the poet's history, we conceive Mr Knight to be substantially right; and there is, as it seems to us, much good sense, as well as sagacity and ingenuity of conjecture, in the inferences which he draws from the facts. He has cordially and thankfully used and acknowledged Mr Collier's discoveries; and we are glad to observe that gentleman in his turn frankly owning the soundness and value of an acute deduction from the law of England, by which Mr Knight (who is no lawyer) has shamed the legal antiquaries. • He has shown that the will of the poet, which contains no mention of his wife but the bequest to her of his 'second best bed,' and which has therefore been regarded as confirming the current belief of alienation or dislike, does not warrant any such deduction; since, all Shakspeare's estates but one being freehold, his widow would, without bequest, 'be entitled to dower.' 'When,' observes Mr Collier, 'the explanation is once given, it seems so easy that we wonder it was never before mentioned; but, like many discoveries of different kinds, it is not less simple than important, and it is just that Mr Knight has full credit for it.' While, however, we are anxious to do justice to that which we hold to be really valuable in 'William Shakspeare, a Biography,' we are afraid our opinion of it as a whole would not be quite satisfactory to the writer. It is, in particular, much too bulky, and much too discursive. The nature of the plan on which it is constructed, aiming at illustrating the poet's times as well as his personal history, is not only in itself of very doubtful merit, but has encouraged that tendency to diffuseness, which seems to us to be one of this writer's weak points; but which, in the other parts of his labours, he has kept more in check. We ourselves, indeed, sharers in the biographer's attachment to his subject, can accompany him with pleasure through all his devious enquiries; but we fear the work is not so well suited for most of its readers as it would be if it were reduced to less than half its size, by the curtailment of much of the speculation and description, and the total exclusion of some of the collateral topics.

Upon glancing at the particular questions raised, directly or indirectly, by the editions whose merits generally we have endeavoured to estimate, one is at first perplexed by the multitude and diversity of the materials. But there are reasons which determine us to reject many of those topics of discussion which might at other times have been preferred. For æsthetical specu-

lation, either on the genius of the poet or on the poetical and dramatic qualities of his works, an instructive occasion might have been furnished by several of those disquisitions, in which Mr Knight presents critical opinions and analyses of his own, or canvasses and illustrates the criticisms of others. We regret more at present, however, that it is impossible to take up a specific class of enquiries, upon which, likewise, he has in several instances entered with zeal and success, but which would admit of being elucidated yet further than they have been by him or by any other critic. We allude to those enquiries into the relation of Shakspeare's works to the histories, novels, or older plays on which they are founded, to which we have already alluded as having recently been recommended particularly to public attention. No study can be better fitted than this for leading to a just appreciation of the poet's genius, and to a competent apprehension of the laws of dramatic and poetical invention. But any illustration of these questions that could here be offered, must either be unsatisfactorily meagre, or encroach too far upon matter which seems to us, in the present state of Shakspearian criticism, to possess more pressing claims to notice.

We pass, therefore, to two matters of enquiry, which are alike important for our estimate of the poet's genius, and for the formation of an opinion upon the merits of the editions now before us. The first of these embraces the history of Shakspeare's text, the laws according to which it should be regulated, and the merits or demerits of the editors in its adjustment. The second deals with the history of those dramas which we possess in successive editions, so dissimilar as to have led some to assert that they had been re-written by the poet. A few preliminary remarks will introduce us to the former of these topics.

It is easy to perceive the bearing which the principles regulating the settlement of the text have upon the merits of editions which profess to improve the text: nor is it difficult to see how these editions must likewise be affected by the principles which are assumed in regard to plays existing in different forms. The bearing of these questions on the poet himself depends on the fact—that the solution of them involves an investigation, not merely into the history of the publication of his works, but into the principles which may have directed his process of composition. We cannot attain to satisfactory conclusions on these heads till we have obtained an answer to the question—Whether, or in what sense, if in any, it is true that Shakspeare was a careless and hasty writer? The venerable creed which assures us that he was systematically careless and hasty, has now, perhaps,

but few votaries who subscribe to it without some reservation ; while many have avowed a bold and uncompromising dissent from the whole system, of which the belief in his carelessness is a part. But it may be that the deniers are as far wrong as the believers. In literary criticism, not less than in graver things, the spirit which impugns received opinions is apt, like vaulting ambition, to overleap itself, and fall on the other side. Truth is seldom attained till after a second effort, which brings the party back into a position considerably nearer to the starting-point. The history of the criticism of the great poet is abundant in examples of gaining possession of truth, through a succession of opposite errors. The first-fruits of that system of philosophical criticism which has already wrought so much good, and is destined to work so much more, have not by any means been purely healthful : and, in particular, not merely has there been introduced, into the tone of feeling in regard to Shakspeare, an exaggerated and unreal warmth ; but there have arisen positive errors of fact as to his process of writing, which are already on the wane, and which nothing can be more effectual in removing than a close and specific study of accessible materials, enabling us to trace, in several interesting instances, the principal steps by which his works were brought to perfect maturity. The facts which those materials entitle us to assert are briefly these : —that several of Shakspeare's dramas were subjected by him to a process of alteration, which is not adequately described unless we call it re-writing ; and that several others, though not changed so materially, received from his hand verbal corrections so numerous, so careful, and so characteristic, as to be even a more unequivocal proof than re-writing would have been, of modest, thoughtful, patient industry.

The evidence of these facts is furnished by those original editions of the poet's Dramas which stand to us in the place of manuscripts ; and its force cannot be estimated until, by an exact scrutiny, we have ascertained their character, and determined what faith is due to their texts. Now, two serious charges have been brought against them. They have been charged with wilful falsification in particular places, and with gross typographical inaccuracy throughout.

The first of these charges is mainly directed against the Players. These persons, the owners of the manuscripts, are said to have corrupted them by changes, chiefly of interpolation, calculated to fit the plays better for a coarse and uninstructed audience. A belief in the existence of such corruptions has willingly been cherished by men of peculiar delicacy of taste or of moral sensibility. Such readers, from Pope to Words-

worth, have eagerly sought to save themselves, by the aid of this hypothesis, from the pain of attributing to a great and high-minded poet things which appeared to them tasteless, undignified, or immoral. But their creed has never, unless by Pope alone, been allowed to influence editors in their formation of a text: even those who entertained the opinion have contented themselves with recording it in prefaces or notes; and it may now very safely be assumed that no editor will again take it up.

The accusation appears highly improbable, even independently of any scrutiny of the early editions. It is almost conclusively disproved by what we know as to the position of the poet himself. If interpolation took place, who were the interpolators, or the prompters of the interpolation? The players of the company to which belonged the manuscripts and the right of acting the plays? Why, Shakspeare himself was one of the leading persons in that company, one of the largest owners of the joint property. If any changes were to be made upon the plays, he, the author and still a joint-proprietor, was the person who would most naturally make those changes. Indeed, for alterations made during his lifetime, it seems impossible to frame any probable supposition contradictory of his responsibility. Now, the editions published while he was alive, show in abundance passages of all the kinds that have given rise to the charge of wilful interpolation by the players; and if these passages were his, the faulty character is no reason for attributing to any one but the author himself, such passages of the sort as are found in the works not published till six or seven years after his death. The amount of the evidence to the same effect furnished by a specific examination of the editions, we may be better able to estimate hereafter.

For almost every thing, in short, that is thought to be grossly faulty in his works, not less than for all in them that is superlatively excellent, the poet himself must stand solely accountable. His are alike the quibbles which we all discover in the gay scenes, and the overworked emphasis which some believe to deform certain parts of the tragic;—his are alike the tendency to cold conceit in some imaginative passages of the dialogue, and the coarseness and want of reverence which sometimes hold the place of humour, or which alloy humour that is genuine. Shakspeare himself must be judged for these things, just as for the mechanical irregularity of his plots, or the pervading anti-classicism of his dramatic theory.

The second of the Counts in the Indictment against the old editions rests upon a foundation much more solid. Indeed, were it not substantially just, the settlement of Shakspeare's text would not be impeded by any difficulty worth naming.

Minor inaccuracies in printing are common to all English works which came from the press in that age. But the dramatic works then printed are supereminently inaccurate. While verse is more difficult to print correctly than prose, dramatic compositions, especially such as mix prose with verse, possess liabilities to typographical mistakes not shared by any other works. And the class of works thus requiring particular closeness of superintendence, may be said to have enjoyed no superintendence whatever. In the printing-houses from which such productions issued, professional and systematic correction of the press was evidently unknown; and there is no reason for believing any dramatist of those times to have personally superintended the printing of his works, unless Mr Gifford be right in supposing that Ben Jonson so superintended his own folio of 1616. Many editions of plays then published, indeed, were piratical; but these are not always the worst printed.

Accordingly, in ascertaining the genuine text from the early editions, the editors of the old English drama have had to perform a task calling for greater learning, caution, and skill, and resembling more nearly the office of editing classical authors from manuscripts, than that which has been imposed on the editors of any other ancient works in our language. It must, however, be noted, that from errors merely typographical Shakspeare's dramas have suffered less than most of the dramatic works belonging to his time; and that these errors are neither numerous enough, nor heinous enough, to destroy our confidence in the early editions, as presenting on the whole a faithful transcript of the poet's thoughts and language.

But the obstacles which the typographical blunders raised, were formidable enough to baffle persons who, like the editors of Shakspeare in the eighteenth century, laboured under special disqualifications for the duty of settling his text. They failed to understand in the old copies much that has now (in a considerable degree, indeed, through the materials accumulated by those very editors) been made generally plain; and when they did not understand a difficult or corrupted passage, the more modest of them made it obscure to others by cumbrous annotations, while the more adventurous expunged or metamorphosed it on the authority of their own conjectures. The acme of boldness in conjectural emendation was reached by George Steevens, in his edition of 1793, the first which he exclusively superintended. In the 'Advertisement' prefixed to that edition, Steevens announces quite explicitly the rules upon which he was to act. He there avows that he believes himself to be approaching instead of quitting the genuine text of Shakspeare, when he deviates from the text of the old

editions ;—rejecting readings there given by piratical publishers or ignorant players, in favour of corrections suggested by ‘a Warburton, a Johnson, a Farmer, a Tyrwhitt,’ and (as he might have added) in favour of corrections much less scrupulous, suggested by the fantastic ingenuity of ‘a Steevens.’ It is time, he says, that a well-qualified editor of the poet should be left ‘at liberty to restore some apparent meaning to his corrupted lines, and a decent flow to his obstructed versification.’ The prerogative thus claimed, of determining, in contradiction to any or all of the ancient copies, what the poet really meant to say, is exercised by the eccentric editor to an extent hardly to be believed by those who have not had an opportunity of comparing his text with a purer one. He corrects freely and frequently words or phrases which he thinks unintelligible ; he expunges not very seldom passages which in his judgment are superfluous. But his most numerous experiments are designed for amending the versification. By new divisions of the lines—by compounding a text from several old editions—by avowedly and very frequently undertaking ‘the expulsion of useless and supernumerary syllables, and an occasional supply of such as might fortuitously have been admitted,’—he does all in his power to make Hamlet and Desdemona speak in the measured language of ‘Cato’ and the ‘Fair Penitent’—to make the doublet and hose of Elizabeth’s reign give way to the laced coat and ‘tights’ of the court of Queen Anne. Steevens himself says, that the restoration of the old readings to Shakspeare would be just like stripping Sly of his lord’s finery, and reclothing him in his tinkler’s rags. But the parallel is exact in a sense not contemplated by him who used it. For the rags were the only dress to which Sly had a right ; and so, even though the phraseology and metre of the eighteenth century should be admitted to be superior to those which prevailed in the beginning of the seventeenth, yet the works of a poet who lived in the older period, would be much falsified by being clothed in the garb of the more recent. The text an editor is bound to give is what his author actually wrote ; not what, if he had lived in another age, he might perhaps have written.

The corruptions introduced by Steevens are important for this reason—that his text is the standard one down to the present day. An occasional correction of an obvious error, and an infrequent adoption of an older reading of a difficult passage, are the only exceptions to the obedience rendered to it even in the most careful of the ordinary editions—such as those of Harness and Singer. No editor but Malone systematically opposed the authority of his old coadjutor ; and Malone’s posthumous

edition, published in 1821, does come much nearer to the genuine text than any other preceding those which are now before us. But even he left very much to be done. He possessed neither the patient accuracy required for a full collation of the old copies, nor the comprehensiveness and sagacity of judgment which might in some measure have made amends for the other defect. And, besides, except in one edition of no critical pretensions, hardly any use had till now been made of his latest collations and corrections.

Mr Knight and Mr Collier, in their new attempts at adjusting the poet's text, agree in holding as the first law to be obeyed, that which ought always to be so recognised. The one is not less firm than the other in professing fidelity to the ancient copies—in protesting against the adoption of conjectural amendments, unless where the old text is manifestly and hopelessly corrupt. The two, indeed, differ not inconsiderably, both in deducing corollaries from this fundamental law, and in applying the law and the corollaries to particular cases. Some of the most distinctive of these differences will call for notice immediately. In the mean time we have to ask, whether the editors have in all instances understood aright the genuine import and just extent of the law itself. The main question is, whether they have given due effect to the fact, that the old editions contain very many typographical errors.

It has been asserted by a competent critic, that both of them have erred in this particular. Mr Dyce's volume of 'Remarks' on the two editions, is a collection of observations on their readings of particular passages. In a large proportion of these his purpose is to show, that the editors have often forgotten to subject their law to its just limitations; that they have recognised as parts of the genuine text many readings which are merely misprints of the old editions; and that thus they have not only retained errors which their predecessors had left uncorrected, but have reinstated errors that had previously been expelled from the text. He has many faults of this kind to find with Mr Knight; but the brunt of his censure falls upon Mr Collier, in regard to whom, throughout the volume, he expresses himself in a tone of captious petulance, not deserved either by the nature of the offence, the character of the offender, or the authority of the judge. But the matter of the 'Remarks' is much better than the manner. They abound in good sense, knowledge, and shrewdness. In very many places, the critic is clearly right in asserting the old reading to be a mere blunder of the copyist or printer: he is often exceedingly successful in pointing out the source of the mistake, and the way to correct it. We do not

indeed think, with him, that 'Shakspeare has suffered greatly 'from both editors:' in regard to both of them, our opinion is quite the reverse. But we do think, that the one, as well as the other, would act wisely in removing a good many little blots which their severe observer has laid bare.

Not a few of these are mere oversights in monosyllables and other accessory words—mistakes not less liable to escape the notice of successive editors, than they were to insinuate themselves into the text when first printed. In other cases, the old misprints are adopted, by one of the editors or by both, after deliberate consideration of reasons assigned.

One of the most whimsical of these sacrifices to the manes of the early printers, occurs in the second scene of the *Tempest*. Prospero, relating the story of his brother's treachery, tells how himself and his daughter, with provisions, clothes, and books from his library, were ~~set~~ adrift in

'A rotten carcass of a *boat*, not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast: the very rats
Instinctively have quit it.'

So have hitherto read all modern editors, beginning with Rowe: but not so Mr Knight or Mr Collier. Unluckily for them, 'every ancient edition' stows the passengers and cargo, not into a 'boat,' but into a '*butt*;'—whether a wine-butt or not, may, as one of our editors gravely observes, be reasonably questioned. Accordingly, that which must have been the word originally written, is displaced to make room for that which is plainly a careless mistake of the printer.*

Another example is not less amusing. Every one is familiar with the quaintly beautiful dirge sung in the fifth act of '*Much Ado About Nothing*.' If there be some obscurity in the close, the effect is only to increase the dim solemnity of the image. But it provokingly happens that, in the folios, the wailing burden, 'Heavily! heavily!' though given correctly the first time it occurs, is misprinted the second time, 'Heavenly! heavenly!' Catching at the shadow of a clearer meaning, Mr Collier, though he wisely refrains from restoring the old reading, says that it 'may be right;' and Mr Knight, reinstating it, defends it by an inapplicable scriptural explanation.

* Mr Knight perhaps may be believed to have read his recantation of this error. For the ordinary reading is given in an extract from this play, appended to one of Lamb's *Tales from Shakspeare*, in '*Knight's Weekly Volume for All Readers*.'

In another restoration of the antique, not commented on by Mr Dyce, one of the editors stands alone. In the opening speech of 'Twelfth Night,' the modern readers of the poet have to thank the taste and fancy of Pope for the romantic image of 'the sweet *south*, that breathes upon a bank of violets.' All the old copies read, 'the sweet *sound*;' and this reading is restored by Mr Knight, and accompanied by a note, in which he assigns (as we think) good reasons why the modern correction ought not to have been disturbed. Mr Collier is certainly right in thinking that 'sound' is a likely misprint for 'south;' and the former reading is not only less poetical than the other, but in its sense, scarcely coherent.

It is satisfactory to say, that there are few places in which either of the editors goes so far astray as in those now cited. But an examiner, bent on collecting matter for censure, might discover not a few judgments, pronounced by one or both of them, which, if not quite so ludicrous, are quite as perverse. Thus, in 'The Merchant of Venice,' (Act IV. scene 2,) Mr Knight defends, though he does not venture to introduce, the reading of all the old copies, 'Gilded timber [for *tombs*] do worms unfold.' Mr Collier, in 'Twelfth Night,' (Act II. scene 2,) actually restores the old 'lemon,' for the obvious reading, 'leman;' and in 'Antony and Cleopatra,' (Act IV. scene 6,) he deliberately follows 'all the folios' in inserting 'dissuade,' in a passage where the sense peremptorily requires the word 'persuade.' Mr Dyce's remark on this correction would apply to several others:—'If,' says he, 'the folios were forty instead of four, such a reading could not be right.'

There are several noted passages, in which, although there can be little doubt but the old readings are erroneous, it is more difficult to say positively what is the best way of amendment. Two such occur in 'Romeo and Juliet.' In the earlier of the two, Montague speaks, according to the common text, of

—the bud, bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the *sun*.'

But all the old editions which contain the line, read 'same' for 'sun;' and Mr Collier, without giving notice or assigning reasons, restores this tame and feeble reading. The received reading, first suggested by Theobald, is preserved by Mr Knight, who observes, that 'we could scarcely wish to restore the old reading, even if the probability of a typographical error, *same* for *sunne*, were not so obvious.' In the masquerade scene, again, we owe to no higher source than the folio of 1632, (an edition of very small authority,) the feature which gives elevation

and completeness of imagery to the line, 'Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night.' The older copies read, coldly and vaguely, '*It seems she* hangs upon the cheek of night.' And here, again, the two editors differ. Mr Collier, restoring the oldest reading, congratulates himself on adhering 'to the authentic and perfectly intelligible text, as contained in every impression during the author's life.' Mr Knight, on the other hand, adopts the more modern text, on account of the universal currency it has obtained.

In cases like these, an appeal usually lies to common sense or good taste against the authority of all old editions. Every such edition contains errors of the printer or the copyist, which it is equally easy to detect and to amend; and therefore, when persons duly qualified to interpret encounter grave difficulties in certain other passages, they are often entitled to refer those difficulties confidently to the same cause, and to aim at solving them by a process founded upon that assumption. But there remain behind questions which it is not so easy to answer, and which call for a closer inquisition into the state and history of the old editions.

Shakspeare died upon the twenty-third day of April 1616. The first collected edition of his dramas was the folio which appeared in 1623. That edition contains all the plays (except *Pericles*) which are printed as his in the common editions of modern times. The number contained in the folio is thus thirty-six; and eighteen of these had not, in as far as we hitherto know, been ever printed in any shape till their appearance in that edition. The plays thus published for the first time by the folio, were the following:—in the first place, nine, which the editors classed as comedies—*The Tempest*, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Measure for Measure*, the *Comedy of Errors*, *As You Like It*, the *Taming of the Shrew*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, *Twelfth Night*, and the *Winter's Tale*; secondly, three, described by them as histories—*King John*, *Henry VI. Part First*, and *Henry VIII.*; and thirdly, six, which they call tragedies—*Timon of Athens*, *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Macbeth*, and *Cymbeline*. A second edition in folio, containing the same thirty-six plays which had been published in the first, appeared in 1632. A third folio, published in 1664, gave forty-three plays as Shakspeare's, inserting not only all those of the first and second editions, but also *Pericles*, and six others which, in modern times, have always been most deservedly rejected. The fourth edition, that of 1685, containing the same plays as the third, was the last of the folios, and also the last of those ancient

editions which made no claim to be considered as critical. The next was Rowe's of 1709, the earliest in that series of modern editions which has worked at once so much good and so much evil.

In the second, third, and fourth of these folios, the text becomes more and more corrupt. The third and fourth, mere careless reprints, are not in the slightest degree authoritative. Even the second is useful only for its correction of a few typographical errors: otherwise it wilfully vitiates the text of the first, particularly by modernizing the phraseology, and endeavouring to smooth the versification.

For the eighteen plays above enumerated, the folio of 1623 is the sole foundation of the text. It is at once the earliest and the latest authority. Nor is the authority liable to any serious disqualification.

We can scarcely indeed allow, even with a very wide understanding of the saving clause, the justice of Mr Knight's assertion, that 'perhaps, all things considered, there never was a book 'so correctly printed as the first *folio* of Shakspeare.' But there can be no reason for refusing to acquiesce in Mr Collier's more sober commendation of the *folio*, as 'more correctly printed than 'any other dramatic production of the time.' Typographical errors the first *folio* does present, and these not few; but it does not happen in many places that the errors are difficult either of detection or of amendment.

Again, it must be held that the manuscripts from which those eighteen plays were printed, were genuine copies. When difficulties occur which seemingly are not attributable to errors in the printing, the prerogative of conjectural emendation must not be exercised unless within the very narrowest limits. Indeed, excepting typographical errors, there is scarcely any emergency possible in the particular case in which conjectural alteration can safely be permitted. There are, doubtless, certain possible or probable causes of depravation, the existence of which we may infer both from the nature of the thing, and from what we know to have taken place in regard to those other plays which had been printed before the folio. It may, for example, be suspected that some faults have arisen from mistakes of the copyist; because it is improbable that the original manuscripts of the poet, (some of which must have been at least thirty years old at the first printing,) should so long have survived in the closet of the players; and because we know, or can infer with all but positive certainty, that from copies made for the uses of the theatre, some of the other plays were actually printed. In a few such instances, cautious correction may not be unlawful. It may not be improbable, likewise, that the original manuscripts of some

of the eighteen plays really contained passages which the folio omits; because we know this to have occurred in regard to some of the plays not printed for the first time in the folio. In regard to the eighteen plays, however, we want the means, not merely of supplying such deficiencies, but even of conjecturing peremptorily whether and where they may have happened. It may be possible, or not improbable, too, that in the manuscripts from which the eighteen plays were printed, there had been made, before the printing, but not by the poet himself, slight alterations in words or phrases; because there is good reason for believing that some such alterations, not by the author, were made on the plays not first printed in the folio. But even if these alterations could be supposed more numerous and important than there is any likelihood of their having been,—yet, for the eighteen plays, we have in few places materials enabling us to pronounce positively that they have occurred, and nowhere means sufficient for authorizing us to attempt their correction.

Accordingly, in regard to those eighteen plays, the limits of diversity between different editors, acting faithfully by the first *folio*, are very narrow indeed. And we cannot say, from our examination of these plays, that Mr Knight's text of them, and Mr Collier's, differ in any point of real importance; although we have noted a good many matters of little consequence, in which we are disposed to dissent from one or both of them. It is impossible, however, not to concur with them in the most important deviations they make (in some of the plays very frequently indeed) from the text which Steevens has imparted to the current editions. Of the cool indifference to the old text with which this self-confident editor proceeds, it may be useful to give one or two examples. In the third scene of 'As You Like It,' in answer to Rosalind's question, 'Why, whither shall we go?' Celia answers, 'To seek my uncle *in the forest of Arden*;' but Steevens strikes out the latter half of the answer, because, as he says, 'we have already been informed by Charles the wrestler, that 'the banished duke's residence was in the forest of Arden.' In like manner, Timon, in the fourth act, giving the gold to his steward, exhorts him to be cruel to men, and, amongst his other cruelties, to 'let debts wither them *to nothing*.' Steevens tells us that he has 'omitted the redundant words, not only for 'the sake of the metre, but *because they are worthless*.' For the sake of the metre, indeed, it is, that his most audacious and most frequent interpolations and mutilations are perpetrated.

It must be remarked, however, that there is a considerable inequality in the correctness of the folio. It does not always happen that even different parts of the same play are given with equal accuracy. It is of more consequence to observe, that, of the

eighteen plays now in question, some are printed throughout much more correctly than others, in respect as well of the sense as of the metre;—a diversity of which it is not always possible to discover the causes, but which, in several of the plays, appears to indicate clearly a dissimilarity in the nature and merit of the copies printed from. There are, however, none of these plays in which the text may not be satisfactorily made up, by a close adherence to the folio in all but palpable errors of the press. On several of them Steevens himself has laid his hand very sparingly. But in others, the state of the text or the style of the work holds out greater difficulties; and some of these have been a good deal alloyed in the current editions. Some examples may be cited. In the ‘Comedy of Errors’ the folio contains many blunders; but the greater number of these are plainly typographical, and by no means difficult to extirpate. ‘Measure for Measure,’ written in a style peculiarly involved and reflective, while its versification has a loose and colloquial character, has tempted the commentators to propose changes on not a few passages which, though obscure, are probably given by the folio nearly or altogether as the poet wrote them. The ‘Winter’s Tale’ and ‘Cymbeline’ have, though in a less degree, experienced the same fate. In *Coriolanus*, where the text of the folio is very accurate in regard to the words, the beginnings and endings of the verses are often very incorrectly distributed:—a circumstance which, making a new division necessary, has encouraged the editors in their system of pruning and engrafting. But, of all the plays in this list, ‘*Timon*’ is that on which Steevens has experimented most boldly. The sense, indeed, hardly any where presents serious difficulties; but the versification, besides being distributed very carelessly by the printers of the folio, is in itself so irregular and unequal, that probably no modern arrangement of it will ever be quite free from grounds of exception. In the editions before us, the words of the old text of *Timon* are restored with praiseworthy care and fidelity; but, in the metrical arrangement, it seems to us that Mr Knight, in leaving many verses redundant and many defective, has acted more judiciously than Mr Collier, who, in a large majority of the difficult passages, has substantially adopted the stiff and monotonous distribution of Steevens and his disciples.

So much for the plays which appeared for the first time in the folio of 1623. We pass to the examination of those that were not in that predicament. They amount to exactly the same number as the former class. Of the thirty-six plays inserted in the folio, eighteen had been published separately, in *quarto*, before they were collected in that edition. By far the most difficult part, in the task of adjusting the poet’s text, is caused by the dis-

crepancies that exist between the successive editions of these eighteen dramas. In none whatever are the discrepancies so slight, that an editor can refrain from adjudging on them, or a critical student from taking cognisance of their existence, as a fact to be accounted for in the history of the poet's works. In several of the plays, indeed, the differences are no more than verbal; but in others they affect deeply the structure of the work.

How, then, are these discrepancies to be dealt with? Or how have editors been accustomed to deal with them? An editor may hold all the successive editions of the same play as equally authoritative; and he may, in each particular passage, select from the several editions, or make up by a collection from more than one, the reading which his own taste and judgment prefer. This, the easiest rule of adjustment, is the rule which has most frequently been followed. Or, again, a general law of preference may be laid down. On one alternative, the oldest edition may always be held preferable—a rule not unsupported by plausible reasons, but truly conclusive in respect of typographical errors only, which, in the absence of exact revision, accumulate like snowballs. The presumption which has been raised in favour of the older editions because printed during the poet's lifetime, has, in the circumstances, hardly force enough to determine a single disputed reading. On the other alternative, reasons still more plausible may be assigned for following the more recent of the authoritative editions in preference to the more ancient—the folio of 1623 in preference to the quartos. For our own part we have no hesitation in thinking, that this is the only general rule which is in any extensive sense applicable. The assumption of principles involving a presumption in favour of the folio, is the first step towards the formation of a just and consistent theory as to the process by which Shakspeare's works were elaborated. But further than an initial presumption, the rule, as it seems to us, does not go; and when we come to treat particular cases, the presumption is so often rebutted by positive proof, that its effect in settling difficult passages of the text is much less than one would expect to find it. Although, in short, we cannot understand the history of any of the poet's works as a whole, unless we begin the scrutiny by assuming that the folio records his last thoughts in regard to them, yet we shall often misunderstand that history, unless we consent to believe that in many of its parts the record is materially falsified.

In settling the text of the eighteen plays which the folio did not publish for the first time, the legitimate prerogative of the editor lies chiefly, as we venture to think, in determining where to hold by the general presumption, and where to let in the particular exceptions. The path to be pursued is winding and en-

tangled ; and upon some of its recesses it is probable that no full light will ever be thrown ; but it is not impossible to gain a position from which we may reconnoitre its chief bearings. We take the first step towards that position, by ascertaining in what circumstances, and with what aids, the dramas in question appeared in the *folio* of 1623.

The editors of that edition, John Heminge and Henry Condell, were affectionately remembered in Shakspeare's will. They were, like Burbage, whose name is joined with theirs, fellow-actors of the poet. They were leading performers and sharers in the company of the King's Players, usually playing at the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres. In publishing the dramatic works of their dead friend, they clearly acted as representatives of the Company, and had the use of all advantages which the Company possessed. Nor were these advantages small. In those days dramas were written literally for the stage : printing was not contemplated, in the first instance at least. The authors, (most of whom were poor men, like Jonson and Massinger—or players, like Shakspeare,) either wrote a play to order, or sold it to a theatre as soon as written ; and, while a play was new and popular, the theatrical company to which it belonged secured the monopoly of representation by keeping it unprinted. Eighteen of Shakspeare's plays had, as we have seen, been so kept back from the press till 1623. Of these eighteen the players of the King's Company were the lawful owners ; they had, beyond doubt, exclusive possession of the manuscripts of those plays, in whatever shape these might till then have been preserved. They may be said to have possessed equal advantages for the publication of four of the plays which had already been published separately ; namely, the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' 'Henry V.,' and 'Henry VI.,' Parts Second and Third. For the only editions of these which had previously appeared, presented them in a state so incomplete, and so different from that in which the *folio* gives them, that its editors must plainly have derived no assistance from those preceding editions. Two other plays, Hamlet, and Romeo and Juliet, had likewise been published imperfectly ; but the defective editions had already been superseded by complete ones ; so that these two works do not, in reference to the foundation of the text, stand in the same category with the four named before them. We shall afterwards, however, have to ask, for a different purpose, in what light we ought to regard the incomplete editions of all the six plays that have last been named.

In the mean time we have learned, that, of the thirty-six plays contained in the *folio*, there are twenty-two which the editors must have printed from copies of their own ; because there had

not been printed a complete edition of any of these. There are fourteen others, of which, when the folio was published, there existed, in quarto, editions deserving on the whole to be considered as genuine and complete copies.

Of the *quarto* editions of these fourteen plays, the editors were evidently desirous to procure the undisputed use; for, as Mr Knight has shown, they endeavoured to purchase the interest of the publishers or proprietors of those editions, by admitting them as co-proprietors of the folio. The player-editors thus obtain right to seven of these fourteen quartos: Richard II., Henry IV., Parts First and Second, Richard III., Love's Labour Lost, Much Ado About Nothing, and Romeo and Juliet. There is no evidence of their having acquired any legal right to the quartos of the other seven plays: The Merchant of Venice, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Troilus and Cressida, Titus Andronicus, Hamlet, Lear, and Othello. It will be noted, however, that the King's Players were the performers of all the fourteen plays. We learn the fact through direct evidence as to every one of them except the First Part of Henry IV.; and of it their performance might, without rashness, be inferred, from the proved fact of their performing the Second Part. For all the fourteen plays, then, the editors possessed the playhouse copies; for printing seven of them, they were lawfully entitled to use the editions previously printed in quarto; and they did make use, not only of these seven quartos, but also of the first four of the seven others, to which we do not know them to have had any right.

For eleven plays of the fourteen, then, a quarto edition was in each case not merely made (with certain exceptions) the foundation of the text, but was literally used as the printer's copy. But in none of the eleven plays does the folio exactly represent the quarto from which it was printed. It exhibits in every play alterations, in some plays additions, in others omissions, in others additions as well as omissions. The bibliographical history of these eleven plays may fairly be said to owe its completion to Mr Collier. He has not only made and recorded a full collation of the several editions, but has also (in those plays which were printed oftener than once in quarto) been able to identify convincingly, by the repetition of errors and other peculiarities, the very edition from which the types of every such play were set up by the printers of the folio. It is, indeed, by his curiously minute record of variations for these eleven plays printed from quartos, and for the three others which the editors of the folio might have printed from quartos, but did not, that Mr Collier has rendered his chief service to the text of the poet. His opportunities of tracing the history of the editions have been such as no other editor ever enjoyed; he has used those opportunities with

his accustomed industry and exactness; and, whatever dissent one may enter against his decisions on particular readings, or against the principles on which his decisions generally are founded, any future editor of Shakspeare will much misapprehend his duty, if he attempts to settle the text of those fourteen plays without a sedulous study of this editor's elaborate collation.

As to the merits of the quartos in general, there are hardly more than one or two points that call for remark. In respect of typographical accuracy, no simple comparison can be instituted between them and the folio. The folio, as we have seen, is unequally printed: the quartos have great diversity of merit, some particulars of which will immediately be noted. In one department, however, the quartos are almost, without exception, grossly careless. They do no justice to the poet's versification. They print prose as verse, and verse as prose: when they arrange a speech as verse, they divide the lines with continual caprice and inconsistency. In these matters the folio has greatly the advantage of them; although this edition itself is by no means so exact in metrical arrangements that we should be required to repose implicit faith in it. The adjustment of the metre is a task in which every editor must be allowed to exercise discretion, and which none has hitherto executed in a manner that is quite unexceptionable. The tendency of the older editors (even when they refrained from corrupting the text for the sake of the versification) was towards an exactness alien to the age of the poet, and still more alien to his individual peculiarities: the tendency of the editors with whom we have here to do, is towards an unlimited license. Mr Knight, however, has the merit of being almost every where consistent in his metrical principles. His theory of Shakspeare's versification, likewise, is in the main sound, and founded on a close study of the poet's metrical progress; while his ear for dramatic verse is correct and sensitive, although trained by his devotion to the folio to be much too accommodating,—a fault tempting him sometimes to fancy that speeches were intended as verse, in which it would have been safer to recognise a modulated prose. As to Mr Collier, though in some places his metrical arrangement is preferable to Mr Knight's, we are frequently at a loss to understand by what principles he is guided. While he sometimes declares himself, and still oftener acts, as an opponent of the old-fashioned scheme of syllable-counting, there are not a few instances in which he falls back upon it; and many of his reasons for judgment on particular passages are alike inconsistent with each other, and irreconcilable with any just theory of English versification. In truth, one plain reason of his frequent failures is, his evident want of a good ear for the melody of verse. That he does labour under this deficiency will be

admitted by every one who, himself possessing the gift, shall learn, that Mr Collier approves, as metrically correct, each of the following lines :—

- ‘ Grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear’—
- ‘ Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms’—
- ‘ From thy endless goodness and prosperous life’—
- ‘ To yond generation, you shall find’—

These are instances in which homage is paid to the arithmetical system of scanning. The system which rests on the emphasis, and according to which the versification of our old dramas should always be judged, Mr Collier alternately allows and rejects, in cases which, so far as we are competent to judge, present no imaginable difference.

In not a few instances, indeed, we are afraid Mr Collier's censures of irregularities, in the division of the verses, are prompted simply by a temporary access of a distemper with which he is occasionally afflicted. It might be described, though imperfectly, as the *folio-phobia*. It is not a terror of the folio in itself; but an abhorrence of particular parts of it which happen to have been previously patronised by Mr Knight. We advert to such things with reluctance; but we feel bound to protest against the intrusion, into comments on a great poet, of mistakes into which the editor has been tempted by a jealous spirit, and of remarks in which that spirit is unequivocally displayed. For the differences of opinion in regard to the versification are not the only examples. Mr Collier's report of his collation of the text is filled with laconic animadversions, which, it is true, are levelled only against ‘modern editors,’ or ‘some modern editors,’ but in which it would have been fairer to name the person attacked; since, while many of them are applicable to no editor but Mr Knight, there are many which do not apply to him, but which yet may be supposed so to apply, by those who have learned the true meaning of the others. In some of these remarks on the readings there are pointed out real oversights, which Mr Knight will do well to amend; but by far the greater number are reproofs of him for having omitted to note trifling discrepancies, of which indeed it is well there should be somewhere an accurate record, but which Mr Knight had avowed it to be no part of his plan to register. Indeed—thanks to these little bits of typographical exultation by Mr Collier, and to the censorship-general voluntarily undertaken by Mr Dyce—the publication of these editions has placed three men of literary merit in a position, which ludicrously resembles that of the combatants in the Triangular Duel described in a farcical novel. Mr Collier fires at Mr Knight; Mr Dyce fires at both; and Mr Knight, after having returned Mr Collier's first fire, has the manliness and

good sense to stand passive. But enough as to matters which it is unpleasant to dwell upon, and to which but few will attach any importance.

We have said that, in respect of metrical arrangements, the authority of the *folio*, although by no means infallible, is greatly preferable to that of the quartos. The metrical defects of the quartos, indeed, are among the most marked of those features which have concurred in raising the suspicion, that the quartos, or some of them, must have been printed from copies taken down from oral delivery on the stage or elsewhere.

There is another frequent point of discrepancy, in which the quartos are chiefly genuine, while the folio is not; but in which it is often far from desirable that the genuine reading should be restored. Between literature (especially the suspected literature of the Stage) and the self-denying spirit of Puritanism, there then subsisted interesting but shifting relations of contrariety. These, although never yet systematically investigated, have been incidentally treated by several writers; the most recent among whom is Mr Hunter, in the first part of his curious 'Illustrations of the Life, Studies, and Writings of Shakspeare,' where he traces the religious history of the poet's nearest descendants. In this place it is only necessary to observe, that of the moral objections urged against the dramatic literature of those times, profanity was the only one entertained by those who could interfere with effect. Some particulars of this offence fell within the scope of the statute of 1596, prohibiting on the stage the use of the names or attributes of the Holy Trinity. A comparison of plays printed before the passing of the act, with others printed after, shows that it was obeyed, but obeyed very carelessly and irregularly. The successive editions of Shakspeare's works furnish many examples. Equally incomplete were the results of the interference occasionally attempted, on the general ground of religious or moral propriety, by the Master of the Revels, who acted as the official licenser of plays. Indeed, in those days, as in our own, there was not a little caprice in the performance of the delicate duties belonging to that office. As, not many years ago, the metaphorical use of the word 'paradise' was denounced by the Lord Chamberlain's deputy as profane,—and as blasphemy was detected in the common-place hyperbole which declared that a sailor 'played the fiddle like an angel';—so, two hundred years earlier, a grave discussion arose between Charles I. and his Master of the Revels, on the lawfulness of such exclamations as 'Faith! Death! Slight!' The inconsistent decisions were inconsistently obeyed in the first *folio* of Shakspeare, as in other play-books of the time. Sometimes the name of God is erased, and left unerased, in two passages of the same page. 'Zounds!

‘ blood ! ’ and such phrases, are sometimes displaced and sometimes allowed to stand. We are disposed to think, with Mr Knight, that it is wisest to abstain from restoring such expressions ; although the want of them sometimes hurts the metre, and in a very few instances weakens the representation of passion.

Besides the metrical and the moral discrepancies, there are no classes of deviations by the folio from the text of the quartos, that are not fertile in difficulties. It would, indeed, seem antecedently, that rules could easily be found. If the deviation is unintentional, it is, in other words, a blunder ; and such blunders are oftenest typographical. Wherever the deviation can be clearly referred to this cause, the operation to be performed is a return to the older text, if that text presents no difficulty that cannot be overcome,—or a conjectural return to the author’s own words, in those cases (comparatively rare) where the older reading itself is manifestly erroneous. If the deviation of the later edition from the earlier is intentional, the question really at issue is merely this—who made the alteration ? The author’s alterations, even if we should think them injudicious, must be received : alterations made by other persons must be rejected, even though they should appear to us to be really improvements. The comparative merit of the original text and of the alteration is no further important, than as it becomes an element (and doubtless a very valuable one) for the decision of the legitimate question.

In dealing with works of Shakspeare in which various readings occur, his editors; while professing different theories, or seeming to recognise no fixed theory at all, have yet universally acted as if some of the wilful alterations were the poet’s own, and as if others were not his. For—as the most angry declaimers against the alleged interpolations of the players, have not scrupled to admit readings and passages which are wilful deviations by the folio from the preceding editions ;—so the most zealous assertors of the value of the folio have been compelled, in some instances, to reject what it designedly gives, and to prefer readings of the quartos.

We have already hinted that this vacillation of procedure is rendered unavoidable by the state of the materials to be handled ;—that, as we cannot help thinking, there does exist, in cases of wilful alteration, a presumption in favour of the folio—a presumption that the changes were made by the poet himself ;—but that this presumption, founded on the external circumstances, is overthrown, in many places, by internal evidence not to be resisted, which proves other agency than that of the poet to have been at work in the task of alteration. But, although it is thus impossible to follow implicitly any one of the authorities, and although the text of every play, nay, the text of every discrepant passage,

is to be settled by an estimate of the particulars; yet the particulars will often be very differently estimated by an editor who proceeds from principles like those just laid down,—by another, who maintains the authority of the folio without admitting the just limitations,—by a third, who holds the rule (good for cases of misprint, but for no others) that the oldest edition is to be preferred to the newer,—and by a fourth, who declines to recognise, or has never thought of discovering, any law applicable at all to the whole class of cases.

It appears, from what has been said, that we agree with Mr Knight in holding that the authority of the folio is, in the first instance, to be preferred to that of the quartos. Indeed, the steadiness with which he has kept this law in view, has suggested to him several speculations which are extremely valuable accessions to our knowledge of the history of the poet's works, and which other editors have been prevented from reaching; chiefly by their non-recognition of the principles on which the presumptive authority of the folio is founded. But the bearer of the lamp is not the person to see best the objects on which its light falls. Mr Knight has unquestionably, in our apprehension at least, erred not seldom in the application of his own theory. He has sometimes under-estimated the qualifying circumstances; he has sometimes over-estimated the evidence by which the great fact is established.

The former fault he has often committed by carrying, into this particular part of the question, that blindness to ancient misprints, which is common to him with Mr Collier. We cannot help believing, that not a few of the readings which (especially in *Hamlet*) he adopts from the folio, are merely blunders of a careless compositor, or wanton corrections made by a conceited one. Nor, again, can we always feel perfectly assured that some authority, hardly more trustworthy, is not to be thanked for those modernizings or smoothings of the phraseology, which are to be found among the alterations introduced by the folio. It is a circumstance leading to suspicion at least, that changes of these kinds, greatly further carried out, make up one large class of the corruptions which appeared for the first time in the folio of 1632. But, on the contrary, among such readings of the first folio, there are many so exceedingly apt and felicitous, that some of them have forced themselves even upon the older editors, and that it is difficult to attribute them to any hand but that of the poet himself. There are also a considerable number of passages, although none of much prominence or poetical value, the origin of which must always be doubtful.

We have said, too, that Mr Knight sometimes over-estimates

the evidence upon which the general preference due to the folio is founded. This is particularly the case in the opinions he has formed as to the plays (eight in all) in which the folio omits passages found in the quartos, or adds passages which the quartos do not give. He holds that, in regard to these omissions and additions, each of the editions represents correctly the work and intention of the author. Upon this assumption he rests several very ingenious disquisitions. He wisely, however, follows the rule of other editors, and inserts all such passages in his text. Even if it were more positively certain than it is, in any of the places, that the poet would himself have sanctioned the omissions, it is yet right and desirable that nothing of his should be lost; and, where all the passages of both editions are evidently the poet's own, and can stand without confusion or contradiction, the text is the proper place for all of them—due notice being given of the circumstances in which they are admitted. Therefore, for the settlement of the text, the question here adverted to is not directly important; but the principles by which it has to be decided exercise indirectly an influence upon other questions, materially and directly raised in the adjustment of the text.

We suspect the truth is simply this:—that in most of these instances, if not in all, the edition which omits obeys the stage-copy in use at the time; that therefore a passage, omitted by a quarto but inserted by the folio, may not nevertheless have been written by the poet after the printing of the quarto; and, further, that a passage given in the quartos and omitted in the folios, is not thus conclusively proved to have been marked by the poet for exclusion from his work.

But the additions made by the folio do not improbably stand on a different ground from its omissions. There are several difficulties in the way of the supposition, that the passages in question were omitted in the acting, and so came to be omitted in the printed quartos, but were still preserved in existence, and either held still in some sense to belong to the play, or else restored to their rank in it, so as to be entitled to being printed in the folio. There are difficulties, we say, in the way of this supposition; and yet there are difficulties in the way of the opposite belief. In some instances, such as the prologue to *Troilus and Cressida*, it can hardly be a matter of doubt that the passages omitted by the quartos did exist in the original manuscript. In regard to these passages, however, Mr Knight's opinion is far from being so improbable as it is in regard to the other class of passages, which the quartos give and the folio omits.

We may easily suppose that such passages were marked for omission in the playhouse manuscripts, because thought to

lengthen a play or scene too much, or to be otherwise ill fitted for the stage. The curtailments being once made, the printing of the plays in the curtailed shape was the most natural thing in the world, at a time when the proper functions of editorship were ill understood, and in a work whose nominal editors were not men of letters. In those plays which were printed from the playhouse manuscripts, (which were very probably not the poet's originals,) it is possible that the omitted passages never met the eye of the printers of the folio. In those other plays, for which the printed quartos were used as copy, the marking of the passages for omission in the acting, may have been held as a part of the printer's directions. But even if the poet himself was, as it is likely, a party to these curtailments, or the person by whom they were actually made, it would be rash to infer positively that, in making or consenting to them, he was guided by any consideration other than that of stage convenience and stage effect. It is possible—nay, it is not improbable—that if he had lived, as his editors wished, 'to have set forth and overseen his own writings,' he might have determined on presenting those expunged passages as still forming parts of his works. No doubt this suggestion opens the curious question, whether Shakspeare, who unquestionably wrote his plays immediately for the stage, not for the closet, must be believed to have never had in his mind the presentation of them to readers, and to have considered himself, in expunging passages from a play prepared for being acted, as rejecting such passages absolutely and finally from the work; or whether there really rested on his mind any notion of the distinction between the play as acted and the play as printed, any appeal from the theatre to the student's desk, such as that which has introduced the modern practice of printing a play entire as written, but indicating, by inverted commas, the passages omitted in the representation. The latter alternative is by no means so improbable as it might seem to any who are unfamiliar with the pains bestowed by the poet on his works. Some of the omissions, it is true, are such as might not unplausibly be attributed to the poet himself, exercising in maturity of years a severe judgment on the imaginative and passionate effusions of his youth. But there are others which we can hardly suppose to have been dictated by any one possessing a deep insight into the principles of Shakspeare's art, or a fine appreciation of its delicate results.

In the fourteen plays now under review, it would be an amusing and not uninteresting employment to survey with some minuteness, and endeavour to judge one by one, the particulars of the deviations of the folio from the quartos. But there is here no opportunity for the performance of such a duty. A few ob-

servations, with incidental examples, on the character of the text in each play, must suffice. And first we take the eleven which were printed directly from the quartos.

Mr Knight is quite justified in saying, that, in the four comedies which belong to this list, the few variations that occur have probably for the most part been created by the printer. Here, therefore, the quartos are to be held the foundation of the text. In regard to three of them, there does not occur any difficulty, or any point of difference between the two editors, calling for especial notice. As to *Much Ado About Nothing*, Mr Collier has established that it was printed directly from the quarto of 1600, and not, as Mr Knight would have it, from the stage-copy. But between that quarto and the folio there are a considerable number of verbal discrepancies, the general insignificance of which tempts even Mr Collier (a stanch advocate for minute specification of authorities) to adopt several readings of the quarto without announcing that the folio has in those places deviated from it. In a few passages, here as in the three other comedies, the folio judiciously corrects misprints committed by the quarto. Thus, in Hero's epitaph, (Act V. Scene 3,) the quarto gives the last line, 'Praising her when I am *dead*.' The printer of the folio, led by the sure mark of the rhyme, substitutes 'dumb,'—'which,' says Mr Collier in one of his fits of horror for the folio, '*may* be right!' But in several instances the printers of the folio have made unwarrantable corrections of the text of the quarto—oftenest from not understanding the point of the jokes. Two examples occur in the same page of this play, (Act III. Scene 5.) When Dogberry promises to bestow all his tediousness upon Leonato, 'an't were a thousand *pound* more than 'tis'—the folio poorly gives 'a thousand *times*;' and it no less tamely amends the magniloquent blunder of the same learned functionary, 'we are now to *examination* these *men*.' Mr Knight rejects the second of these corrections; and, as decidedly, ought he to have rejected the first. Both are misapprehensions of the same sort which Mr Collier shows himself to have committed, (but which 'the old copies' luckily withheld him from promoting into his text,) when, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, he gravely proposes to obtrude sense and grammar into Bully Bottom's 'Thisby, the flowers of odours savours sweet.' 'Possibly,' says the critic, we ought to read, 'the flowers *have* odours, savours sweet,' or 'odorous savours sweet.'

Romeo and Juliet must come under our notice again, for another purpose. In this place, the play may be dismissed very briefly. Its text is easily settled. Between the text of the folio and that of the quarto of 1609, (from which it is there

printed,) there are no differences but verbal ones, and these chiefly attributable to typographical mistakes; while corrections of several of them are suggested by a preceding quarto of 1599, which is the original of the quarto of 1609, but (as usual) somewhat more accurate than the copy taken from it. There is, in short, no reason for supposing that any hand but that of the compositor ever ventured to alter the play after the manuscript had been completed, from which the quarto of 1599 was printed.

The First Part of Henry IV. is printed in the folio from the last and least accurate of the five quartos. Accordingly, its text must in several places be corrected from the older quartos. The variations of the folio from its copy are rather numerous, but almost all exceedingly trifling. Some are omissions and alterations, evidently caused by the carelessness of the printers; others, not many, are supposed improvements, chiefly modernizing the phrases, (a sort of amendment open to suspicion,) such as 'al-though' for 'albeit,' and 'on his behalf' for 'yea, on his part.'

In all the other plays of the fourteen, there are not only verbal discrepancies of the folio from the quarto, but designed omissions or additions of passages more or less considerable.

There is no great difficulty in adjusting the text of Richard II. and of Henry IV., Part Second. In the former, however, the folio, which is not printed exclusively from the quarto, omits—from no assignable motive but obedience to the directions of the stage-copy—several fine passages of the quartos, numbering altogether about fifty lines. In the latter, the folio not only omits some passages found in the complete copies of the quarto, but makes, from the manuscript, large additions. Of Titus Andronicus it is only necessary to say, that it is well printed in the quartos, but that the folio gives one whole scene not found in them.

We hasten to Richard III. This play was printed in five successive quartos, from which the folio deviates materially. In the first place, it makes considerable omissions. It wants two characteristic passages, one of which (the latter part of Richard's scornful evasions of Buckingham's solicitation) may have been left out for brevity in the acting; and it wants several shorter passages, which, for our own part, we have no difficulty in believing to have slipped out through carelessness in printing. But the folio contains a hundred and twenty lines not in the quartos, a part of these being one whole speech of fifty-five lines. Further, 'the folio presents continual verbal alterations, evidently made with 'a most minute scrupulousness;' and the opinion formed and acted upon by Mr Knight, (whose words are here quoted,) that this careful verbal correction was executed by the poet himself,

is acquiesced in by Mr Collier. 'The copy,' says he, 'in the folio of 1623, was in some places a reprint of the quarto of 1602,' (the third of the five,) 'as several obvious errors of the press are repeated, *right* for *fight*, *helps* for *helms*, &c. For the additions, a manuscript was no doubt employed; and the variations in some scenes, particularly near the middle of the play, are so numerous, and the corrections so frequent, that it is probable a transcript belonging to the theatre was there employed. Our text is that of the folio, with due notice of all the chief variations.'

In '*Troilus and Cressida*' the folio adds, besides the prologue, several lines and sentences not found in the quarto; while, it omits two or three lines which the quarto possesses. It introduces, likewise, a good many verbal changes, hardly any of which is at all important in itself, but which are curiously illustrative of the process to which the play had been subjected since its first publication. While the folio repeats several typographical errors of the quarto, it corrects others: but it commits errors of its own, oftenest through carelessness, though in one or two places from a mistaken anxiety to amend. Besides all this, however, there are many little variations which are not the work of a printer: they plainly proceed from a critical pen, aiming at improving either the thought or the expression. Not a few of these commend themselves even to the judgment of Mr Collier, in spite of his very questionable opinion, that 'the language of *Shakespeare* on the whole is, perhaps, best represented by the quarto.' That the alterations here referred to are wilful critical corrections, is clear from the character even of some that are least important; as, where 'attributive' is changed into 'inclinable,' and 'To taste your bounties,' into 'Beat loud the tambourines!' Some of them are changes which, although the original text is unexceptionable, are yet improvements on it, and are therefore willingly attributed to the poet. Thus, the sea's 'ancient breast,' described as bearing navies, is more pointedly spoken of as the '*patient* breast;' for the 'ridiculous and silly action' with which Patroclus is said to mimic the Grecian chiefs, there is substituted 'ridiculous and *awkward* action;' 'The providence that's in a watchful state,' is said in the quarto to know 'almost every thing'—in the folio, more appositely, to know 'almost every grain of Pluto's' (for '*Plutus*') 'gold.'

Thus much for the eleven plays in which the quartos were actually used as the foundation and copy of the text for the folio. There remain for examination the three others of the fourteen. For these three, the quarto editions were certainly not printed from, nor even (so far as it can be judged) referred to in any way

as authorities. The adjustment of the text of these plays is consequently more difficult than it is in the other instances; and the question derives particular interest from the rank which these three plays hold. They are, *Lear*, *Othello*, and *Hamlet*.

Of *King Lear* there are three quartos, all bearing the date of 1608, and not differing much from one another, though enough to show that they are really separate editions. From these quartos the folio departs in various respects.

In the first place, the folio gives fifty or sixty lines which the quartos want—lines occurring throughout the play, in short passages of a dozen lines at the utmost, and often much shorter. In regard to most of these, not strongly marked in any way, it is hard to say what may have been their history, or whether the work would have been better or worse for wanting them. Two or three others help to explain the business of the scene; and the want of one of these—a part of Edmund's treacherous advice to his brother in Act I.—decidedly impairs the perspicuity of the narrative. But of all the additions made by the folio, the most interesting are three of the shortest.

In Act II., when Glo'ster has gone to entreat Regan to see her father, the old man, in his rising fear and suspicion, says merely, according to the quartos, 'Oh, my heart! my heart!' It is this exclamation that the folio expands into the familiar line—

'Oh me, my heart! my rising heart! but down!'

In the last scene of Act IV., where Lear, tended by Cordelia, is awakening slowly to consciousness and imperfect sanity, the first incoherent gropings of his mind are thus expressed in the folio:—

'Pray, do not mock me:

I am a very foolish fond old man,

Fourscore and upward, *not an hour more or less*;

And, to deal plainly,

I fear I am not in my perfect mind.'

But the latter half of the third line is wanting in the quartos. Therefore the words have not appeared in modern editions till Mr Knight restored them. Their logical inconsequence—the very fact which makes them so touchingly characteristic—was held to justify the conclusion, that they were 'the interpolation of some foolish player.'

At the close of the tragedy, again, the last speech that the King utters is ended, by the quartos, with the words, 'Thank you, sir,' followed by a repetition of the interjection, 'Oh!' They present no trace of the pathetically significant words added in the folio, as spoken by the broken-hearted man when he looks upon the face of his dead daughter.

In the next place, the folio omits passages which the quartos have. These omissions are calculated by Mr Knight to amount to about two hundred and twenty-five lines. They occur in upwards of twenty places; several are less than a line in length, and others hardly more. But some are greatly longer. In the beginning of Act Third, we lose eight of the lines in which one of the interior characters describes the symptoms of the King's rising madness; and Kent's speech in the same scene is pruned of the first half of its allusions to France. Later in the same act, the second of the old man's scenes of raving is shortened, by the expunging of the whole of the highly-wrought passage which contains the mock arraignment of the unnatural daughters; and the reflective close of the same scene is entirely discarded. An amputation still more merciless removes the whole of that scene in Act Fourth—beautifully poetic and touching in narrative, but neither essential to the action nor (perhaps) effective for the stage—in which the gentleman relates to Kent how Cordelia received the news of her father's sufferings. In regard to these omissions, and to others of a similar kind, it is surely not rash to infer that they were made merely with the design of fitting the drama better for representation. In this, as in most or all of the other instances, we are disposed to attribute the excisions to the poet himself, but to doubt whether they were intended by him as definitive alterations of his works. In one of the omissions in *Lear*, (Act II. Scene 2,) there is a trifling circumstance indicating the omission to have been made by a critical pen; for, the omission having lamed the metre, a change is made to cure it.

That Shakspeare's own hand did retouch this noble drama, is admitted even by those who have been least willing to recognise his revision elsewhere. This admission is involved in the preference given, by all editors, to most of those verbal alterations which the folio makes upon the quartos. The discrepancies are incessant, greatly more numerous indeed than those between the folio and any other of the complete quartos. In many places they are clearly owing to the press; the folio being sometimes right where the quartos have misprints, and sometimes misprinting what they give correctly. But by far the greater number of the discrepancies are designed alterations, and alterations made by some one exercising freely the critical prerogative. In a large majority of such passages, the readings of the folio have been generally adopted; and even our two recent editors, whose estimates of that edition in comparison with the quartos do by no means coincide, concur in giving us a text made up substantially on that principle. Any intelligent reader who, entertaining the

orthodox belief of Shakspeare's carelessness in writing his works, and his neglect of them after they were published, shall con patiently the text of *Lear* in its two successive shapes, cannot fail to arrive at one or the other of two conclusions;—either that the readings of the folio are not Shakspeare's, and ought to have been rejected—or that the popular creed in regard to his habits of composition is strangely and almost incredibly erroneous. Particularity of exemplification is here unattainable; and a few instances, however aptly selected, would convey a most incomplete notion of the weight of the proof. The editors must be consulted, and will well repay the labour of comparison. Mr Knight's foot-notes indicate the principal differences between the old copies, although he does not profess to indicate all; and Mr Collier's will (we rather think) account for every monosyllable of discrepancy, except towards the end of the play, where he appears to have become wearied of his interminable task; and wisely adopts readings of the folio without thinking it worth while to give notice of the most trifling of the differences.

In regard to the text of *Othello*, editors are not so well agreed. The work was never printed in the poet's lifetime; but there is a quarto edition bearing the date of 1622, as to which it is disputed whether it may not have been printed as late as the folio, or even later. A third independent edition is the quarto of 1630, of which (although it had been collated by Steevens for his 'Twenty Plays') Mr Collier has been the first to make a proper use.

The folio of *Othello* omits a few words—nowhere more than a line at once, and in few places so much—that are found in the quartos. Some of the omissions may or must have been blunders; other passages (such as Desdemona's—'To-night, my 'lord?' before she leaves the stage in Act First) may or may not have been omitted by design; others, (such as the 'Oh Lord! 'Lord! Lord!' given as Desdemona's last words by the first quarto and by Mr Collier,) were clearly omitted in the exercise of a good taste and sound discretion.

The additions which the folio makes are much more valuable. They amount, by Mr Knight's estimate, to a hundred and sixty-three lines in all—including several passages of much significance and beauty. Some of these are assuredly passages which have been omitted in the quarto through carelessness. Among those which cannot be so accounted for, the most interesting are the following:—In the beginning of Act Fourth, the most incoherent of the words which immediately precede Othello's trance, beginning with 'To confess'—in scene second of the same Act, Desdemona's kneeling prayer—near the end of the Act, a large part of Desdemona's conversation with Emilia, comprehending the whole

of the song of 'Willow;'—and in Act Fifth, seven of the finest lines in the middle of the speech that begins with 'Behold, I have a weapon!'

The minute verbal changes introduced by the folio are not so numerous as in some other plays of the list. They are, however, of a mixed character, indicating the agency of several causes besides the correcting hand of the author. We can see no good reason for doubting, that to him must be attributed several of the alterations. To this class we are willing to refer, with Mr Knight, notwithstanding Mr Collier's opinion to the contrary, the alteration of the passage of the 'speculative and active instruments,' near the close of Act First. There are several other alterations, chiefly adopted by all editors, which add strength or precision to the expression; and, while the omission of 'By Heavens!' and similar exclamations, has in some places weakened the passion, there are at least two places in which the excision of 'Zounds!' has made room for phrases greatly more pertinent. Some changes, though unimportant to the sense, introduce into the versification slight irregularities, which are at once consistent with the poet's later practice, and favourable to the ease and spirit of the lines.

But between the editions there are not a few discrepancies, for which the author ought not to be held answerable. In more than one place the folio gives correctly words which the older quarto misprints. In other places, the readings of the folio are typographical blunders of its own. In this category we venture, by Mr Knight's leave, to include the reading 'fall fortune,' for 'full fortune,' in Act First, (unintelligible, unless by assuming a most awkward mal-arrangement,) and the 'dower' for the 'power' of Bianca, in Act Fifth. Other changes are designed alterations, certainly not attributable to the poet, and perhaps to no authority higher than the printing-house. One of these is foolish to the height of impudence. In Othello's speech to the senate, where, according to the quartos and all the modern editions, he describes Desdemona as rewarding his story with 'a world of sighs,' the folio coolly reads 'a world of *hisses*!' One curious group of diversities occurs in the famous scene between Othello and Iago in Act Third. It is found in the beginning of the Moor's first long speech after the lady's departure. The quarto of 1622, followed by the current editions, and by Mr Collier, opens the speech with the words, 'By Heaven, he echoes me!' This form is expressive of little more than grave surprise, which is gradually displaced by livelier passion. On the other hand, Mr Knight's reading is 'Alas, thou echoest me!' a turn of the phrase which conveys a feeling of eager and anxious fear, less characteristic, as we venture to think, of this very first stage in the rise of the

suspicion. The editor who gives this reading, assigns the folio of 1623 as his authority; and we can testify that it does occur in the folio of 1632. Mr Collier, however, asserts that the first folio reads, 'Alas, *he* echoes me!' (which departs less from the sentiment of the older reading;) and that the quarto of 1630 gives, 'Why dost thou echo me?' We strongly suspect that these changes, instead of being (as Mr Knight ingeniously endeavours to show) improvements suggested to the poet by profound views of art, are merely effects, in one way or another, of the desire to remove a phrase excepted against as irreverent.

The state of the text of Hamlet is almost as interesting and as enigmatical as the work itself. The oldest known edition of it is the incomplete quarto of 1603, undiscovered in modern times till 1825. Of it we shall have occasion to speak again. In the mean time, it is enough to say, that its text assists in determining several doubtful readings of other copies. In 1604 appeared a second quarto, in which the drama is correctly described as 'newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much again as it was.' This second quarto was three times reprinted before the appearance of the folio, with hardly any change except the usual typographical inaccuracies; and all these four impressions come near enough to the folio, to be considered as repeating the work which it contains.

The folio deviates from these complete quartos in all the usual ways. It adds; it omits; it alters.

Of the passages which the quartos have not, there are three containing no more than a line each, and three others that are not much longer. Two of the shortest of these have certainly been dropped out by the copyist or the printer; and perhaps the want of some of the rest may be accounted for in the same manner. Three others are more valuable. One of them comprehends the most melancholy and reflective part of the conversation with the two court-sponges in Act Second, (Scene 2; from 'Let me question,' to 'I am most dreadfully attended.') Another, in the same scene, is the account of the reasons why the city-players are no longer popular, (from 'How comes it?' to 'Hercules and his load too.') The third is a passage of thirteen lines in Act Fifth, (Scene 2; from 'And is't not to be damn'd,' to 'Peace, who comes here?') in which Hamlet confesses compunction for his behaviour to Laertes at his sister's grave. For these passages there cannot be claimed such importance as should make us very anxious to determine the knotty question, whether they really were in the play when the second quarto was published. It is likely, however, that they were.

Greater value belongs to the passages which the quartos give

and the folio omits. These passages are remarkable alike for their number, their bulk, the poetical beauty of some, and the dramatic significance of others. They are interspersed through several scenes, and amount in all to more than two hundred lines. Perhaps the following are those among them which could least willingly be spared by the poet's readers:—In Act First, the majestic description of the omens heralding the day when 'the mightiest Julius fell;' in Act Third, Hamlet's first hint of his resolution to out-manœuvre his treacherous schoolfellows; in Act Fourth, the whole of Hamlet's meeting with the Norwegian captain, and his reflective and explanatory comments on his own character; and, in Act Fifth, a considerable part of the exhibition of Osric's fopperies. That passages like some of these should have been expunged by the poet with a stern determination that they were no longer to be, in any sense, parts of his great work—is an hypothesis to which all Mr Knight's subtlety and ingenuity have failed to reconcile us. That the copy by which these omissions were dictated, was made up expressly for the stage, is indicated by several circumstances; and by this among others, that in one place, (Act IV. Scene 5,) the folio, evidently for green-room convenience, throws into the mouth of one actor speeches which the quarto had distributed between two.

The verbal deviations of the folio from the quarto of 1604 and its doubles, in the passages that are common to both editions, are very numerous; or rather they occur incessantly. But their number is very greatly reduced by making fair allowance for the discrepancies caused merely by blunders in the printing. Neither the quartos nor this part of the folio are well printed; and it would not be easy to say which is the more incorrect.

The folio does unquestionably avoid some typographical errors which had been committed by the quartos. Thus, in addressing the Queen on his first appearance, Hamlet uses, according to the quarto of 1604, the words 'coold mother,' which the quarto of 1611 improves into '*could smother*;' these elaborate blunders not being corrected into 'good mother' till the printing of the folio. And, in another place, 'virtue cannot so inoculate our stock,' is a reading due exclusively to the folio; for the quarto of 1611 had given 'evacuate' as a conjectural amendment of 'evocutat,' the reading of the quarto of 1604.

But, on the contrary, the misprints peculiar to the folio often exhibit a ludicrous amount of stupidity or carelessness. Thus, out of the image given by Laertes, of 'the kind life-giving pelican,' it manufactures 'the kind life-giving *politician*;' 'pansies' become 'paconcies;' 'Oh, treble woel' is read 'Oh, terrible

‘woer!’ The simile of shooting ‘the arrow o’er the house,’ is closed with the words, ‘and hurt my *mother*.’ In the lecture to the players, ‘the garb of Christian, Pagan, nor man,’ is given as ‘the garb of Christian, Pagan, nor *Norman* ;’ an amendment, by the way, which is nearly paralleled by Farmer’s reading, (not disapproved by Mr Collier,) of ‘Christian, Pagan, nor ‘Mussulman.’ Of course, errors so gross as these are not left uncorrected by any editor. But the recollection of them makes one bolder in suspecting that graver difficulties, raised by peculiar readings of the edition in which mistakes so portentous are perpetrated, may really be traceable to no higher source. Now, we must candidly say, that this is our suspicion—we might say, our belief—in regard to several (though by no means as to all) of those readings of the folio, the adoption of which is the most distinctive feature in Mr Knight’s text of Hamlet. Nothing but misprinting seems to have caused the following variations of the folio from the quartos:—‘Grisly’ for ‘grizzled,’ applied to the beard of the ghost; ‘treble’ for ‘tenable;’ ‘*is it* very cold?’ for ‘*it is* very cold;’ ‘rots itself’ for ‘roots itself;’ ‘two thousand’ for ‘ten thousand;’ ‘hurling words’ for ‘whirling words;’ the omission of the substantive in the phrases, ‘this brave o’er-hanging *firment*,’ and ‘a dear *father* murdered;’ ‘your prattlings’ and ‘one pace,’ for ‘your paintings’ and ‘one face,’ in the reproaches of the Prince to Ophelia; ‘I see a cherub that ‘sees *him*,’ for ‘that sees *them*,’ an alteration for which Mr Collier has helped his brother editor to a most impotent defence.

When all such discrepancies have been set aside, the list is reduced to a compass comparatively small. But among the various readings which remain, and in which the folio designedly abandons the text adopted in the quartos, there are some in regard to which there is much room for hesitation between the two authorities.

Several alterations there are, for which it is impossible to assign any satisfactory reason. Some, again, appear to have been prompted by a wish to improve the dramatic cast of the expression, and others by considerations of taste, which it is easier to appreciate than to explain. A good many are made for the purpose of displacing a coarse, harsh, or old word or phrase. We cannot persuade ourselves that all the changes of these kinds which the folio exhibits, are to be attributed to the poet; but in each of the classes there are some, the internal character of which compels us to give him the credit of them. Thus—‘Jump at ‘this dead hour,’ is softened into ‘Just at this dead hour;’ and, on a similar principle, ‘he topp’d my thought,’ becomes ‘he ‘passed my thought.’ The words, ‘no spirit dares stir abroad,’

are made, we think, more ideally poetical by the slight change into 'dare walk abroad.' In the play-scene, the exclamation aside, 'That's wormwood!' which the common editions borrow from the second quarto, is dramatically heightened by the folio into 'Wormwood! wormwood!' A line in Act Second, familiar to satiety, wants half its force in the quarto of 1604, and its reprints, which read it thus—'What's Hecuba to him, or he to her?' But this may have been merely a misprint; since the received reading appears, not only in the folio, but in the quarto of 1603.

There are several alterations introduced in *Hamlet* by the folio, which, to our eye, wear the aspect of having been made for the stage, just as clearly as do the large omissions. The principal of these are of a kind occurring elsewhere, but nowhere so often as in this play; repetitions of emphatic words or clauses, so made as often to injure the metrical structure of the verse, but almost always so introduced that the repetition would impart increased effect to the passage when it came from the mouth of the player. Act Third of *Othello* furnishes an instance in point, both for the peculiarity and for the probable cause of it. Towards the close of the great scene, the Moor, worked up to madness by his tempter, exclaims, according to the quarto and the current editions, 'Oh, blood, Iago! blood!' But the folio gives the words, 'Oh, blood! blood! blood!' Now, we have seen Edmund Kean, in acting this scene, run the word 'blood' through half a dozen repetitions, each uttered with a more malignant burst of hatred, and accompanied by a fiercer gesture, imitating the anticipated act of vengeance. And, not otherwise, in *Hamlet*'s first scene with the players, some actors are wont, by way of improving the imitation of imperfect recollection, to give, several times over, the 'let me see, let me see,' and the opening phrases in the speech of Pyrrhus. In a word, then, (although the notion may seem whimsical,) we would regard most of these repetitions occurring in the folio as theatrical memoranda—as notes recording, for example, Burbage's way of delivering certain passages of *Hamlet*, just as notes of a modern editor might record similar stage-effects of admired modern players. We would not willingly lose those memoranda, and are obliged to Mr Knight for recovering them. But we should be disposed to place most of them in the notes rather than in the text. We say most, rather than all; because some of these repetitions, though not found in the second or later quartos, are common to the folio with the quarto of 1603; so that there is an additional presumption that these were in the drama from the beginning. This distinction would preserve in the text the repetitions in Act First, (already received in the current editions,) 'Indeed, indeed, sirs,

‘but this troubles me,’ and ‘Very like, very like.’ It would exclude the harsh repetition of the first word, in a line which the folio (not here followed by any editor) reads thus—

‘Haste, haste me to know it, that with wings as swift.’

It would exclude these other repetitions, which Mr Knight admits—

‘My tables—my tables: meet it is I set it down—

Excellent, excellent well; you are a fishmonger—

I humbly thank you; well—well—well.’

The examination of the principles upon which the adjustment of Shakspeare’s text should be founded, seemed to deserve the prominent place which has here been allotted to it. The meritorious labours of our two editors have brought the question nearer to a solution than it has hitherto been brought; and it is, above most others, the question which tests the merit of the two recent editions as compared with their predecessors. The matter cannot well be illustrated without a reference to particulars, fuller than that which it has been in our power to give; but even our summary treatment of it has left but inadequate opportunity for dealing with the second of the topics which were marked out for exposition.

The settlement of the text, in those dramas of which there exist complete copies both in the separate quartos and in the collected edition in folio, must proceed on the assumption that Shakspeare did not hold the duty of verbal correction to be beneath the dignity of his unequalled genius. All his editors, as it has been shown, admit this rule: the difference among them lies only in the extent to which they hold it applicable. We have purposely refrained from saying, that the fact assumed is proved beyond the possibility of reasonable dispute, by the old editions of that group of plays which are next to be touched on. No reluctance ought to be felt in admitting that the great poet stooped to alter single words and phrases, by those who have become acquainted with the patient labour which he bestowed in remodelling and elaborating whole sentences and dialogues in those dramas which he re-wrote.

It is certain that Shakspeare re-wrote four of his works—*Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Henry V.* Two others would be added to the list by those who believe, with us, that Shakspeare was the author, not only of the *Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.*, but of the *Two Parts of the ‘Contention between the Houses Lancaster and York,’* of which those two plays are altered and enlarged editions. Even a seventh play might, perhaps, be described as re-written, on

the faith of the assertion made in the title-page of the oldest known edition of 'Love's Labour's Lost,' that the play as there printed was 'corrected and augmented by the author.'

In regard to the work last named, however, there are no materials making rational conjecture possible. And, for the questions arising as to Henry VI., the opinion just hinted can hardly be better defended than in the Dissertation of Mr Knight; while some of the grounds for disputing it are assigned by Mr Collier; and the argument is more fully handled by Mr Halliwell, in his reprint of the 'Contention' for the Shakespeare Society. At present, attention will be claimed only for the four dramas first mentioned.

On the very threshold of the discussion, however, an exception is taken to the competency of the evidence. Mr Collier does not explicitly deny that Hamlet and the Merry Wives of Windsor were altered in some way by the poet; and he appears to admit that alterations and improvements were actually made on Romeo and Juliet, and on Henry V. But we understand him to maintain some such theory as the following:—That, in each of the four instances, the early and incomplete edition is, in substance, nothing else than an imperfect copy of the very same play which appears in the later and complete edition; that the discrepancies between the two editions are sufficiently accounted for by the imperfections of the sources from which the copy for the earlier edition was derived; and that these discrepancies do not, in any of the four instances, entitle us to infer the play to have been, when the copy was taken for the earlier edition, materially different from what it was when the copy was taken for the later.

That the earliest editions of all the four plays were piratical—'stolen and surreptitious copies,' (as the player-editors say in their address to the readers,)—is highly probable, if not deductively proved. There are also, particularly in the character of some misprints and of some omissions, symptoms, strong though very far from being absolutely conclusive, that certain portions were copied by the ear: although there are in other places conclusive proofs of the use of a tolerably accurate manuscript. If, again, any portions were actually taken down from oral repetition, it is alike impossible to pronounce with certainty how the opportunity for such copying was obtained, and what method was employed in the operation. Steevens conjectured that the thievish booksellers might have invited the players to taverns, and there made them recite their parts: Mr Collier adopts the more usual and feasible supposition, that persons were employed to attend at the theatres, and take down the piece during the performance. It is equally doubtful, again, whether those who might have copied the plays in either of these ways had no means at their command except the

current handwriting ; or whether it was in their power to use stenography,—a supposition which is made unlikely by the known imperfection of the art in that age, but which receives some support from assertions of Thomas Heywood, quoted elsewhere by Mr Collier. All these assumptions rest upon very narrow grounds : each of them is subject to strong objections.

But, it must be observed, the question mooted lies beyond this ground. Its decision is but indirectly affected by the belief which is entertained in regard to the origin of the first quartos. The question is,—what the plays were from which, whether by hearing or through manuscripts, those quartos were taken ;—whether they were substantially the same plays with those which were copied in the later editions. The evidence is furnished by a comparison of the editions themselves. After making the fullest allowance for all discrepancies which can be accounted for by the most unfavourable theory as to the origin of the quartos, we must say we are quite satisfied that, in each of the cases, the copy for the first quarto had been procured from a work differing most materially from that which was copied for the later edition. Indeed, so clear does the internal evidence seem, we cannot help being surprised that its force is resisted. Assuredly the contrary opinion, which Mr Collier has formed, ought to have been supported by something more than his brief and dogmatical declaration of it.

In respect to these four dramas, Mr Knight's opinions are on the whole as satisfactory as his *Disquisitions* on their history are interesting and instructive. But, carried away by the eagerness with which an enthusiastic mind prosecutes a novel speculation, he has undoubtedly overlooked some of the qualifications by which our belief in alterations by the poet ought to be limited.

The first quartos of all the four plays abound, not only in errors, but (as Mr Knight observes) in evident imperfections. They are neither correct nor complete copies of any original ;—the *Romeo and Juliet*, however, being the least defective, while the *Hamlet* (a very bad piece of typography) is by far the most so. Now, here, as in the comparison of the complete quartos with the folio, there is often reason to suspect, that passages not appearing in the earlier copy were nevertheless parts of the work when that copy was made. Indeed, the grounds for such a suspicion are greatly stronger here than in those other plays as to which we formerly expressed it ; and, if we could be assured that the two groups of works were prepared for publication in circumstances essentially similar, the deficiencies in the proof as to the one group might legitimately be eked out by analogies drawn from the other. The passages wanting in the first editions of the four plays are very

many, and of all varieties of dimensions, from whole scenes in succession down to half and quarter lines. It is in some of the shorter omissions that the passages may most plausibly be asserted to have been in the play from its very earliest stages; because it is in such instances that the passages given by the first editions, and those occurring only in the later ones, are oftenest found to dovetail into each other with an exactness not otherwise easily to be accounted for. We have noted several examples, and might refer, amongst others, to a passage in the opening scene of *Henry V.*, which Mr Knight gives in its two forms. In that passage as printed in the quarto we recognise, as he does, not an 'imperfect transcript,' but a 'hasty sketch' of the same passage as it appears in the folio; but we have a suspicion—for it hardly deserves to be called a belief—that, especially at the beginning and end of the portion quoted, the printers of the quarto would, if they had been able to communicate a complete copy of the sketch, have given us something which they do not give, but which it is easy to supply from the folio.

Yet, after the most ample allowances have been made, it does, we repeat, seem to us plain to demonstration, that by no conceivable process of blundering or imperfection, either in listening, or in copying from manuscripts, could the most distinctive passages in the first editions have been concocted from the corresponding passages as they stand in the later ones. The early quartos are copies, more or less incorrect, of plays, from which the corresponding plays in the later and complete text differ materially, but of which these complete plays are alterations.

The changes do not in any instance affect the outline of the work. In some places they involve improvements and elaborations in the development of character. One or two of them are new arrangements of scenes. But the main and pervading difference is this:—that, in a multitude of passages, the substance of the leading conception, but nothing more, is presented by the sketch; while the amended work exhibits the same thought or image fully evolved, placed in a brighter light, or set off by new adjuncts.

It is impossible to enter, here, upon the particulars of those discrepancies with that closeness of scrutiny which would be required alike for setting forth the argument with due force, and for making the representation of the features adequately lively. But the topic is too interesting to be dismissed with nothing beyond general remarks.

Of *Romeo and Juliet* there exist three editions. These are the following:—The original sketch, printed in 1597, but probably written some years earlier; the elaborated edition, increased by

about a fourth, printed in 1599, and in two subsequent quartos; and the edition given in the folio, which hardly differs from the second, except in making some omissions. The comparison, therefore, lies mainly between the quarto of 1597 and that of 1599.

In almost all places, the additions made by the second quarto are of such a character, that it is really impossible to account for them otherwise than by supposing that their introduction was one of the parts in a process of re-writing. Almost every where minute changes accompany them, or are even interwoven with them; changes in which we perceive how the original thought or image is preserved—how even the most pregnant of the original words are often retained to represent it;—but how the sameness is united with an entire remodelling—how some circumstances are thrown into the background—how others entirely disappear—and how, while new pictures and new sentiments are brought upon the canvass, the old are made to appear with redoubled brightness.

The additions nowhere extend to so much as a whole scene; nor are they, or the other changes, equally distributed throughout the work. Thus, for example, the sketch works up the love-scenes to their full height of poetical romance. The stream of fantasy throws up from the first all its airy bubbles. Those bright and half-earnest conceits, which have so perplexed the matter-of-fact critics, and been praised so eloquently (often so unwisely) by those of the enthusiastic school—glitter and break in the early play just as they do in the later. In the whole series there is not wanting one group of fanciful images, excepting the high-wrought soliloquy of Juliet in the second scene of the Third Act. The interview between Romeo and Juliet at the masquerade is identical in the two editions. So is the scene in the balcony. And thus, likewise, the higher comedy of the play is completely worked out in the first quarto. Mercutio's portrait is drawn there in all its features. Hardly a speech of his is wanting; hardly a line varies in any speech. The description of Queen Mab is more changed than any other passage that comes from his lips; but even in it, the changes, although curious, do not materially alter the colouring of the picture.

Of prominent passages materially changed, the most noticeable are two:—Juliet's soliloquy before drinking the potion; and the scene in the tomb, especially Romeo's soliloquy. In the former of these passages, eighteen lines are expanded into forty-five; which present, for the first time, almost all those strong touches of individuality that give life to the heroine's imagined spectacle of horrors.

But the scenes which are more thoroughly changed than any

others, are two of minor note—the sixth scene of Act Second; and the fifth scene of Act Fourth.

The former, the wedding-scene, is completely metamorphosed. Hardly any thing does the first sketch contain of that which is so characteristic in the amended edition. The reflective tone of the friar, prompting his train of rich and slowly-flowing similes—the rapt enthusiasm of Romeo, kindling into a blaze of metaphors—are alike after-thoughts of the poet. In the first sketch, the scene is a bare and unadorned piece of business. But the most instructive alteration affects the character of the lady. In the sketch, Juliet's share of the scene, though but slightly touched, is conceived in a strain of passionate warmth, indicated not unaptly by the stage direction of the old copy—'Enter Juliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.' In the amended play this forwardness is made to disappear: her love, still allowed to give vent to its vehemence when 'the mask of night is on her face,' here hides itself in a coyness more becoming.

The other scene alluded to as much altered, contains the lamentation over Juliet, supposed to be dead. Of the whole scene as it appears in the amended copy, not more than fifteen or sixteen lines are common to it with the sketch, either in words or even in substance. With this exception, every thing is changed; the grouping and relative prominence of the characters, the matter and distribution of the dialogue. The new edition possesses exclusively the greater part of the pointedness of expression, some of the plays upon words, and almost all the poetical beauty of imagery and illustration. In truth, the scene does not, even in its amended shape, display the poet's deepest pathos, (and it would not be difficult to discover why his powers are not here fully put forth;) but of the scene, as originally written, it is not too much to say, that it is throughout declamatory and cold.

There is very much matter for speculation in those less sweeping changes which we encounter in most parts of the drama. Instances present themselves in crowds; but one may be taken for examination, not as possessing paramount interest in itself, but as illustrating in several aspects the manner in which the changes are usually effected. It is a part of the opening scene in Act Fifth. The description of the Apothecary receives in the revisal some of its most lively features of detail; and, through all parts of the scene, several of those pregnant expressions which are so suggestive both of imagery and of reflection, are peculiar to the later copy. The dialogue following the Apothecary's entrance, stands in the first quarto as follows—except as to the spelling, which is here modernized to make the comparison easier

between the passage and its representative in the modern text:—

Apoth. Who calls? What would you, sir?

Romeo. Here's twenty ducats:

Give me a dram of some such speeding gear,
As will dispatch the weary taker's life,
As suddenly as powder being fired
From forth the cannon's mouth.

Apo. Such drugs I have, I must of force confess;
But yet the law is death to those that sell them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of poverty,
And dost thou fear to violate the law?
The law is not thy friend, nor the law's friend;
And therefore make no conscience of the law.
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.

Apo. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, but not thy will.

Apo. Hold, take you this, and put it in any liquid thing
You will: and it will serve, had you the lives
Of twenty men.

Rom. Hold, take this gold, worse poison to men's souls
Than this which thou hast given me. Go, hie thee hence.
Go, buy thee clothes, and get thee into flesh.
Come, cordial, and not poison! go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

Any one who consults the ordinary editions for the comparison, must be warned, that although the fifth line of Romeo's second speech is read in those editions just as it has been given above,—yet this is not a correct representation of the amended copy, but one of the many instances in which the modern editors have improperly and inconsistently made up a text, by piecing together parts of two successive editions. The true reading of the later quartos and of the folio is—

‘Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back.’

With this exception the common editions represent correctly the amended copy. Now, without going into a wearisome dissection of particulars, which even a cursory examination will at once detect, it may be remarked, that the speech in which occurs the line just quoted, is in the revised edition transformed, not only curiously and skilfully, but also with minute industry. In the newer edition, as in the older, the foundation of the speech is a characteristic catching at a phrase used by the preceding speaker. But the word played upon is changed; and it is instructive to mark how happily the change is made to increase the depth of the thought

and the terseness of the language. If we were quite sure that the first quarto represents the original sketch correctly in all points, the transposition which takes place in this speech might be remarked as another improvement.

In Romeo's first speech, again, it will be noticed at once, that, besides an expansion throughout, there is one in the expression of the closing simile. But in regard to this simile there happens something yet more curious, and something which deserves notice, because it is paralleled several times in the history of these successive editions of Shakspeare's works. For expressing the simile in its enlarged form, the poet actually does not re-write; he merely transfers two lines, almost without a word of change, from an earlier part of the same play. In scene fifth of Act Second, the first quarto had made Juliet speak thus—

'Oh, she is lazy! love's heralds should be thoughts,
And run more swift than hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth.'

In the revisal, then, this simile is displaced in favour of the exquisite picture of the sunshine chasing shadows on the hills—an image at once more ideal, more in harmony with thoughts of love, and more accordant with the sex and character of the speaker. But the original simile is thought (it would appear) too good to be altogether lost. Having already been used in the Apothecary scene in an abbreviated shape, it is now introduced there in the fuller and more striking form.

Or must we refuse to attribute the transference to the poet himself? Is it too much to believe that he who was of 'imagination all compact,' should have stooped to an elaboration so exact; and that particular sentences and phrases which had once dropped from his pen in places where they were but imperfectly apposite, should have been by him carefully transferred to other places where they might stand with greater pertinence? Are such instances to be attributed (as they have been) to blundering transpositions made by copyists or printers? There is, as we venture to think, such other evidence of industrious elaboration on the part of the poet himself, as should remove any unwillingness to admit that he was here equally painstaking and patient. And besides, there are not only, elsewhere, transpositions of whole scenes, which it is mere childishness to account for on the hypothesis of mistakes in the copying; but there are several examples closely resembling that which is here in view—examples in which passages, appearing at one place in the first edition of a play, are removed thence in order to be introduced (with or without change) at another place in the same work. It may be worth while

(besides remarking that there are several very interesting examples in the successive editions of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*;) to cite another from *Romeo and Juliet*.

In the masquerade scene, Capulet puts an end to the festivities by an address to his guests, not unlike what has been said to have sometimes been heard from the lips of hosts in modern times. The speech, beginning with the same two lines in both editions, differs afterwards. It stands thus in the quarto of 1597—

Capulet. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone :
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

(*They whisper in his ear.*)

I pray you, let me entreat you. Is it so ?
Well then, I thank you, honest gentlemen ;
I promise you, but for your company
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
Light to my chamber, ho !

The change to be particularly noticed is, that, in the second quarto, the fifth and sixth lines are wholly omitted. Surely it is not very difficult to discover reasons which might have weighed with the poet, in removing, when he had acquired a better knowledge of society, expressions which in his earlier days had not appeared to him to be unbecoming. But the expressions are not discarded. They are transferred to a place in which they befit alike the occasion and the relation of the parties. In the later editions, and in the current text, they will be found in Capulet's conversation with Count Paris, in scene fourth, Act Third ; a place where the first quarto has nothing at all like them.

The history of the changes undergone by the great tragedy of *Hamlet*, might furnish to the student of the dramatic art lessons more instructive, perhaps, than any other topic which could be suggested by his study of Shakspeare's works. Those lessons, however, will not be received, or rather they will be thought to rest on grounds altogether chimerical, by any one who shall adopt Mr Collier's creed :—That *Hamlet* was not composed in any shape until the winter of 1601-2, or the thirty-eighth year of its author's age ; that the notices of a play bearing that name, which occur for twelve or thirteen years earlier, relate to an unknown play by an unknown author ; that we know nothing of 'Shakspeare's work but from editions not varying materially from the ordinary text ; and that, in particular, our knowledge of it is not at all increased by the quarto of 1603—the deviations of that edition from the later ones (which are confessedly material) being wholly attributable to the imperfection and dishonesty of the means employed for concocting it. The evidence for and against these propositions is chiefly internal. It lies in the successive editions of this Drama. The particulars of the argument founded on the

evidence, Mr Collier has not given—contenting himself with saying, that he could establish his opinions ‘without much difficulty;’ but that the republication of the first quarto of *Hamlet*, in 1825, makes it unnecessary to go into the proof in detail. We cannot but believe that, if he had attempted to set forth the reasons of his opinions in detail, he would have found the proof greatly more difficult than he expected.

The reason of the thing has long made it be admitted as probable, that Shakspeare’s activity as an original Dramatist must have commenced much sooner than the dates commonly assigned to the oldest of his works in the received copies. The valuable discoveries of Mr Collier himself, in regard to his standing in the theatre at early periods of his life, have given us other facts, which it is not easy to account for unless by the assumption otherwise rendered desirable. In these circumstances, we find that a play named *Hamlet*, and described by marks tending to establish (though not decisively establishing) its identity with a play of Shakspeare’s, is mentioned as existing in 1587, or the poet’s twenty-fifth year; and that similar notices occur in 1594 and 1596. We are thus entitled to assume it as probable that *Hamlet* did exist, in one shape or another, from the oldest of those dates. If any of us still have difficulty in believing that this Drama, as we possess it in its complete form—the most deeply contemplative of all its author’s works—could have come into being as an effusion of his earliest manhood, there is now at hand the hypothesis—rendered plausible by what we know in regard to other works of his—that, as first composed, *Hamlet* may have been not inconsiderably unlike what it is in the shape best known to us. So far we are entitled to proceed, without knowing that any edition exists which throws more light on the question.

When we open the quarto of 1603, the conjectures previously formed become certainties. Though we had otherwise no reason to suspect that *Hamlet* had existed in a different shape before its publication in 1604, we should at once perceive that it had done so; and that the edition of 1603, notwithstanding the imperfections and blunders which make it perhaps the very worst of all the badly printed plays of the time, does yet present no unsatisfactory representation of the state and peculiarities of the work in its earlier form. Afterwards, taking again into account the external circumstances, we find them to square, as exactly as could be expected, with the internal evidence afforded by a comparison of the editions. In short, we have no difficulty in believing that the first quarto gives us, although with provoking imperfections and corruptions, a form of the work older by a good many years than that in which we have been accustomed to study it—a form exhibiting such dissimilarities from the later one, as

indicate not obscurely the progress of the poet's mind, from the unripe fervour of early manhood to the calmer and more philosophic inspiration of perfect maturity.

Here, then, it is—on the comparison of the editions—that we, subscribing unhesitatingly to Mr Knight's opinions, find ourselves to be directly at issue with Mr Collier. The most important of those minor differences, which he must attribute to blunders or faithlessness in the shorthand writer or printer, bear to our eye distinct marks of having been, almost in every passage that could be pointed out, the fruits of designed alteration by the poet. As to the transpositions, which with him are another effect of carelessness, there can, if we mistake not, be assigned satisfactory reasons why each of the passages should once have occupied the place it holds in the first quarto, and afterwards have been transferred by the poet to its place in the second. But another section of the theory briefly stated by Mr Collier in regard to this play, is so very startling, that it cannot be dismissed with a simple dissent. Something, then, there is in this play—though he has not intimated what or how much falls within the exception—something, more or less, there is, for which he perceives it is impossible to account by any conceivable process of mere blundering or omission. Such parts, however, he still declines to regard as belonging to Shakspeare in any sense. He assumes them to owe their origin to the fact, that, 'where mechanical skill failed the shorthand writer, he either filled up the blanks from memory, or *employed an inferior writer to assist him.*' Upon this conjecture we make but two remarks. In the first place, it could not have been thought necessary, if the discrepancies between the editions were not very striking indeed. Therefore the discrepancies call imperatively for anxious scrutiny from the students of the poet's works. Secondly, we are much mistaken if such a scrutiny does not lead impartial enquirers to the conviction—not only that the discrepant parts of the first edition proceed from no one except Shakspeare himself—but that the assumption of so bold an hypothesis as that which is here propounded, by one whose habitual caution is the distinctive characteristic of his mode of thinking, is a remarkable example of the evil effects produced by pertinacity of adherence to a preconceived opinion.

"An analysis of the proof upon which the question must be decided, could not be made in any degree complete without an expenditure of space altogether unreasonable. And no clear or satisfactory conception of the relation between the two copies could be conveyed, either by a few vague generalizations, or by a hurried reference to specific instances of change. But they

who are disposed to institute the comparison, will be much assisted by Mr Knight's Introductory Notice to the Drama, as well as by some views which he hastily throws out in his observations on 'Titus Andronicus.' Of these there can here be made but little use.

In the first place, as Mr Knight has observed, 'all the *action* of the amended Hamlet is to be found in the first sketch.' 'The character of Hamlet, also, is fully conceived in the original play whenever he is in action. It is the contemplative part of his nature which is elaborated in the perfect copy.' 'In the sketch, the misanthropy, if it may be so called, of Hamlet, can scarcely be traced: his feelings have altogether reference to his personal griefs and doubts.' In other words, the older play evolves but partially either of the two elements of the Prince's contemplative character;—the philosophic and the poetic;—those deep and fine touches of a moody and cheerless, yet noble philosophy—those dazzling flashes of imaginative light which make all that is around them blaze up with reflected splendour. But it wants more of the philosophy than of the poetry. Although the story, as Mr Knight has appositely observed, does really, when we reflect upon its accumulation of revolting and bloody incidents, present an aspect which throws it back into the school of Titus Andronicus; although it is one which perhaps Shakspeare would not in later years have selected, in its full mass of horror at least, as a fit subject for genuine tragedy; yet, even in the earliest form in which we possess the drama, we perceive the theme to have been idealized by the high working of a great poetic mind. Thus, in the First Act, which puts in representation the most imaginative features of the idea, there is not in the most prominent parts a material difference between the two editions. The mighty conception had arisen in the young poet's imagination with full and ripe distinctness; and that rich strength of words and of illustrative images, that bright array of lights and shades caught from external nature and reflected back upon the poetic heart, that early ease and felicity which he had proved in his youthful lyrics and descriptive verses, here enabled him to bestow on the induction of his drama a development, to which subsequent changes in his own mind qualified him to add but little. The ghost scenes receive only some additional polishing, and a few additional strokes of imagery. It is in the minor scenes, the scene at court, and the interview of Corambis (the Polonius of the old play) with his two children, that the material changes occur. In them there is a remodelling of almost every thing. Even in the First Act, however, there are not a few instances which would exemplify well the gradual progress by which the

character of Hamlet reached its full complement of representation. His first soliloquy, although glaringly misprinted in the older copy, is as apt an illustration as any.

. In subsequent parts of the play, Shakspeare's views are perceived to have changed in many most important respects during the interval between the two copies. Much of this is seen in the elaboration of particular passages, of which specimens are given by Mr Knight. Much of it will be seen also, on an intelligent and patient analysis, in those transpositions which some critics would charge altogether to the account of the copyists. One of these may be noticed as illustrative of those broader conceptions of his art—of that increase of gentleness and calmness, and of that addiction to gradual preparation for startling and violent scenes of passion—which were taught to the poet by increased experience in thought and in dramatic composition.

A whole scene is transposed; the famous interview with Ophelia, where he madly reproaches and reviles her—a scene whose harshness may not always be perceived in the closet, but from which, in acting, no skill has been able, unless by a gross violation of the text and meaning of the author, to remove an impression approaching to actual pain.

Let us recollect the place which this scene, so unharmonious in its palpable effect, holds in the drama. Let us recollect also how we are prepared for its approach.

In the play, as we have it in the newer edition, Hamlet's assumed madness is announced by degrees. First comes Ophelia to describe that pitiful act in which he had seemed to bid her an everlasting farewell. Then the King talks of Hamlet's 'transformation,' and sets the court-sponges to suck out the heart of his secret; and Polonius reasons wisely, like many other wise men, from false premises. After this, Hamlet himself enters reading; and next ensues that most characteristic dialogue with Polonius, and afterwards with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—in which there alternate deep scorn, wild and aimless taunting, majestic imagination, and philosophic thought—and that unspeakably profound pathos, that hopeless sinking of the heart, which, recurring with increasing frequency as the drama proceeds, makes us feel more and more keenly, that, after all, the prince's madness was not wholly put on—that the struggle of his intellect with his will had truly shaken the foundations upon which reason builds her seat. Afterwards come the players; and, when they have departed, the prince bursts out into that terrific outbreak of passion, of self-reproach, of self-contempt, of grief, of hatred, and finally of determined revenge, which concentrates his whole history, and an abstract of his whole character, within the com-

pass of less than a hundred lines. Thus, in the altered play, closes Act Second; and it is only at the opening of the Third that we find the scene with Ophelia.

But all this was originally managed by the poet in a different manner. The scene with Ophelia was inserted long before, in all its harshness; nay, with an abruptness bringing it somewhat closer to the scene in the original Novel—that coarse and mean model, from which, for this as for much else, so very many things were borrowed. In the sketch, the scene comes immediately after the wise reasonings of Polonius; and, introduced by the soliloquy ‘To be or not to be,’ it is Hamlet’s first appearance after his interview with his father’s spirit. The rough outline of the fine dialogue with Polonius and the two sponges, immediately follows it. This was what Shakspeare planned when he first wrote the play: we know what he did when he came to revise it.

The change may be regarded in several lights. It may be thought of as bringing out the strong scene with Ophelia, after more gradual and complete preparation—as thus at once softening the seeming sternness of the scene itself, and developing Hamlet’s character, both as it was and as it seemed, with a more effective climax. Or it may be thought of in a higher view, as an expedient bearing upon the harmonious arrangement of the play as a whole—as enabling the imagination to contemplate the dramatic panorama more easily, and the sympathy to flow more quickly and smoothly with the current of the emotion. It may be thought of as infusing greater breadth and simplicity, and a stronger degree of contrast, into the masses into which the drama naturally falls. According to the old arrangement, there was in some measure a frittering away of strength—a dividing of efforts which would have been better made in unison. The energetic passion of the scene with Ophelia breaks out suddenly, and passes away without effect. The remainder of the Act is in a key far less passionate. And again, when we come to the Third Act, the vehemence of the play-scene breaks out with equal unexpectedness. Take the altered shape of the drama. How differently does every thing now proceed! The Second Act is now an uninterrupted series of scenes, marked by repose; a broad mass of light in the picture, with heavy shadows on this side and on that. The mind of the prince, the minds of all who stand about him, are for a time quiescent, brooding, expectant. And then, in the Third Act, of which the transposed scene is the opening, comes the convulsion, shock after shock:—the wild insults heaped upon Ophelia—the suppressed suspicion which begins the play-scene—the mad jubilee of revenge and hate which reigns in its close

—the vainly remorseful prayer of the murderer, with Hamlet's fiendish paroxysm of cool malice as he watches him on his knees, (one of the most significant touches in the whole piece) —and, last of all, the fiery haste and terrible impressiveness of the scene in the Queen's chamber, which contains the slaughter of Polonius, the fearfully earnest reproof administered to the guilty mother, the apparition of the murdered father, awful and portentous.

But in lingering over Hamlet, loth to depart, we have deprived ourselves of the opportunity of saying any thing specific in regard to the two other re-written plays. There is the less reason to regret the enforced passing by of Henry V. without minute notice, because the changes which take place on it in the augmented edition contain hardly any thing that is particularly characteristic. But it is a pity to leave unused the store of materials for illustrative remark, which are presented by the complex and laborious alterations made on 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.' Mr Knight's examples and elucidations are apt and full; but we should have liked to push a little further some speculations which had been suggested by him, and by a close comparison of the two editions. We have space for only two remarks. First, then, the discrepancies in several passages, and particularly in the versified scenes towards the end of the play, are among the most curiously instructive instances of the sort. In the next place, the extent of those discrepancies is so great, and the passages, as given in the older edition, are so correct in sense and metre, and seemingly so faithful to some original or other—as to make it surprising how Mr Collier, if determined to disbelieve that the discrepancies could be accounted for by a re-writing, should not have perceived that blundering will not account for them, and have manfully maintained, that, like such passages in Hamlet, they were written for the nonce by some inferior dramatist,

With neither of the topics which have here been taken up for specific examination, was it either proper or possible to attempt dealing exhaustively. The state of the text is emphatically a question of particulars; and the duty devolving on us has been merely that of endeavouring to exhibit in a summary manner, and to illustrate by occasional reference to examples, the relations in which, as to this point, the editions before us stand towards each other, towards their modern predecessors, and towards the ancient copies. The history of the re-written dramas, again, involves speculations so complex, that our limits have scarcely enabled us to set down more than a strong declaration of opinion.

It will be right to add an advice to the students of the poet, to master for themselves this interesting and peculiarly instructive department in the criticism of his works. The materials for the study are not difficult of access. Every thing that is indispensably necessary lies within narrow limits. All is contained in the two recent editions—in the reprint of the old Hamlet made in 1825, (and repeated, by-the-by, at Leipzig,)—in the useful ‘Twenty Plays’ of Steevens—and in the reprints of the Shakespeare Society, which are still in progress, and in which it would be well that the Hamlet could be included.

An analysis of the merits of the two editions, as compared both with each other and with their predecessors, has been the main business of this paper; and the closeness with which the examination has been conducted makes it needless to add much in the way of general estimate. The joint labours of Mr Collier and Mr Knight have not only put at the command of the poet’s readers almost every thing of real worth which had been done for him by others, but (it may safely be asserted) have gone several long steps in advance. The contributions of the two have not been of the same kind; but each has his peculiar merits, and each will find readers by whom his edition will be thought better than the other. From the opinions which we have incidentally expressed, it will have already been inferred where, upon the whole, our preference lies.

The value of Mr Collier’s edition is great: but it is chiefly valuable as a storehouse of materials for others. It will be more useful to the bibliographer or the future editor, than to the student who desires to be guided towards the formation of just critical opinions of his own. The editor has performed well the duties which he himself holds to be of paramount obligation: but he is blind to the importance of other duties, which in the present state of criticism, and of our acquaintance with Shakspeare, an enlightened editor will believe to fall imperatively within his province.

On the other hand, both in plan and in execution, Mr Knight’s edition, as a whole, appears to us not only to be worthy of representing, in its application to Shakspeare, the improved criticism of our times; but to be singularly valuable as a suggestive and instructive text-book for the study of the poet’s works.

ART. III.—1. *The English Universities. From the German of V. U. A. HUBER. An abridged Translation. By FRANCIS W. NEWMAN. Three volumes, 8vo. London: 1843.*

2. *The Oxford University City and County Herald, of Feb. 15, 1845.*

THE early history of the University of Oxford is obscure. It appears to have consisted originally of a collection of teachers, united by no condition beyond mutual convenience, and subject to no discipline except the spiritual power of the Bishop of Lincoln, the diocesan, and the temporal jurisdiction of the authorities of the town. It was the interest of all parties, that each man's pupils should reside under his roof. Hence arose the boarding-houses, at first called Inns and Hostelries, and afterwards Colleges and Halls. The masters of these houses were the rulers of the little scholastic world. They selected a rector or principal to keep order among themselves, who afterwards received the name of Chancellor. But the important step, and that which raised Oxford from a Collection of Schools into a University, was their uniting for the purpose of ascertaining the progress of their pupils, and granting to them certificates of proficiency and licences to teach. These became, in time, the modern degrees of Bachelor and Master; the first of which gave the applicant merely a limited power of lecturing; the second, which was at first synonymous with Doctor, authorized him to teach generally, to preside at the disputations which were then the tests of knowledge, and to be Master of a House.

Thus grew up the form of university government which still exists. It is a mixed exclusive constitution. The Chancellor forming the monarchical element, the Heads of the Houses the aristocratic, and the other Masters and Doctors the democratic. The excluded, and, as is generally the case in exclusive governments, the larger part of the community, are the under-graduates and bachelors.

As the Heads of Houses were almost always ecclesiastics, and therefore deprived of lineal heirs, and separated by their habits from their collaterals, the houses must, from the beginning, have passed from owner to owner by way of succession rather than of inheritance. This suggested their incorporation. Recourse was had to the Crown, which exercised its prerogative in early times far more readily than it does now. The celebrity of Oxford attracted founders and benefactors. Large buildings were erected, and extensive estates attached to them. Corporations aggregate, consisting of master, fellows, and scholars, were created, who

were to enjoy their endowments, partly for the advancement of learning, and partly as instruments of perpetual prayer for their founders' souls. Such was the origin of Colleges.

The houses of education to which no property, beyond the land on which they stood, was attached, became the existing Halls, in which the Principal, by charter or by prescription, is a corporation sole.

Partly for purposes of education, and partly as a weapon in their constant contests with the town's people, the members of the houses obtained a charter incorporating them as a University, which, according to the custom of those times, was frequently repeated, and at length was solemnly confirmed by Parliament.

There exist, therefore, in Oxford, one corporation aggregate, the University, which includes among its members all the members of the other corporations; eighteen corporations aggregate, consisting of the members of the Colleges; and five corporations sole, consisting of the Principals of the Halls.

It does not appear that the Colleges have made much direct exercise of the right, which is incident to a corporation, of making by-laws, or, in Oxford language, statutes. Those which they received from their founders they have retained—we will not say obeyed; for the greater part of the Colleges violated their statutes systematically, and in many respects unavoidably. But the University, from the time of its incorporation, and perhaps from an earlier period, enacted statutes for the government of its own members as members of the University, and for the government of the Halls. With the internal government of the Colleges it has not ventured to interfere.

For several centuries statutes continued to be passed, often for mere temporary purposes, often inconsistent, and, from the absence of printing, little known, and frequently lost. After several ineffectual attempts had been made by his predecessors, Laud, while Chancellor, succeeded in reducing these rude materials into a consistent whole. With the assistance of a committee appointed by the University, he framed the code called the Caroline statutes. It was enacted by the heads of the houses, doctors, and masters, approved by Laud, and confirmed by the Crown.

By these statutes, the legislative power of the University was materially restricted. The right to explain, and of course, by implication, the right to repeal any statute sanctioned by the Crown, is refused, unless the consent of the Crown be previously obtained. An absolute negative is given to the Chancellor, and also to the Vice-chancellor, and also to the two Proctors. And the House of Convocation, consisting of doctors and masters, by

which every new statute must be passed, has no power of initiation or amendment. It can deliberate only on proposals made to it by the heads of houses, called, in consequence of their weekly meetings, the Hebdomadal Board, and must accept or reject them unaltered. When we add that, except by special permission of the Chancellor, the discussions are in Latin, it may be inferred that Convocation is not a place for debate.

By the Caroline statutes, all persons above the age of sixteen must, previously to matriculation, subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles of 1562; and every candidate for a degree must subscribe the three articles of the thirty-sixth Canon. By these three articles, this subscriber asserts—*1st*, the King's supremacy; *2dly*, That the Book of Common Prayer, and of ordering bishops, priests, and deacons, contains nothing contrary to the Word of God; and *3dly*, That he allows the Articles of 1562, and acknowledges all and every the Articles therein contained to be agreeable to the Word of God. The Canon requires the subscription to be in these words,—‘I, A B, do willingly and *ex animo* subscribe to these three articles, and to all things that are contained therein.’ The Vice-chancellor is empowered to require any person in holy orders to repeat his subscription, and on his refusal or neglect, after the requisition has been thrice made, to banish him from the University.

The matriculation subscription is unexplained by any words. The Vice-chancellor usually states to the applicant for matriculation, that it merely signifies that he is a member of the Church of England. But he has no authority to declare this to be its true interpretation, and it is obviously open to several others. It may be an expression of universal belief—that is, that the subscriber believes every portion of what he has subscribed: or it may express belief general though not universal—that is, that the subscriber generally assents to the Articles, though he doubts, or even denies, some comparatively unimportant portions: or it may express no belief at all, but be a mere declaration of conformity—a mere engagement not to oppose the doctrines of the Articles, leaving their truth undecided.

The subscription on degrees is unambiguous. Every loophole through which a tender conscience might escape, is carefully guarded. The subscription is fraudulent if the subscriber thinks, or even suspects, that the Book of Common Prayer, or of ordination, contains a sentence contrary to the Word of God. It is fraudulent even if it be merely reluctant; *suspiria denotantur*. The subscriber asserts that *willingly*, and *ex animo*, he acknowledges *all and every* the Articles, that is, all collectively, and every one of them separately, to be agreeable to the Word of

God. As far as the words of subscription are concerned, intolerance and monopoly have done their work effectually.

But another question remains, according to what rule are the Articles to be interpreted? And this is not so simple a question as it appears at first sight. The subscriber declares his present belief in the facts and opinions stated and expressed by an instrument drawn up nearly 300 years ago. In the interpretation of that instrument, is he so to adopt the meaning which he supposes to have been intended to be conveyed by those who framed the instrument, or that which would be conveyed by an instrument now framed in the same words?

In ordinary cases, all that we search for in a document is the real meaning of the writer. It matters not how obscure may be his language, how much it may deviate from common use, or how much what we suppose to be his real meaning may differ from that which is apparent. The real meaning is all that we have to do with, and if we can decipher that we are satisfied. It is thus that we read the History and the Philosophy of antiquity. It is thus that we read the Scriptures. But when an instrument is framed by one man to bind another, the meaning intended to be conveyed by the former ceases to be the rule of interpretation. In the construction of such an instrument, the general rule is, that the meaning is to be collected from the instrument itself, and that its words are to be understood in their apparent signification; although there may be reason for suspecting, or even for believing, that the framer of the instrument used them in a different sense. Were the rule otherwise, men might find themselves subject to liabilities of which they had no notice. In a question as to the exposition of an Act of Parliament, the lawyer who drew it would not be allowed even to state what was his own meaning. After once the Thirty-nine Articles had been adopted by Parliament, the divines who drew them up could not have been permitted to explain them. And for this obvious reason, that if they had been so permitted, Parliament might have found that it had been entrapped into a Confession of Faith different from that to which it had intended to assent.

When applied to recent instruments, this construction occasions no difficulty. It merely forces those who lay down for others rules of conduct, or tests of belief, to express their meaning plainly. But when applied to ancient documents, without doubt it produces inconvenience. If the Thirty-nine Articles are to be interpreted according to their apparent meaning, they contain much that is obscure, and much that conveys to our minds very different ideas from those which it conveyed in the sixteenth century. It was the sense of this inconvenience that induced the Heads

of Houses, in a proceeding which we shall consider hereafter, to propose a statute which would have impliedly declared that the Articles are to be interpreted in the sense in which they were originally promulgated, 'primitus editi.' But to this rule of interpretation there is an objection that appears to us decisive. It would require from every candidate for a degree a double inquiry. First, what was the sense in which the Articles were originally promulgated; and secondly, whether so interpreted they are agreeable to the Word of God. Such an inquiry, conscientiously pursued, would fill the whole period allotted to academic labour; a period which seldom exceeds nineteen months. Instead of Aristotle and Cicero, or Homer, or Demosthenes, the student must work at Luther and Zwingli, and Calvin and Melancthon, and Eichhorn and Bohlen. Instead of philosophy, rhetoric, poetry, and history, the staple of Oxford education would consist of Oriental, Rabbinical, and Alexandrian antiquities, and polemical, scholastic, and dogmatic theology. At the end of his thirteenth term, the under-graduate would find that he had passed his three most valuable years, not in improving his taste, not in acquiring knowledge available in after life, but in becoming master of the religious and verbal controversies of the sixteenth century. And, after all, what is the probability that he would come to the conclusion, that the historical and metaphysical treatise to which we give the name of the 'Thirty-nine Articles,' is right on every one of the hundreds of disputed questions which it decides? If not,

'Ibi omnis

Effusus labor atque immiti rupta tyrannis
Fœdera.'

The degree for which all this labour, and waste of time, and of youth was undergone, must be renounced, and with that degree perhaps all the prospects of a life.

But there remains a third theory of interpretation, one which was proposed more than two hundred years ago, which has been lately revived by the Tractarians, and is now put forward in its most naked and unblushing form, by Mr Ward—namely, that the Articles are to be interpreted, not in their obvious sense, nor again in the sense in which they may be supposed to have been originally framed; but in the sense, whatever it be, which the subscriber, by a mental reservation, thinks fit tacitly to affix to them. This is the *non-natural interpretation*. It has the advantages of relieving the subscriber from all difficulty. A man armed with such powers of interpretation may laugh all tests to scorn. He has only to say to himself—'When I affirm that the Church of 'Rome has erred, I mean that certain persons who were members

‘ of that church—Luther for instance, and Cranmer, and Ridley, ‘ and Latimer—have erred. When I affirm that General Councils ‘ have erred, even in things pertaining to God, I mean that they ‘ have erred merely in non-essentials; in short, where I say black, ‘ I mean white, or at most grey;’ and he may assent to any formula whatever. But he gains this privilege by the sacrifice of all honour, all veracity—all that enables men to confide in one another. What is there to distinguish the profession of faith made by a graduate from any other declaration, except perhaps the peculiar solemnity and deliberation by which it is preceded and accompanied? What better warrant have we for signing the Articles in a *non-natural sense* than for signing in such a sense any other statement, or any other engagement? When such conduct is avowed and defended by teachers, what can we expect from their pupils, but that they will keep their promises non-naturally, and give non-natural testimony?

For a long time the sounder part of the University looked on in silent shame. But when Tract Ninety appeared, the Heads of Houses published a resolution disapproving of ‘ modes of interpretation which reconcile subscription to the Articles, with ‘ adoption of the errors which those Articles were designed to ‘ counteract.’ This, however, was a mere declaration of opinion; the opinion without doubt of a very respectable body, but unenforced by any statutory authority. At length when Mr Ward publicly defied the University—when he held himself out as an instance of the inability of her tests to exclude an avowed Roman Catholic—when he proclaimed his readiness to subscribe the Articles as often as they should be tendered to him, and, at the same time, his abhorrence of the Reformation and his adhesion to Romanism—the University accepted the challenge. The Hebdomadal Board, which possesses, as we have seen, the initiative in Legislation, resolved to punish the principal, or at least the most recent offender; and by rendering the test of subscription more stringent and more general, to arrest those who now manage to elude it.

For this purpose, on the 13th of December 1844, the Board issued a notice, summoning, for the 13th of February following, a Convocation, in which the three following measures should be proposed: 1st, A Resolution that certain passages in the Rev. W. G. Ward’s *Ideal Church* ‘ are utterly inconsistent with the ‘ Articles of the Church of England, and with the declaration in ‘ respect of those Articles made and subscribed by the said W. ‘ G. Ward, previously to, and in order to his being admitted to the ‘ degrees of B.A. and M.A. respectively, and with the good faith ‘ of him, the said W. G. Ward, in respect of such declaration and

‘subscription.’ 2d, ‘That the said W. G. Ward has disintitiled himself to the rights and privileges conveyed by those degrees, and is hereby degraded from the said degrees respectively.’ 3d, A new statute amending the Caroline statute, which authorizes the Vice-chancellor to test clerical members of the University by requiring them to repeat their subscription. By the amended statute, the Vice-chancellor would have been authorized to put the test to every person, whether clerical or lay, and to require him previously to pledge his faith to the University, that he would subscribe all and each of the Articles in the sense in which he sincerely believed them to have been originally promulgated, and now tendered to him as a certain test of his opinions.

The last proposal excited disapprobation deep and almost universal. It was clearly illegal as an amendment of the Caroline statutes without the consent of the Crown—a consent which was not asked, and certainly would not have been given. It would have been mischievous, as subjecting a new and more numerous class of persons to an inquisitorial power, which is felt to be so hateful that it has not been exercised within living memory. It would have destroyed the distinction made by the Caroline statutes between subscription on Matriculation, and subscription on Graduation. It would have enabled the Vice-chancellor to test the doctrinal opinions of every member of the University, from the freshman to the senior doctor. It would have enabled him to stand with his test in his hand at the door of the Convocation house, and require every barrister, every physician, and every country gentleman, to state his belief in all and every of the Thirty-nine Articles on pain of expulsion. Every one who refused it was, in the classical language of the proposed statute, to be *exterminatus* and *banniatus*. And lastly, it would have sanctioned a new, and, as we have seen, a most mischievous rule of interpretation.

Each of the other two proposed measures was open to serious objections. The first asserted that the extracts from Mr Ward’s book were ‘utterly inconsistent with the good faith of the said W. G. Ward, in respect of his declaration on subscribing the Articles.’ Now, Mr Ward’s declaration was obviously no breach of faith, unless he disbelieved in the Articles at the time when he made it. But of this there is not the slightest evidence. The presumption is that he then believed them, or at least that, with the carelessness as to subscription which has prevailed up to this day, he signed them with a general feeling of acquiescence which he did not think it advisable to probe too deeply. Nor, of course, can it be said that his subsequent change of opinion was a breach of faith; for even in Oxford, opinion is not yet

treated as a voluntary act. That Mr Ward, in retaining as a Romanist the fellowship which he had obtained as an Anglican, was guilty of a breach of faith, is true. And it is also true that the immorality of this conduct was aggravated by the pretences under which he sought to defend it—pretences which, as we have seen, would destroy all confidence in human promises, and in human testimony. But this breach of faith, and this immorality, the indictment against him omits. With unhappy dexterity, the indictment charges him with a breach of faith of which he is probably innocent, and passes by one of which he is avowedly guilty.

The second proposition, the degradation of Mr Ward, was, we are inclined to think, illegal. In the first place, Convocation has no penal power. That power is vested in the Chancellor, or, in his absence, in the Vice-chancellor. And, secondly, the punishment inflicted by the Caroline statutes on those 'who think otherwise than aright on the Catholic faith, or on the doctrine or discipline of the Church of England,' is not degradation, but banishment.

The third proposition was withdrawn, and in its place was substituted a declaration, nearly in the words of the original declaration issued by the Heads of Houses on the appearance of Tract Ninety. 'That modes of interpretation evading rather than explaining the Articles, and reconciling subscription to them, with the adoption of the errors which they were designed to counteract, defeat the object, and are inconsistent with the due observance of the statutes requiring subscription.'

A full Convocation at Oxford is an imposing spectacle. The Theatre, one of Wren's noblest works, with its rostra and semi-circular galleries, is admirably adapted to enable a large assembly to see and be seen, and to hear a person speaking from one of the rostra, or from the centre of the first gallery, though it would be unsuited to a debate in which men spoke from their places. It is fit for its purposes—solemn proceedings, and set speeches. On the 13th of February, it must have contained fifteen hundred persons, for nearly twelve hundred voted, and the neuters must have exceeded three hundred. After the first resolution had been read, Mr Ward was called on for his defence. He requested to be allowed to speak English, and this permission was granted to him, and to him only; the Vice-chancellor probably thinking that there was more to be lost than gained by discussion.

To those who did not know the state of Mr Ward's domestic relations, or that the tragedy was after all to end like a comedy—by marriage—his speech in defence must have appeared unaccountable. It was exceedingly well delivered; boldly, clearly,

with great self-possession, perhaps too much, for the ease sometimes approached flippancy; but the matter seemed intended *auditores malevolos facere*. Every statement and every inference that could offend their prejudices, irritate their vanity, or wound their self-respect, was urged with the zeal of a candidate for martyrdom.

In deference, he said, to the advice of his Lawyer, he stated that his opinions had entirely changed since his subscription; and, even if the case had been otherwise, he denied the legal right of Convocation to punish by degradation. These matters, however, (which were the strong points of his case,) he passed over briefly. He then restated his full assent to all the doctrines of Rome; he restated his readiness to repeat his subscription; he repeated that he believed, and was ready to subscribe the Articles in a *non-natural* sense, and he affirmed that the *imponens* of subscription, whether the Church, or Parliament, or the University, for he left it in doubt which of these was the *imponens*, intended that they should be so subscribed. For that if the *imponens* did not so intend, he must have intended that they should not be subscribed at all. He contrasted the Articles in their natural sense with the Prayer-book, with one another, and with the common feelings and opinions of mankind; and then put it to his hearers, High church and Low church, Calvinistic and Arminian, whether their subscription was not as non-natural as his own.

The prohibition of English had its intended effect. Only one speech was attempted in Latin. In consequence of the position of the speaker in the area, and pressed on by a dense crowd, it was impossible to distinguish more than that he opposed the degradation on the ground that Mr Ward's errors, if errors they were, were not the errors of infidelity. 'Nil dixit,' he exclaimed, 'Dominus Gulielmus Ward, contra Deum Optimum Maximum; nil dixit contra Dei Filium unigenitum; nil dixit contra Spiritum Sanctum.' In other words, he said my client never stole a lion; he never stole an elephant; he never stole a tiger. That may be true, would be the answer; but he is indicted for stealing a sheep. His innocence, which we thoroughly believe as to lions, tigers, and elephants, has nothing to do with the question of sheep-stealing.

The first resolution was carried by 777 to 391. The second, by 569 to 511. Had Mr Ward been silent, it would probably have been rejected. *

The third resolution, condemning non-natural modes of interpretation, was put last. But now the two Proctors rose, and uttered (or seemed to utter, for in the uproar which accompanied their

rising, no individual voice could be heard) the words which, except on one memorable occasion, no one now living ever before heard pronounced in Convocation. *Nobis Procuratoribus non placet*. Whereupon, without any formal dissolution—indeed, without a word more being spoken, as if such an interposition stopped all business—the Vice-chancellor tucked up his gown, and hurried down the steps that lead from his throne into the area, and thence out of the theatre; and in five minutes the whole scene of action was cleared.

Thus of the three propositions submitted to Convocation, the first and second, against each of which there were grave objections, have been carried. The third, to which we should have supposed that every man of common veracity would have assented, has failed. It is said that Mr Ward means to appeal as soon as he has found out a Visitor; and that the Hebdomadal Board will propose again the rejected resolution as soon as there are fresh Proctors. If both these things take place, we think it probable that two at least of the decisions of the 13th of February will be reversed;—that Mr Ward will be restored, and non-natural interpretation censured.

We must warn, however, the majority of Convocation not to fancy that, by degrading Mr Ward, or by censuring non-natural interpretation, they have advanced towards giving peace to the University. We are convinced that, for that purpose, they must move in a totally opposite direction. The joint exertions of the Tractarians and the Hebdomadal Board have evoked a spirit who appears only at long intervals, and whose appearance, while he is in activity, is ever marked by dissension and ruin—the spirit of Nonconformity.

The tranquillity of the Georgian period is over. During those halcyon days men subscribed the Articles upon trust, and as a matter of course. Hereditary and avowed Protestant Dissenters and Roman Catholics were excluded; or, to speak more correctly, they never thought of presenting themselves. But no under-graduate member of the Church of England was troubled by a doubt. The distinction between subscription at matriculation, and at subscription at degrees, was little thought of, and indeed little understood. The three articles of the thirty-sixth Canon, on which the binding force of subscription depends, are not to be found in the University statutes, or in any of the ordinary editions of the Thirty-nine Articles. They are not even alluded to in the work which is the Oxford text-book on the Thirty-nine Articles—Prettyman's 'Theology.' We doubt whether one-tenth or one-twentieth of those who have subscribed the thirty-sixth Canon, were aware, three months ago, of its exist-

ence. But this ignorance is at an end. Every candidate for a degree will now be aware that he has solemnly to declare that he objects to nothing in the Prayer-book, and that he acknowledges *all and every* the Thirty-nine Articles to be agreeable to the Word of God. Many, without doubt, will think that they cannot afford to keep a conscience, and will sign blindly without inquiry, lest inquiry should seduce them into doubt. But of those who will feel it their duty to inquire, what proportion will find the result to be universal and perfect conviction?

Some will think it impossible to reconcile the Calvinistic dogmata of the Articles with the Arminian colour of the Prayer-book. Others will be startled at the doctrine, that whoever will be saved it is *above all things* necessary that he hold the Catholic faith. They may doubt whether benevolence and justice may not be even more conducive to salvation, than right notions as to the mysteries of substance, person, and procession. Few will be able to affirm that all who disbelieve, or who doubt any portion of that faith—all members of the Greek church—all Arians and Socinians—all mankind, in short, except the comparatively small portion of the world who are orthodox Trinitarians, ‘without doubt shall perish everlastingly;’ and many will find difficulty in persuading themselves that the damnatory clauses are not part of the Athanasian creed.

Some may be inclined to think it probable that every ‘man’ *will* be saved by the law or sect which he professeth, so that he ‘be diligent to frame his life according to that law, and the light of nature.’ Others, though they may admit this doctrine to be erroneous—though they may admit that a virtuous Socinian or Mahometan will be saved in spite of his law, and not *by* it—may not venture to pronounce *accursed* all those who presume to hold it. Some may think it possible that works of charity or self-devotion, though done before the grace of Christ, may be pleasing to God; and many will doubt whether they ‘have the nature of sin.’ Some may doubt whether it be true that the forms of ordination contain nothing superstitious. They may question the right of the ordainer to say to the intended priest—‘Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained.’

Others may think the Article on a Christian man’s oath, a non-natural explanation of the text—‘Swear not at all.’ Others, again, may be unable to make up their minds as to the political theories of the thirty-seventh and twenty-first Articles. They may doubt whether the Queen’s prerogative is, that ‘which we see to have been always given to all godly princes in Holy Scriptures by God himself.’ Some may think that her Ma-

jesty reigns by virtue of the Act of Settlement rather than by Divine right, and others that there is some danger in making a Sovereign's title depend on his godliness. Others, again, may doubt the lawfulness of capital punishments; others that of wars; and others, again, whether it be true that General Councils may not be called together without the commandment and will of Princes.

Besides their doctrinal and political speculations, the Thirty-nine Articles indulge in historical and philosophical assertions. Is it certain that the Old Testament contains offers of everlasting life? Is it certain that the old Fathers, among whom the authors of Job, of Ecclesiastes, and of the Psalms, of course, are to be included, did not look only for transitory promises? We always supposed that the Divine Legation proceeded on the contrary assumption. Is it certain that those who arranged the Canon of Scripture were right when they included Ecclesiastes and Cantica, and excluded Ecclesiasticus? Is it certain that the Second Book of the Homilies contains a godly and wholesome doctrine necessary for the sixteenth century? We know that Dr Arnold was at one time incapable of subscribing, in consequence of a doubt whether the Epistle to the Hebrews did or did not belong to the apostolic age. May not the same doubt afflict others?

We have, we fear, tired our readers, and yet not mentioned one hundredth part of the questionable points with which the Articles swarm. And, we repeat, what is the probability that all candid inquirers will arrive at the conclusion, that *all and every* of them are agreeable to the Word of God? Will one half arrive at that conclusion? Will one quarter? Will one tenth? And what is to become of those who do not? Are they to give up the honours, the privileges, and the emoluments of the University, or are they stubbornly to beat down their consciences, and sign against their will and their conviction? From this time the thirty-sixth Canon will be a grating which will admit the careless, the dull, the ignorant, and the unprincipled, to the degrees, the fellowships, the tuition, and the government of the University; and will exclude the diligent, the acute, and the conscientious.

We feel, and have again and again expressed indignation at the subterfuges by which the test is evaded—we feel much more against the intolerance by which it is imposed. The dishonesty of the slave is only despicable; the cruelty of the tyrant is hateful. All Great Britain was roused, a few years ago, by stories of the mischiefs of Factory Labour. We were told that those who had been subjected to it in youth, grew up stunted or distorted. And the interposition of the Legislature was required

and granted. But is not the stunting and distorting the mind a still more mischievous oppression? And can the intellect be more effectually depressed and warped, than by being tempted to seek nothing but premises for pre-appointed conclusions? or the moral feelings be more effectually depraved, than by being engaged in constant internal conflicts in which success cannot be honestly obtained?

To a certain degree, experience assists us in estimating the probable influence of such an education, by comparing the effects of a comparatively lax with a comparatively strict test. For many years past, Cambridge has been subject to the former, and Oxford to the latter. It is true that Cambridge is subject to the severer test inflicted on Heads of Houses by the Act of Uniformity; but she herself imposes no test, except a declaration previously to a degree, that the candidate is a *bonâ fide* member of the Church of England. And it is true, also, that the Oxford test has not attracted, in times past, the attention, and consequently has not exercised the influence, which, we believe, will belong to it in future. However, though neither the freedom of Cambridge, nor the slavery of Oxford, has been complete, they have been sufficient to give some indication of the probable results of each system.

We believe that few Oxonians will be bigoted enough to deny, that at the bar, on the bench, in science—in short, wherever success depends on moral and intellectual vigour and independence, Cambridge now has, and long has had, the decided superiority. Nor does this superiority appear to have been purchased, by letting in the errors and the dissensions which it is the supposed office of tests to shut out. Cambridge has been at least as successful as Oxford in excluding the inroads of Romanism. No establishments for conversion have been erected in her neighbourhood. Her fellows do not declare their abhorrence of Protestantism. None of her tutors have been ever suspected of lecturing on the modes of explaining away its doctrines. It is *safe* to send a young man to Cambridge. She has been at least as successful as Oxford in preserving the internal peace of her society. She has not passed a statute declaring her utter distrust in the orthodoxy of the most learned and the most acute among her professors. She has not inflicted on another, less distinguished but still eminent both in station and in learning, a penal suspension from his functions. Her combination rooms are not hostile camps, nor her colleges or her pulpits instruments for the propagation of contradictory precepts. Her public lecture-rooms have not become deserts—nor her divinity schools scenes of wrangling. No Head of a House has posted in his Hall a notice, that all who presume to attend the lectures of the Regius

Professor of Divinity will be denied testimonials for orders. No candidate for her degrees has brought a legal action against his examiner, and forced the University first into a suspension of her accustomed modes of examination, next into an abortive attempt to legalize them, and at last, into a recurrence to the old monkish forms of disputation. She summons no Convocation to pass *privilegia* against her members. Her Vice-chancellor is not assailed by defiances from graduates demanding to be degraded. She does not exhibit, in short, the symptoms which precede political dissolution.

How, then, is Oxford to escape the fate which the intolerance that enacted the Caroline statutes, and the apathy not unmixed with intolerance that has preserved them unrepealed, seem to prepare for her? If there were any use in suggesting a course which we know will not be adopted, we should say, by following the advice of Dr Hampden,* and abolishing all tests except those which Parliament has imposed, and which Parliament, therefore, alone can remove. The next best expedient would be to follow Dr Paley's advice, and change subscription from a profession of faith into an engagement of conformity. If, as we fear is the case, the *genius loci*, the present temper of the place, renders this impracticable, as a last resource the plan might be adopted which has apparently succeeded at Cambridge. No test should be required on matriculation; and no test previously to a degree, except that the candidate is a *bond fide* member of *the Church of England. An engagement might be added to withdraw from the University on ceasing to hold the doctrines of the Church of England, and a tribunal created to decide on any imputed breach of this engagement. To decide such questions by ψηφισματα, by judicial acts performed by a deliberative assembly, is revolutionary. It is an imitation of the worst practices of the worst democracies. Under such an arrangement, no one would be necessarily excluded from the studies or the honours of the place. A Dissenter, or a Roman Catholic, if he thought fit to comply with the usages, and receive the instruction of his College, might pass his examination, and be enrolled in a class, and obtain an under-graduate's prize. But he would be excluded from a degree, and therefore from the government, and, generally speaking, from the emoluments of the University. The sincerity of a graduate's declaration must be left to his own conscience; but, if he broke his engagement of conformity, the proposed tribunal would afford a remedy, which it will soon be found that Convocation does not.

* *Observations on Religious Dissent*, p. 39. 1834.

ART. IV—1. *Rapport fait à la Chambre des Paris.* Par M. le DUC DE BROGLIE, au nom d'une Commission spéciale chargée de l'examen du Projet de Loi relatif à l'Instruction Sécondaire. Paris : 1844.

2. *Des Jésuites.* Par MM. MICHELET et QUINET. Paris : 1843.

'THE reader will remember' (so say Messrs Michelet and Quinet, in the preface to the fourth edition of their little work) 'under what circumstances this book was published. The two authors, doubly united by the ties of friendship and opinions, are both Professors in the *Collège de France*. Their lectures were disturbed, last Spring, by noisy expressions of dissent, which threatened to produce a scandalous disturbance. They had been engaged in commenting on the spirit and influence of the different Religious Orders. They had treated of the order of Templars, and they were then treating of the Society of Jesus—of its constitution, of its origin, of the part which it has performed, and that which it still performs in the affairs of the world. The opposite party wished to reduce them to silence; but the two Professors triumphed over this illiberal violence. They had the right of speaking according to their conscience, and they have spoken.'

Let any one who remembers France and Paris, such as they were only twelve years before the spring of 1843, in which these Lectures were given, reflect for a moment on the extraordinary nature of the change which these few words indicate. Let him remember the factious placards which filled the streets, the caricatures in the shop windows, the songs which every theatre and every place echoed. Let him remember Charles X. and his family flying from the enraged multitudes, which regarded him even less as a sovereign who had violated his engagements, than as an incarnation of Jesuitism. Let him remember the sack of an Archbishop's palace, and the destruction of his library, by a mob which would have been puzzled to assign any more distinct cause of quarrel with the Prelate, than is contained in the couplet shouted by the Gamins in the van of the attacking column—

'C'est l'archevêque de Paris
Qui est un Jésuite comme Charles Dix!'

Let him recall the timid, half-supplicating looks of the shrinking figures which might be seen shyly traversing the streets in clerical costume, like beasts of chase stealing from one covert to another; and the scowling countenances, generally

of men whose years and appearance reminded the observer of the first Revolution, which seemed to dog them as they passed, with unmitigated though triumphant hatred. Let them remember, perhaps more significant than all the rest, the eagerness with which the few who had courage enough to say a word on behalf of the exiled family and defeated party, were wont to lay the blame of all their faults on the clergy; and specially on those representatives of all that was detested and despised in the clergy,—the common scapegoats of all political parties, the ‘men in black from underground,’ the children of Loyola. And now, in May 1843, two of the most eminent Professors in the *Collège de France* are interrupted in a course of Lectures directed against the Jesuits, by such determined opposition, that it is only through the strenuous exertions of their own partisans that they are able to put down the uproar and proceed. The liberals had the best of it, but only by a majority. ‘Our adversaries (says M. Michelet) were able to perceive, by the attitude of the silent multitude which filled all the courts of the *Collège de France* on the 18th of May, that it would be dangerous to tempt any longer the patience of the public. The silence was complete. An individual suspected, perhaps wrongly, of an attempt at interruption, was *passed from hand to hand*, and expelled from the hall in a moment. Since that day, order has not again been disturbed.’ Changed indeed must the times be, when the Jesuit party can maintain such a fight, although unsuccessful,—in the very centre of the liberal youth of France, in the Lecture room of the College which has long been regarded as the special nursery of revolutionary doctrine. •

As for these joint Lectures of the two learned and enthusiastic Professors, we are bound to say that they contained much to justify the partisans of the Church in their energetic protest. They made a great sensation during the popular excitement on this subject in the year 1843. But so rapidly do the fluctuations of controversy succeed each other in French society, that the work has already completed its ‘run’ at Paris, though it may yet be new to some of our readers on this side the Channel. We shall therefore be brief in our notice of it. As for M. Michelet, the Carlyle of Young France, his indignation is so imaginative, the objects against which he directs it so strangely transformed and unrealized by the halo which his strong fancy throws around them, that his rhapsodies impart rather the exciting sensations of romance, than the vehement feelings of real controversy. He seems now to have fairly broken with his old love—transcendental Catholicism. In his last work, with the piquant title *Le Prêtre, la Femme, et la Famille*, the

reader will find much grave Protestant doctrine conveyed under the airy shape of sentimental declamation ; but to reconcile M. Michelet of the 19th century with M. Michelet of the 12th—the adorer of Saints and Cenobites, School Doctors and Begging Friars—is a task beyond our powers, and means of information. M. Quinet's faults are of a more serious kind. That his long and angry pamphlet should have been read in the shape of Lectures in the *Collège de France*, does not tend to raise the ideas which a foreigner may have conceived of the tone of education in that eminent establishment. Better had his wholesome indignation been tempered with a little mixture of justice, not to say accuracy. Better had he made himself acquainted with the language in which the Jesuit *Institutes* are compiled—the scholastic Latin of Loyola's time—before attempting to deduce moral conclusions from them. Such translations as 'de ente rationis,' 'of the idea of 'being'—'predicamentum substantiæ,' 'la pensée de substance,' (p. 265,) would hardly have passed current in the Pays Latin in the days of darkness, three centuries ago. And his suppressions and distortions of the truth appear to be far worse than his mistranslations ; but it would exceed our present limits to notice them at length. The reader will find them very fairly exposed in a pamphlet of Father Cahour—*Les Jésuites, par un Jésuite* ; the work of a man of some talent, and written in the placid, unctuous style of a Jesuit gentleman of an hundred years ago. Attacks at once so violent and so feeble, only give an easy triumph to the enemy assailed. Messrs Michelet and Quinet could have devised no better mode of furthering that dreaded 'reaction' which haunts the imagination of their liberal friends.

And it is difficult, no doubt, to over-estimate the reaction which has taken place in favour of the Church, in the great part of French society. How far it is durable, how far it rests on any solid basis of belief, and how far it is connected with political causes and with mere faction, is a matter far beyond the bounds of our present enquiry. Nor are we concerned to estimate the real strength of those mysterious personages, the Jesuits, who hold as prominent a place now in the imagination of philosophic France, as ever they did in that of Protestant England in the days of Titus Oates. Whether the Jesuits, as an actual living society, possess in these days all the importance attributed to them ; whether they do really keep a register of the family secrets of all people of wealth and consequence, employ secret agents in every department of society, shut up countesses in convents, and inveigle young ladies of too exuberant spirits into madhouses, as we read in fashionable romances, we do not

care to enquire. As the existence of Jesuits in France is illegal, (under the law against associations,) their numbers cannot very well be ascertained. According to one of themselves, M. Ravignan, there were 206 'professed Jesuits' in France in 1843. M. Michelet at the same time, on the authority 'of a person 'who considers himself well informed,' estimates their number at more than 960: at the time of the Revolution of 1830, there were only 423. 'These thousand men have performed in twelve 'years a prodigious work. Beaten down in 1830, crushed and 'levelled with the ground, they have risen again unperceived by 'any one. Not only have they risen again: but while men were 'asking whether there were any Jesuits, they have carried off, 'without difficulty, thirty or forty thousand priests, and are leading them—God knows where! "Are there really any Jesuits?" 'Many a man asks this question, whose wife they already 'govern through a Confessor at their service—his wife, his 'household, his table, his hearth, his bed—To morrow, they 'will have his child!'

To-morrow they will have his child; and make him even as one of themselves—spiritless, cowardly, false; a sycophant and an informer; the slave to an abject superstition; the victim of a superficial, routine education, which gives no time, no room, for the energies to develop themselves, offers no sustenance to the heart, drowns the intellect and imagination, and poisons the affections. Such is the cry of the liberal party in France, or rather of that portion of it which is engaged in defending the species of monopoly at present enjoyed by the University—that is, the Government—in the matter of education. Save us from that monopoly, is the counter watchword of the Church party. If the state will maintain an institution founded on irreligious principles; if it will pension Pantheists and Materialists, and place them at the head of public education; if, in its horror of the priesthood, it prefers to keep up an establishment of its own, founded on the cold negation of all religion; so let it be, till a better day shall have dawned on France, and improved public feeling shall call for the total subversion of so unnatural a system. But, in the mean time, let not those who disapprove of it be forced to peril the immortal souls of their children; let them enjoy the choice of their own teachers, while they contribute as citizens to the salaries which the State pays its Pagan favourites.

Liberty of Education is, in short, the watchword of one party in the very important quarrel which has recently agitated France, and will shortly agitate it again. Liberty of Education answer the others as regards secondary instruction, (which, in the words

of the first article of the *Projet de Loi* adopted by the Chamber of Peers last session, comprises 'moral and religious education; 'the study of ancient and modern languages, philosophy, history and geography, mathematical and physical science, so far 'as these serve for a preparation for the examinations for the degree of *Bachelier en Lettres*, or for admission into the special 'schools:' in short, the education of our preparatory and public schools for the higher classes,) means, in the present situation of France, the surrender of Education to the Clergy; and for this purpose the clergy are the Jesuits. All exaggerations apart, the question is not merely one of deep interest as to the future intellectual being of the leading nation of Europe, it involves also considerations of much import for ourselves, as well as other countries; for nowhere is the problem of the relative duties of State and Church in the matter of public education less fixed in theory, though the peculiar elasticity of our social system seems to render the need of a practical solution less pressing than elsewhere.

A very few words will suffice to give the general outlines of the present system of Education in France, excluding for the present, what we are not now concerned with, the state of primary or popular education among the mass of the people. In the crash of public institutions which took place at the Revolution, none, perhaps, were so utterly broken to pieces as those which related to education. Old universities, colleges, and foundations, rich, manifold, and as curiously invested with intricate and conflicting rights, went utterly to the ground. The times of the Republic saw nothing but the promulgation of a number of theories, most of them extravagant, but some of real value: we believe that the idea of Normal schools, for example, now so extensively realized, was first suggested to the Convention. The University of France is the work of Napoleon; and none of his works present more distinctly the Imperial type, nor has any, the Code itself not excepted, exercised so important and durable an influence on the society which he governed. It was by a law of the 10th March 1806, that he announced the design of forming, 'under the name University, a body exclusively 'charged with public instruction and education throughout the 'Empire.' Fourcroy, the Chemist, was the principal workman employed in the construction of a machine to suit the views of Napoleon. Twenty-three times, according to his biographers, was he obliged to recommence the task, the Emperor having as often interfered to suggest alterations. The time fixed for its completion was the session of the *Corps Législatif* of 1810; but Napoleon could not wait so long for the accomplishment of his

desires. In this, as in so many other of his great undertakings, he was urged onward by the presentiment that the time allowed him was short, and the work great. The decree for the foundation of the University was dated the 17th March 1808. Its first provisions are, that 'no school, no establishment of instruction of any kind can be formed out of the University,' (hors l'Université) 'and without the authorization of its chief. No one can open a school, or teach publicly, without being a member of the University, and graduated in one of its Faculties.' The effect of these fundamental provisions has been, as it was intended, that the 'University' is the aggregate of all the bodies and individuals charged with education throughout the Empire; that all masters of schools and colleges, public and private, are persons graduated in one of the Faculties of this great body; and, secondly, that all such establishments are subject to the inspection and control of the minister of public instruction, who is himself placed in close connexion with the governing body of the University.

One exception alone was originally established to this general law. It regarded the schools destined for the special education of the clergy; or Seminaries, as they had been called for some centuries in France. It will be remembered, that at the period of the foundation of the University, Napoleon was enjoying the first-fruits of his long courtship of the Catholic Church and its head, afterwards so rudely interrupted. 'Catholic principles' were the order of the day. Chateaubriand dedicated his *Génie du Christianisme* to the Jacobin Emperor. Napoleon himself loved to hear Fontanes, and a few other favourites, discuss points of theology with courtier-like moderation, and now and then threw in an approving word or gesture, when the tenets of faith and obedience were placed in the proper point of view. He placed the inferior clergy, bound hand and foot, at the mercy of the Bishops, whom he regarded at this time as useful instruments. To them he also confided the control of the education of their own profession. As a statesman, he saw the necessity of this infringement of his general principle. There is abundant reason why the education of the clergy in Romanist countries should be conducted apart from that of laymen, and under a vigorous and peculiar discipline. The candidate for the priesthood, generally speaking, can only be rendered fit for that complete isolation from domestic life which is to be his lot, by early and total separation from the world. It will not do to prepare him to resist temptation: he must be kept as far as possible ignorant of it. His education, it has been truly said, must be conducted on the same principles (and for the same

reasons) as that of females of the higher classes. The fundamental law, therefore, declares that 'Instruction in the seminaries depends on the archbishops and bishops, each in his diocese. They appoint and renew the directors and professors. No other school,' (it is added,) 'under whatever denomination, can exist in France, if it is not governed by members of the University, and subject to its regulations.' The exclusion of the seminaries from University jurisdiction is said to have been the Emperor's own suggestion.

The University was launched with all the theatrical dignity which Bonaparte had learned from the men of the Revolution. Fontanes was the first 'Grand Master'—an imposing phrase-maker, of the sort which Napoleon loved. No man could better turn a neat compliment to religion and the Emperor in a single phrase, the subjects of course ranking in due precedence. In his leisure moments at Schoenbrunn, after the campaign of Wagram, Napoleon undertook to invent a costume for his University; and dressed his friend Fontanes in 'a violet silk symar,' with plenty of gold lace and ermine. But notwithstanding the imperial millinery, and a powerful staff of first-rate ability, the new institution gained ground very slowly in France. It was little popular from the beginning. The outline of the machinery was complete—the work to be done was wanting. There was an army of inspectors, without schools to inspect. The old scholastic system was destroyed; the practical difficulty of reconstructing it was too much for men of the calibre of Fontanes. Altered times, also, followed: the Emperor quarrelled with the clergy, on whose co-operation he mainly relied for the purpose of civil education, and the favour which he now showed to the half-military system of 'Lyceums' materially interfered with his own favourite project. Still, the establishment maintained itself. It underwent various modifications under the Restoration, but none which materially interfered with its working, or altered the first grand idea of Napoleon. The 'Grand Master' was replaced by a 'Royal Council of Public Instruction.' This body, in Louis XVIII.'s time, was mainly composed of a class who have often been eminently useful in France, though rarely popular—those whom Napoleon detested as 'Ideologists,' the friends of Madame de Staël;—such as Royer Collard, De Sacy, Raynouard; while the 'College of France' (an institution quite distinct from the University, although subject of course to its general control) gave utterance to the more powerful and popular voices of Villemain and Guizot. Liberal ideas began to prevail in all departments of education; and it may be said, in brief, that the tone of thought and opinion which

brought about the Revolution of 1830, so far as that event was the work of the higher classes, was chiefly nursed in the University of Napoleon and Louis XVIII. The constitution of the University has been already briefly noticed. Its present condition may be partly judged of from the following statistics. It has 46 Royal Colleges in connexion with it, containing about 20,000 pupils; 312 'communal' colleges, institutions of inferior character, with 26,000 pupils; 2250 'bourses' or foundations for students. Its professors are chiefly elective. It draws funds from the State to the amount of about eleven millions of francs.

Let us now turn to the antagonist power. Not many years had elapsed after the Restoration, before a new class of enemies began to sap the fortifications with which civil policy had intrenched the University. Catholicism was regaining its lost ground in France. The education given by the State authorities was denounced as irreligious in the circles of superior orthodoxy. There was only one legal way by which the stringency of the law on which the monopoly rested could be evaded; and the party of the priesthood were not slow in availing itself of it. The Seminaries were the engines by which the ancient empire of the Church over the youth of the nation was to be regained. Although intended simply for the education of the clergy, no precise rules existed by which they could be distinctly limited to that purpose. The pupils who left them could not be prevented from embracing the world, if they were so disposed. Numbers of pious persons, who were really apprehensive of the tendencies of the public places of education, resorted to this substitute; and all the art of the priestly order was employed to increase their number. Many of the seminaries, altogether losing the original character of their institution, began to assume that of colleges. Then the Jesuits—those Jews of the clerical order, whom persecution cannot extinguish nor penal laws exclude—crept stealthily back to their ancient post, the control of instruction. They did not attempt to rival the secular institution in respect of science or serious literature. They made it rather their object to win the world over through those qualities which the world estimates according to their false brilliancy. They endeavoured to shine by a polite and elegant as well as devout education, and by sedulous attention to mundane accomplishments. Their schools were at once religious and gentlemanlike. They taught, with no common success, how completely fashion was on the side of piety—how very vulgar a thing, independently of all spiritual considerations, infidelity really was. Montrouge became the indispensable place of education for the pure aristocracy, and for the higher portion of the place-hunt-

ing class. The Jesuits of this period, as their admirer M. Capefigue confesses, were not very strong in educational talent of the higher order: they had degenerated. But he praises the exquisite prettiness of their devotional works and exercises; the skill of their pupils in riding and fencing: 'la capacité gouvernementale' of Father Ronsin, and 'la politesse infinie, le ton des 'bonnes manières,' of Father Grivel. But, to borrow an observation of M. Génin, the author of a very able pamphlet on this controversy, *Les Jésuites et l'Université*, — 'it seems 'as if monks are always destined to fall, and always for the 'same reason; because they make their spring too soon.' The Jesuits, for the hundredth time, were destined to furnish an example of the truth of this saying. They began rashly to mix once more in political circles; they surrounded the person of Charles X., and became the leaders of the new conservative movement. Then the usual reaction followed. Their own imprudence, and the steady enmity of the old liberal party, roused France to arms against them. They had meddled in making ministries; the mere suspicion of connexion with them was now enough to overthrow one. The Martignac government came in, and a system of concession to the popular voice began. It was discovered that a body, whose very existence was an evasion of the law, had, by another evasion of the law, surreptitiously obtained the direction of many of the secondary ecclesiastical schools throughout the country, and was especially protected by several of the bishops. The moderate clerical party, or 'Sulpicians,' so long represented by the eloquent Fraysinoux, the remnant of the old Jansenists, and the adherents to Gallican tradition, all made common cause against these Ishmaelites. Leo XII. was disposed to protect them; but Portalis, accustomed to political diplomacy, attacked the Holy See on its weak side, by representing the conduct of the French Bishops in supporting them as an assertion of personal independence; the merest hint of which is sufficient at all times to excite the jealousy of the Vatican. The poor harassed King's consent was obtained more easily than was expected, though he declared, as Ganganelli had done, that his signature to the decree for their expulsion had cost him more than any other act of his life. The holy fathers shook off the dust of their feet for a testimony against France, and took up their quarters in the neighbouring states—establishing their chief camp of observation on the French frontier, at Friburg in Switzerland.

The immediate consequence of this change was the enactment of certain decrees in 1828, by which the rights of the higher seminaries were considerably restricted. It would fatigue the English

reader to detain him over the details of this law, and of its subsequent alterations. Suffice it to say, that the general result was to deprive these ecclesiastical schools of the power of giving certain certificates and degrees, which they had previously been able to confer, without recourse to the University, and thereby to confine them, far more closely than heretofore, to their special character of schools for the clergy. The *petits séminaires* (to use the popular but not legal name of the schools for younger children under ecclesiastical superintendence) could send only a limited number of pupils to the *grands séminaires*. And if the pupil, educated in a seminary, abandoned, on quitting it, the career of the Church, he could not enjoy the legal franchises which follow a degree without passing through University hands, and submitting to a new course of instruction for a specified time. This was a real hardship ; it has been modified, we believe, by the Project of Law of last session ; and, as government is evidently willing to concede to the ecclesiastical body on this point as far as can be done with safety, we need not dwell upon it further.

To return, however, to the Jesuits. It was not to be supposed that they who had survived thirty-nine expulsions by different governments, would be seriously damaged by the measures of M. Portalis. The Revolution of 1830 was a much heavier blow for the time ; but the reaction which followed it amply repaired the loss which it occasioned. We have not space, nor sufficiently accurate materials, to trace, step by step, the operations of this remarkable body and their allies, during the first ten years of the present reign. Let us content ourselves with the sarcastic sketch of the usual progress of a modern Jesuit colony, given by M. Libri, an able and temperate writer ; and therefore the more obnoxious to the coarse vituperation of the clerical press :—

‘ Ils se sont établis dans le plupart des diocèses par de petites communautés qui ordinairement se composent d’une vingtaine d’individus au plus. Les maisons de Paris ou de Lyon contiennent seules un plus grand nombre. Voici comment ils procèdent pour s’établir dans une ville. Un beau jour arrive un ecclésiastique, doux, simple, insinuant, et muni de bonnes recommandations. Bientôt il offre de prêcher gratuitement dans l’église principale. Le conseil de fabrique ne demande pas mieux, naturellement, que d’avoir un prédicateur sans bourse délier. L’offre est acceptée ; elle se renouvelle ; et le Jésuite prolonge son séjour, au grand contentement des douairières de l’endroit. Au bout d’un certain temps arrive un camarade, puis un second, puis un troisième ; alors on ne peut vivre isolément, et l’on demande à l’évêque la permission de se réunir, et d’avoir une église. A ce moment, la maison est fondée ; elle accroit rapidement, et rien ne saurait l’ébranler.’—(*Lettre sur le Clergé, et sur la Liberté d’Enseignement, 1844.*)

Whatever may be the real elements of this movement in favour of the prohibited order, there can be no doubt that a subsidiary cause, of great importance, is to be found in the favour shown by the government of Louis Philippe towards the high or ultramontane party. We have mentioned already, and it will appear more distinctly hereafter, that the old national or Gallican spirit of the ecclesiastical body has been decaying for many years in France. Each new generation of priests recedes more and more from the school of Bossuet, and approximates to that of the Jesuits. Instead of endeavouring to counteract this tendency, the government threw all its influence into the same scale. Its first dream was, to consolidate its authority at home by making allies of the priesthood. The second and still more characteristic project was the extension of French influence abroad by means of Catholic missions. Every indulgence which could be shown, without arousing the jealous spirit of the liberal party, has therefore for several years been vouchsafed to the High Church faction. And this could be done with the greater ease because the religious and political world in France are in general so utterly distinct, that the one knows next to nothing of what passes in the other. It would have astonished many a French patriot to be told—what was literally the fact—that the law of 1801, which requires persons appointed to bishoprics to be examined by two French ecclesiastics appointed by the government, had been for some years dispensed with by that of Louis Philippe, and the examinations conducted by the Papal Nuncio. The bishops were taken accordingly almost to a man from the most ultra-Catholic and violent portion of the profession. Many of these bishops openly received and patronised the Jesuits, and other members of associations as distinctly illegal, in their several dioceses. Those who did not venture thus far, acted as thoroughly up to Jesuit principles as if they had been received of that body. The ‘good old cause’ went on far more swimmingly under the revolutionary government than in the best days of the Restoration.

This is a mere repetition of the old story of Napoleon’s manœuvres with the Church. It is the perpetual result of that unhappy division of French society into irreligious and fanatical, (a division which existed before the Revolution, and of which the real causes go as far back as the declining years of Louis XIV., the persecution of the Jansenists, the expulsion of the Protestants, and the reign of Madame de Maintenon,) that French politicians never can be brought to regard the Church as other than a distinct and independent power in the nation—a foreign potentate, with whom the State must sometimes

engage in hostilities, but with whom it is much more profitable to be in alliance. The attempt to amalgamate the religious party with the rest of the nation, to build up a State penetrated with Church principles, or a Church which should spontaneously move in harmony with the State, seems never to occur to the imagination of a statesman in that country; although seven-eighths of its people belong nominally to the same faith. Every liberal potentate, therefore, regarding the Church simply as an enemy whom he is anxious to disarm, naturally makes his overtures to that section which it is most desirable to conciliate,—that which is most active and energetic at home, has the strongest allies abroad, and is the most likely to give trouble to his government—that is, the extreme party. Had Louis Philippe been sure of his throne, no one can doubt that his high intelligence and abilities would have led him to see the true salvation of France in reanimating the freer Catholicism of better days among her people. But his first necessity was to secure himself. He had little encouragement to embark in undertakings which could have only a distant result, to sow seeds in order that future generations might sit in safety under their vine and fig-tree. Enough for him to buy off the immediate antagonist. And so thought Napoleon before him.

And with Louis Philippe, as with Napoleon, this selfish policy was not long in bringing its own retribution. Whether in an Italian republic of old, or in a modern constitutional kingdom, never yet did popular government caress the nettle High Church without getting stung for its pains. The higher clergy of France is composed of eighty Archbishops and Bishops. Of these, in 1844, fifty-nine had been appointed by the present King; twenty under the Restoration; one (the Cardinal La Tour d'Auvergne) by Napoleon, when First Consul. Fifty-three, out of the whole eighty, have 'pronounced' against the government on this question of education, including a large majority of those of recent appointment. Such is the natural and deserved reward which one power obtains by truckling to another essentially its antagonist, implacable and unchangeable.

The first mutterings of polemical thunder against the University, proceeded from the High Catholic journal 'L'Avenir,' as long ago as 1831. They seem to have excited little general interest. In 1837, and again in 1840, unimportant modifications of the existing law were proposed in the Chamber of Deputies. These were considered unfavourable by some of the Bishops: and in the latter year the storm broke out. The signal was given by a violent publication, entitled 'Le Monopole Universitaire dévoilé à la France Libérale et à la France

' Catholique, par une Société d'Ecclésiastiques, sous la Présidence de l'Abbé Rohrbacher: ' the real author is said to have been a certain Abbé Garot, Aumonier in the Royal College at Nancy. It was coldly looked upon in the first instance by most of the Bishops; but, as usual, the tail drew after it the head. On Louis Philippe's fête in 1842, the Archbishop of Paris inserted, in his usual complimentary address, a phrase expressive of the desire of the clergy to 'labour *more freely* in forming the 'heart and spirit of youth.' The allusion was understood, and the 'Moniteur' omitted all notice of this little piece of archiepiscopal sedition. But it was in reality a declaration of war. Then commenced a controversy of pamphlets and debates, carried on with a vehemence of which similar ecclesiastical battles among ourselves can alone furnish an idea. Most unwilling as the present government has shown itself to enter into religious contests, it has been forced to bring one or two of the most vehement champions of the Church to trial; a Bishop (of Chalons) has been publicly censured by the process called a *déclaration d'abus*: while the Prelates, on their hand, have threatened the refusal of the sacrament to pupils of the University, and the withdrawal of the 'Aumoniers' from the Royal Colleges—a kind of interdict of the nineteenth century. But functionaries paid by the state are slow to act against it, so long as tolerable license of tongue and pen is allowed them.

It will not be expected that theological zeal should display itself without its usual bitterness of temper and effrontery of assertion. But we are bound to add—let our readers set down as much of our deliberate statement to bigoted liberalism as they please—that any thing more utterly disgraceful, both from virulence of abuse and lowness of intellect, than the majority of the publications on the clerical side which we have happened to consult, our whole experience of polemics has never witnessed. They display all the coarse license of ignoble natures, untempered by education, when wielding the unwonted weapons of public controversy. The Bishop of Chartres is bad enough; M. Ravignan and M. Védrine much worse; but there is a certain Canon of Lyons, M. Desgarets, whose work, 'Le Monopole Universitaire,' we do not happen to have seen *in extenso*, but, to judge of it from extracts, the author must reign without a rival in the realms of ecclesiastical Billingsgate. Although we have some eminent specimens of the same class among our own theological controversialists, it were in vain to seek at home for a comparison. There are many passages, of which M. Libri's serious sarcasm is scarcely beyond the truth, that one can only form an idea of them by reading *Le Père Duchêne*. We decline giving

the *personalities* of these writers in any thing approaching their own racy and vigorous language. But the following paragraph (we feel how much it loses in translation) may give some notion of their more innocent and general effusions. 'The institution of 'the University,' according to M. Desgarets, 'is an impious 'slave-trade; not of negroes, but of whites; not of bodies, but 'of consciences: the slave-trade of intellects, the slave-trade of 'souls: it is slavery in filth and dregs: it is the death of the 'people in a common sewer: it is brutality and degradation to 'the nature of beasts. Never, since the origin of the world, has 'so execrable a despotism weighed upon the human race!' And M. Védrine, expressing the same happy ideas with more illustrative terseness, calls the University 'the pressgang of ex-'communicated Carbonarism,' and 'the Algiers of monopoly!'

Yet Freedom of Education is not an ill-chosen war-cry, and deserves better championship. 'In continental countries, where 'it is kept closely under state control, education (in Mr Laing's 'satirical language) is become the art of teaching people not to 'think. When a government, a priesthood, a corporate body 'of any kind, gets hold of the education of the people without 'competition, even in the most minute portion, as in a village 'school, this is invariably the result of their teaching.' This is the view, mistaken altogether, we believe, in its application to France, which gives a colour of justice to these ecclesiastical claims in the eyes of Liberalism. 'The University,' says M. de Lamartine, 'is the world teaching.' Let faith have her scholars as well as the world. 'The right of education cannot 'be justly confined to any corporate body,' says the Archbishop of Paris; 'for such a corporation must be either ecclesiastical or 'lay. The State would not admit of the first; and, if this were 'otherwise, the Church would be unable to execute the trust. 'There is not among the clergy a single corporation capable of 'managing ten colleges. The whole clergy together would not 'suffice to undertake the care of the majority of those which exist 'in France. Nor can the State choose a lay corporation. Such a 'body has no mission to give moral and religious instruction. It 'is exposed to the danger of separating what God has *inseparably* united, the heart and the understanding. It cultivates 'reason at the expense of sentiment; or, if it develop the latter, 'it cannot regulate.'—(*Observations sur la Controverse*, p. 52.)

'In our imperfect and miserable order of things,' exclaims the more impetuous poet,* 'where the State has no faith,

* Lamartine, *L'Etat, l'Eglise, et l'Enseignement*.

‘ where the State refuses to obey the Church, and where nevertheless it resolves to educate, sometimes in harmony and sometimes in competition with the Church, where the two systems of instruction dovetail into each other, or clash with each other, or succeed and destroy each other, what takes place? One of two things; either the state surrenders its own education to the Church, or resists it. In the first case, the State vanishes, it annihilates itself, it delivers over to its rival the world and its generations, it betrays at once its own dignity and mission, which is to serve, to defend, and to propagate, not merely the immovable traditions, but the innovating and ascending movement of the human mind. If it resist the Church, on the other hand, it oppresses, cramps, contradicts, does violence to her religious teaching: it corrupts her faith, and injures thereby at once her power over consciences and her influence over morals. In either case, woe to the State, or woe to the Church, but woe above all to the child, and worse evil to society! What is to become of the moral and intellectual man in a state of education and society in which the child, like those infants of barbarous tribes who were dipped by turns at their birth in boiling and freezing water, to render their skin insensible to the impressions of climate, is cast in turn, or cast at the same moment, into the spirit of the age and the spirit of the sanctuary, into incredulity and faith?’

Unpractical and vague as these declamations are, the malecontents have a strong argument in their favour in the expressed intentions of the framers of the government of 1830; who distinctly promised that liberty of education should be granted ‘ with the least possible delay.’ They have in their favour all the dissatisfaction which, most undoubtedly, religious minds must feel with the prevalent cast of opinion discernible in the higher teaching of the University. They have all the ordinary arguments, trite but true, which can be urged on behalf of the principles of competition. They have not only the strength of religious feeling to back them, but they really occupy a position, in point of abstract political philosophy, which it is not easy either to turn or to assail, especially for those who start from liberal premises.

But they have against them the argument *ad hominem*, which is more effective, and often more really valuable, than the ablest reasoning on abstract grounds. The Church of Rome—the Ultramontane section of that Church, the Jesuits and the Ignorantines—contending for liberty of education! for the indefinite right of all—Catholic, heretic, or infidel—to instruct the children of the Church herself! A position so utterly contrary to her own

first principles—such is the reasoning which inevitably fixes itself in the minds of all—cannot be honestly maintained. When has the Church abandoned her ancient claim to the exclusive right of education? ‘Il faut donc une éducation perpétuelle, universelle, uniforme, et par conséquent un instituteur perpétuel, universel, uniforme. Il faut donc un corps, car hors d’un corps il ne peut y avoir ni perpétuité, ni généralité, ni uniformité. . . . Il faut donc un corps, un corps *religieux*, chargé dans toute l’étendue de l’état de l’éducation commune des enfans qui se destinent aux fonctions publiques.’ So said M. de Bonald, the great champion of Catholicism under the Empire, when such views might be safely advanced in theory, since they had not a chance of being attempted in practice. Which are we to believe as the true exponent of the doctrine on this subject—M. de Bonald, or the Archbishop of Paris? Or is it, unfortunately, the fact, that the Church, always insisting on her highest pretensions when there is nothing to lose, is ready enough to lower her demand whenever there is something to gain? And the expected hour of triumph, even now, provokes here and there an imprudent revelation. ‘Education belongs to the clergy of *divine right*: the University has usurped it: the University must ‘yield!’ So says M. l’Abbé Védrine; so says the Count de Montalembert, the champion of revived Monachism in France, the orator who electrified the Chamber of Deputies last year, by informing the Côté Gauche that ‘*they* are the children of Voltaire—but *we* are the children of the Crusaders!’ So say all the more honest and more impatient spirits of the party; and this in Pamphlets and Speeches of which the watchword is—‘Freedom of Instruction.’ No wonder that the liberal party estimates such language at its proper value. They know that they are now courted by the Jesuits, just as the mistresses of Louis XIV. were courted by them 150 years ago. And no fraction of that party, however opposed to the dynasty of July, has been seduced, so far as we know, by these treacherous advances.

But there is another, and more practical, mode of looking at the question. Suppose the ‘monopoly’ of the University, such as it is, removed; what is the probability that a really effective system of free competition in the matter of secondary education could exist in France? In England we scarcely understand the nature of this question; because what the French call *secondary education* is, and has been for centuries, practically free among us. The ‘monopoly’ of our universities, inns of court, medical colleges, and so forth, regards the highest branches only. Schoolmasters are perfectly free since the disuse of the seventy-

seventh canon, which required them to be licensed by the Bishop 'under hand and seal.' In France the case is widely different. Before the Revolution, the monopoly was practically shared between the state establishments and the religious orders. Since that period, the University has succeeded to the inheritance of both. But freedom of education, in the sense of education by unlicensed teachers, has never existed. Freedom of education, even in the limited sense of the competition of private establishments, conducted by licensed teachers, with public establishments, is scarcely able to maintain itself at all. The public colleges, the episcopal seminaries, are too powerful to be competed with. In France as well as Germany, the number of children brought up for public situations—that is, in the hope of obtaining some place or other—constitutes a very large proportion of the whole generation. For all these, a public education is nearly indispensable. On this point the testimony of the Duke de Broglie's Report is precise.

'In proportion as public establishments become more numerous and flourishing, and extend the field of their conquests, we shall find that private ones, which have not the same revenues, and cannot afford, in any case, to instruct at a loss, by degrees disappear. This is what has happened in Prussia. In 1839, eighteen years after the law which re-organized, on a wide and strong foundation, the public scholastic institutions of that country, not a single private institution remained in existence. We have not yet reached this point in France; our public establishments do not yet suffice for the wants of our population; consequently, a good many private schools still subsist by their side, but the greater number of them languish, and maintain themselves with great difficulty. It was calculated that, in 1840, out of 106 "institutions" and 983 "pensions," more than half had less than twenty pupils, more than two-thirds less than forty; thirty only reached, or exceeded, the number of one hundred.'

The fact seems incontestable, that a system of absolutely free competition could not exist at present in France. The attempt to establish it would be, what M. de Bonald somewhere calls the French constitution—an imitation, 'plus raisonnée que raisonnable,' of the usages of England or Belgium. In the latter country education is said to be free; and, characteristically enough, it is to Belgium, where the experiment is only of a few years' growth, that the clerical agitators of France always refer for an example; never to England. Now, in Belgium, it has practically fallen into the hands of the priesthood; and, in France, one of two bodies must have it, either by law or by the force of necessity—the State or the Church—in other words, the University or the Priests.

We should be the last to pronounce unfounded or ridiculous

the suspicions entertained by religious people—and not merely by devout men in the strict sense of the word, but by serious and reflecting men in general—of the character of the higher education conferred in the great colleges of France; the higher branches of study in literature, physical science, philosophy—as conducted by the most eminent of her professors at the present day. It is impossible to deny, admire as we will the high talent and the great scientific achievements of those distinguished men, that zealous adherence to religious dogmas is apparently a rare quality among them. The effects of the revolutionary education are as yet plainly perceptible in these heirs of the Revolution. Not that the faintest echo of the tone of Voltairian infidelity is to be found in their works. That accusation is merely one of the stock calumnies of the priestly party. Very far from it. The prevailing sentiment is that of grave, enquiring, hopeful research; leaning, in all respects, rather to the side of Christianity than against it. In the ‘Ecole de Médecine,’ it is true, the tendency for many years was said to be the other way; from the ‘sensualisme modéré’ of Cabanis, downward to the ‘materialisme brut’ of Broussais. But in philosophy, the influence of Cousin has been so decidedly towards spiritualism—the foundation, at least, of religious learning—that a hostile writer does not hesitate to admit, that the young generation owes to him, above all other men, ‘cette empreinte demi-Catholique’ which distinguishes it. In history and belles-lettres, the powers of Guizot and Villemain, and the more recent exertions of Michelet, have all been directed in the same channel. It may well be, that these men are doing more ultimate service to the cause of religion, than all the modern priesthood of France. And yet believers in the ordinary sense, generally speaking, they can hardly be said to be. It is impossible to avoid discerning something forced in their sentiments, even when they adopt most sincerely the language of the ‘age of faith.’ It is a foreign tongue, which they have learned from conviction of its value, from admiration of its literature—in some degree, perhaps, from fashion; but it is not their own; not their ‘mother-speech,’ in which the genuine feelings of the heart embody themselves. Now, let the reader consider the impassable gulf which really lies between the wisest and loftiest-minded man who merely admires Catholicism, and the humblest worshipper who actually believes it—a difference far wider than that which separates the first from Voltaire—and he will be disposed to make great allowance for the feelings of the religious parent when he cries out, even ignorantly, for the emancipation of his children’s education from such seemingly perilous government.

But all this, however true, has nothing to do with the present question. No one dreams of taking the higher branches of education out of the hands of M. Cousin and his fellow-labourers; simply because 'Catholic' France could no more replace their ability and their honesty than it could dispense with the services of Marshals and Admirals, and supply their places with members of religious congregations. The present question, which has excited all this ferment, relates to *secondary* education only. Now, the terrific 'monopoly' of the University, as regards secondary education, is no more than this—first, that it has the general 'superintendence' of such schools, which seems to be merely nominal; secondly, that the conductor of a private establishment requires an University degree, which means no more than a certificate of having gone through a few courses of lectures in the higher branches of study. Subject to these restrictions, any man may send his children to whom he will. There is no compulsion on him to expose them to the fabled horrors of royal colleges, or communal colleges. All the slavery which excites such bursts of 'deep and burning indignation,' amounts to no more than this—that a schoolmaster will not be allowed to practise without a certificate, which proves that he has had the grievous misfortune of sitting a couple of years in the Lecture-rooms of Cousin or Quinet—and, that he may not be a member of a prohibited association. *That is the real point* at issue. And the honest fears of Catholic parents are artificially excited, and artificially exaggerated, by a powerful party, whose object, however unlikely of attainment it may appear, is to transfer that great instrument of political power, Education, from the hands which now possess it, to those of the Church—to deliver the youthful mind of France to the training of the Jesuits.

To deliver it to the Jesuits—that is, to decay, collapse, and death. Such is the influence of that malignant star which presides over the most remarkable among human societies. In all its varied and romantic history—in all the changes which have befallen it through the course of that unrivalled career—amidst all the charm which unbounded heroism, indomitable perseverance, learning, piety, sentiment, can throw around it—the eye of the observer traces the same inexorable law. They are doomed to work for ever in the same circle; always labouring, never accomplishing. The history of a single Jesuit College in a single city, might almost serve as a type of the history of the Jesuits in every nation of Christendom, and in Christendom itself. Wherever a Jesuit colony alights, a factitious life is communicated—order, and zeal, and patience, begin their work, and

marvels are the result ; then follows a period in which all things stiffen into a stationary regularity ; and lastly, inevitable decay, —decay proceeding from no external causes, but obviously developing itself from within. What conquests were ever like those of the Jesuits in infidel countries ? And what conquests were ever more transitory ? But the great work of the society in Christendom itself, still more strongly exemplifies its peculiar destiny. The Jesuits found the old Church of Rome —the Mediæval Church—to all appearance dead, and exposed a corpse in the streets to the gaze of exulting nations. They breathed the breath of life into the dry bones ; and they lived, and stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army. They rebuilt the Latin world after their own fashion, even as, in architecture, they substituted the one, unvarying, wearisome form of the Jesuit Church, for the thousand exquisite devices of the Gothic school. And they conducted that revived Catholicism—gently, regularly, with little of outward disturbance or disorder—to a second stage of apparent decrepitude and death, in the embraces of the infidelity of the last century. Once more it has renewed its youth ; but under the inspiration of influences widely different from theirs. So in political history ; we read, in the first age of their duration, of great things accomplished by their means ; ever after, the apparition of a Jesuit in a court is a mortal symptom. Where a dynasty dies out in squalid imbecility, there is always present some Jesuit figure leading it softly to the grave ;—as in Spain and the Netherlands under the last Austrian kings, in Austria under her later sovereigns of the house of Hapsburg. Wherever misguided power overstrains itself, and draws down ruin on its own head, there is a Jesuit at hand whispering fatal encouragement : witness the last years of Louis XIV., James II., Charles X. A general character of sterility marks at once their greatest and most trifling efforts. Their system of Education has been in many respects admirable. The number of names of which they can boast as respectable in every department of knowledge, is prodigious. Yet have the Jesuits never produced a distinguished school, or a great man. Study the individual branches of literature, or science, to which they have especially applied themselves, and the result is still the same. The history of classical knowledge in France is an example which occurs to us. In the sixteenth century, France ranked high in that respect. In the seventeenth, classical study was mainly in the hands of the Jesuits, and maintained, for some time, a respectable character. By the early part of the eighteenth it was reduced to utter decay. The spirit of Beza, Budæus, and Stephens, had passed over to Protestant Holland and Protestant Germany. As far as we know, the same brief history would

serve for any branch of intellectual cultivation for which the Jesuits have been at any time famous. Where are we to seek for the principle of this universal law of deterioration?

Let us look to Loyola himself for the answer. Either the law of Loyola is essentially right and true, and the only truth in regard to the intellect, as well as the soul of man; and freedom of thought, with all its attributes and consequences, a mere phantom of Satanic creation to bewilder the minds of men; or that law is utterly false, unnatural, and detestable. It admits in reality of no compromise whatever with other theories of human nature and other codes of ethics. It must be wholly embraced or wholly rejected—embraced or rejected with all its consequences, from the first rules of Jesuit ethics down to the minutest details of the mode of literary or scientific study; the whole hangs together.

It is impossible to find it better laid down than in his famous Letter, 'De Obedientiâ,' appended to the Constitutions of the Society:—'Qui vero se totum penitus immolare vult Deo, præter voluntatem, *intelligentiam quoque* (qui tertius et summus gradus est obedientiæ) offerat necesse est, ut non solum idem velit sed etiam ut idem sentiat quod superior, ejusque judicio submittat suum, quoad potest devota voluntas intelligentiam inflectere. Quæ vis animi tametsi non eâ, quæ voluntas pollet, libertate prædita est; atque ipsâ naturâ fertur ejus assensus in id, quod sibi veri speciem præbet; tamen multis in rebus, in quibus videlicet cognitæ veritatis evidentia vim illi non infert, potest voluntatis pondere in hanc potius quàm in illam partem inclinari. * * * Negari non potest, quin obedientia comprehendat non solum executionem ut imperata quis faciat, et voluntatem ut libenter; sed etiam judicium, ut quicumque superior mandat et sentiat eadem inferiori et recta et vera esse videantur, quatenus, ut dixi, vi sua potest voluntas intelligentiam flectere.'

This is a remarkable passage; we shall not perhaps be far wrong in calling it the key-stone of the intellectual discipline of the Jesuits. No question but that there are, in the words of Mr Newman, 'inducements to belief which prevail with all of us, by a law of our nature, and whether they are in the particular case reasonable or not.' No question that by adroitly managing these inducements to belief, by representing belief in particular truths as a matter of duty, an instructor may, to a certain extent, lead not only the will but the reason of his scholar; though to a far less extent, we devoutly believe, than Loyola or Newman would represent. But whatever may be the real amount of this belief produced by other causes than evidence, it is abundantly clear that it must proceed from a defect

in human nature. As to all truths capable of being established by evidence either on certain or probable grounds, God has given us the faculty of judging of that evidence, as the instrument of obtaining a belief in them. Any belief acquired not through the use of this instrument, but by pressing into the service faculties intended for other purposes, be the subject of belief never so true, rests on defective grounds as regards the party believing. If truth have really any objective existence at all—if it be any thing more than that which every man *throweth*—it is the merest truism to say, that to believe as truth that which is established on slight evidence or no evidence, or arguments addressed to the conscience and not to the reason, may be an act piously done, but must proceed from a neglect of that portion of the faculties which are specially assigned to us by our Creator for that special purpose. This is an error which may often lead to good results in particular cases, as it has led, and still leads, to fearful evils in many others; but all the sophistry in the world cannot make it other than an error. Now it is peculiarly characteristic of Loyola, that in this passage he fixes on a particular defect in human nature as a means of government, and consequently as something to be encouraged and cultivated. He would have obedience, *as far as possible*, comprehend the acts of the judgment as well as the acts of the will. He would have men strive to give a false bias to their minds, to stifle the light within them. He is not content with knowing that they *will* do so, and availing himself of the weakness; he would implant it in them as a principle.

It would take but a short process to show that it is this fatal notion of governing men by their failings which has led, in the main, to all the perverse and irreligious portions of the developments of Jesuitism; to condescensions to every weakness, apologies for every crime, and serious defences of every unnatural absurdity;—to the spectacle of Christian priests abetting the cultivation of Pagan rites in China, and of Jesuit-Brahmins, or Brahmin-Jesuits, wearing the sacred marks of their Caste on the forehead and the shoulder before Christian altars, and refusing the sacrament to converted Pariahs on the coast of Malabar. But our present concern is with intellectual rather than religious truth; with the fitness of the Jesuits, governed by these principles, to conduct the school education of a great country. And what is of importance for us, in discussing this question of education, is that the regular, unvarying system and manner of Jesuit instruction, even to those peculiarities of which Pascal signalized the revolting absurdity, and which one would suppose had been finally extinguished by the *Lettres Provinciales* two hundred years ago, still subsist in full force and

vigour, in France at least, and probably in all Roman Catholic countries. As we have said, they not only live, but they have survived every thing else; the Jesuit school, meaning that built on the Jesuit model, whether now actually taught by professed Jesuits or not, is the only Catholic school of consequence kept alive. Let the reader turn, if he will, to the *Institutiones Theologicæ* of M. Bouvier, Bishop of Le Mans, published within the last ten years. It is a work which counts more editions and more thousands of copies than we are able to estimate. It is the popular, practical manual of the young clergy of France; generally adopted, we believe, in the seminaries throughout that country. We must premise that M. Bouvier is also the author of a special treatise on the Sixth (Protestant Seventh) Commandment, for the use of confessors—said by M. Génin to surpass in revolting details all the treatises which the theologians of two centuries back devoted to the elucidation of that subject. This book we have not seen; our remarks are confined to the *Institutiones*. Whether M. Bouvier is a Jesuit or not we do not know, but his work is composed entirely on the Jesuit model; and any thing more strange, and more utterly repugnant to the ideas either of Protestant or of Romanist, unfamiliarized with that model, it is impossible to conceive. All subjects of ethics and theology are treated in that very method of ‘probable opinions’ which Pascal rendered so famous; that is to say, questions are propounded, and the solution is by citations from approved authors: where these authors differ, M. Bouvier sometimes, by no means always, gives his own opinion. And the practical result of the method remains, we presume, the same as ever; whatever proposition in religion or morality is supported by probable opinions is *safe*. It is impossible to give an idea, to minds imbued with the ordinary principles of truth and elements of ethic instruction, of the cold, strange, unnatural colour which this monstrous system throws over the whole vast subject embraced by it. It is quite true that it relieves the mind from an infinity of difficulties. Any one who will get a certain number of dicta by rote, becomes not only qualified to decide points of casuistry, but qualified to act on the safe side in all dubious questions. Christianity is, indeed, ‘made easy’ after the pattern of Escobar; the believer walks on velvet; and it is only difficult to understand how any one can go astray, in a world where there are as many sure guides as Jesuit writers. Conscience is rendered perfectly flexible; but it is the flexibility of a corpse, which may be moved at will this way or that—*perinde ac cadaver*. All those unfathomable questions which perplex, as some say, angels as well as men—all the problems raised concerning the mysterious relations between man and his Creator, between the

soul and the material and spiritual worlds in which it works; and all the most minute, trumpery puzzles of ceremonial casuistry which have ever amused empty minds in the idleness of convents, are discussed and solved with just equal diligence, equal gravity, equal facility! The whole system of theology and ethics lies before us, in M. Bouvier's compendium, like portraits painted without perspective; no reverential shadow cast over the more sacred recesses, no background to veil the insignificant or the shameful parts. 'Quædam specialiter nobis dicenda sunt,' says the Bishop on the second (third Protestant) commandment, 'de astrologia, somniis, sortilegio, virgâ divinatoriâ, magnetismo, et mortuorum reditibus, Gallice 'revenans.' And he proceeds to edify the young clergy with the most 'probable opinions' on these delightful subjects, not forgetting a gentle puff of the work of some pious chemist on animal magnetism. There is an historical dissertation on touching for the King's evil: Charles X., we are informed, tried his royal hand on his coronation day on several patients. 'Sed non constat,' adds the sly Bishop, 'aliquos ex iis fuisse sanatos.' As to the Powder of Sympathy, we are informed that we may use it, with a safe conscience, 'if the wounded person be not more than 'three hundred paces off.' Such, at least, is the opinion of the blessed Alphonso Liguori, whom, by the way, the Jesuits from perversity, and some of our young students in hagiology from ignorance, persist in calling a saint.

Let us now see how the same prelate treats the subject of philosophy as a head of clerical education. His 'Institutiones Philosophicæ ad usum Collegiorum et Seminariorum,' appear to have gone through six editions at least. As we have never seen this valuable work ourselves, we are obliged to quote it at second-hand from the pages of M. Génin. It contains eight chapters on angels, with enquiries as to their number and rank, 'whether they eat, drink, and sleep; whether they are obliged or not to speak in order to communicate their ideas;' a question resolved in the affirmative, but with an admission that theologians have as yet been unable to decide what language the angels use. There are dissertations on the conflict of the bad with the good angels, on the demons which torment travellers, 'omnibus modis vexant viatores;' and who are 'dæmones annosâ experientiâ'—'cunning old stagers, patient, and of indefatigable activity, infallible memory, and an incorporeal subtlety, by means of which they are able to penetrate into many places at once.' Then follow rules for discerning true from false miracles, (very necessary in an age like the present, when miracles, as we shall see by and by, are really becoming alarmingly numerous,) from which it appears, among other things, that the

miracles performed by persons 'visibly possessed by devils' are false; also that the posthumous miracles of the Abbé Paris, being Jansenist miracles, were obviously either forgeries or produced 'by the intervention of the devil.' These and similar peculiarities are no laughing matter, when it is remembered that this is the style of education which the French clergy would give at the present day had they the command of public instruction; but there are other offences, not against reason only, but against the first principles of morality, far too serious to excite a smile. Will it be believed that this Bishop, a Bishop appointed by the house of Orleans, dared, in a common popular manual of education, openly to affirm that it is the duty of the subject to assassinate an usurper at the command of the lawful prince? 'Immò *'privatim illum tanquam publicum malefactorem occidere debent, si legitimus princeps id expressè jubeat!'* We are told that this most atrocious passage is *suppressed* in the last edition! But in one of the recent pamphlets on the Jesuit side, *Les Jésuites, par un solitaire*, it is deliberately defended, says M. Génin, on the broad ground taken by Mariana and Ravallac—*Qu'est-ce qu'un peuple, et qu'est-ce qu'un homme?*

And this is the Education of the Clergy of the nineteenth century, in the country of Pascal, Nicole, Bossuet, and Fénelon! This is the 'Philosophy' which passes current in hundreds of the schools of France, side by side, as it were, with that of Cousin and Villemain! Let the enthusiast exalt his imagination with songs of triumph or of tenderness, poured forth by the Chateaubriands and Lamartines of the day in the name of the Catholic church; let him soar above the clouds with the daring Lamennais, or, keeping nearer to the earth, solve the practical problems of life by the magnificent sophistries of De Maistre and De Bonald; and then let him turn from these phantoms to the naked reality, to plain, unadorned Jesuit Christianity—Christianity for the use of the student, such as it appears in the grovelling pages of M. Bouvier, or Moullet, or Rousselot, or in the practices of the brotherhood of the Scapulary or of the Sacred Heart—will not the fall be sufficient to stun the intellect, and crush the moral perception? or, unless his nature has gradually become subdued, stage by stage, as he has descended more and more, in the course of his perverted education, into the deep abyss of low morality and dark superstition, will he not, almost inevitably, be driven in disgust out of the bosom of that faith whose name has been thus grossly abused?

We say it over again; Protestants as we are, it is in no sectarian spirit that we write these pages. There is not a sentiment that we have here avowed which has not been uttered over and over again by the most pious and best members of the Roman

communion, in what we must esteem the better days of that Church. There seem to be two sorts of Catholicism at the present day in France, like Venus Urania and Pandemos of old—the one visionary, poetical, rather consisting in eloquent aspirations after the beauty than devotion to the truths of religion: the other, the mere dregs of Loyolist ethics and monkish superstition. There was once a third—deep, spiritual, refined—more truly practical than the minutest moral philosophy ever divided and subdivided in chapters and sections for the use of Jesuit directors, yet far more elevated than the highest flights of poetry and art—directing the ablest intellects, influencing the noblest hearts, among the leading nation of Europe. We dare not say it is extinct, but assuredly it shows, at the present day, few signs of life.

Such are the main grounds on which the great liberal party throughout France oppose the transfer of Educational Superintendence from the State to the Church. It is out of our province, as strangers of a different country, and holding a different form of Christianity, to dwell on other reasons of more temporary and local character, although perhaps even more influential with the majority of Frenchmen. We can only allude, in passing, to the extremely insecure and unsatisfactory legal position of the secular clergy throughout France, as one of the causes which prevent them from holding that place in society which their office demands. Before the Revolution there were nearly 40,000 curés or parish priests in France. These gentlemen held a freehold of their offices, as English lawyers would term it; they could only be deprived through a regular trial in the Episcopal court, from whence an appeal lay to higher Ecclesiastical Tribunals. When the Pope and Napoleon reconstructed the Gallican Church, the old parochial divisions having been utterly abolished by the Revolution, new ones were instituted commensurate with the districts of the ‘Juges de Paix,’ each with a number of dependent chapels, (*succursales*.) There are now little more than 3000 of the old-fashioned curés or parochial ministers; but there are more than 30,000 ministers of chapels, generally termed by the modern ecclesiastical title of ‘Desservans.’ Now the latter are entirely under the arbitrary jurisdiction of the Bishop. ‘The Desservans’ (says one of the organic articles added to the concordat) ‘shall be approved by the Bishop, and *removable* by him.’ The consequence is, whether contemplated by Napoleon or not, that without any formal alteration in ecclesiastical usage, complete despotism over nearly the whole secular priesthood has become vested in the Bishops. Let the reader only conceive such a state of things among ourselves: let him imagine

some of our venerable prelates—it is quite unnecessary to mention names—invested with the power of depriving almost every parochial minister in their diocese at their pleasure, ‘without criminal process, without canonical forms, without control, and without council?’ How soon should we regret those too cumbersome forms which at present impede the direct action of Episcopal power! It is needless to say that a clergy thus constituted, abject slaves to their Episcopal superiors, can present no check whatever to the organized influence of religious congregations. Whatever their individual merits may be, collectively they form a mere inert mass in the state; and the poor Desservans appear to have only one consolation in their servitude—that their master, the Bishop, before whom they are prostrate, is himself believed to tremble in secret before the mysterious conclaves of the children of Loyola.

There is one more topic in relation to this controversy which must not be left wholly unnoticed—we mean the charges of immorality, so often and so strongly insisted on in France, not only by those who have not lost the traditional spirit of the school of Voltaire, but by many others of a more serious turn. It is a subject on which we are utterly unable to form an opinion. But much dark suspicion exists. Startling and general accusations, of the most terrible kind, are sometimes heard to issue from quarters to which neither absence of information nor malicious prejudice can be fairly imputed. A great abyss seems, as it were, displayed for a moment, and then closes again, and no more is heard on the subject for a while. It will be remembered that we are speaking, not of the effects of clerical celibacy in general, but with reference to a country highly civilized and highly corrupt; in which there is a constant fermentation of evil passions throughout almost all classes of society. And we are speaking of men who, if not protected against gross temptation by the very highest motives, have no secondary safeguard except simple fear of detection; among whom no refinement of education, no point of honour, no high aspirations of any worldly kind, no press of engrossing business, none of those subsidiary aids to virtue which act so strongly towards preserving the morality of ordinary life, can be supposed to exercise much influence. We remember being much struck with a circumstance in one of those recent Criminal Trials of Priests, to which the prejudices of the French people have given a very deplorable notoriety, and very exaggerated importance. Such cases in themselves prove nothing against the general body; but the point which arrested our attention was this, that as soon as the evil done was detected, *numerous female witnesses* came forward and deposed, that under religious pretexts the same culprit had solicited their

chastity. Whence arose this silence until the hour of detection? and what inferences are to be drawn as to the amount of undetected crime? But we willingly quit so hateful a subject, and would gladly submit to all the imputation of vulgar prejudice which could be cast upon us, to know that we have lent our ear too readily to doubts thrown out, not by Protestants and foreigners, but by Frenchmen and professing Catholics themselves.

But there is another subject connected with what we cannot but regard as the degeneracy of the modern clergy of France, as to which we feel no similar call to silence;—we mean the Miracle-Mongering of this nineteenth century—the extraordinary, absurd, almost incredible practices on popular credulity, carried on, not by a few obscure fanatics, but by clergymen of station and character, and openly encouraged without a blush by the Prelates of the Church! Even in France itself—much more in England—almost entire ignorance prevails on this matter. One half of mankind, in days like ours, knows little enough of what the other half is doing. They follow different guides, are actuated by different impressions, read different books, and breathe separate atmospheres. Two men who see each other every day, who work side by side in the same field or workshop, will often be found to live in inner worlds altogether distinct and uncongenial. The wildest products of intellects degraded by fanaticism, and intellects depraved by license, circulate, as yet peaceably, together: they are dispersed by the same conveyances, they compete in the same markets: Eugène Sue sells his tens of thousands, and the Jesuits their hundreds of thousands. Of the ‘historical notice’ of the miraculous medal struck in 1832, in honour of the Immaculate Conception, 130,000 copies had been sold before the eighth and last edition appeared, (Génin, p. 82.) From this edifying work we learn that the Virgin herself vouchsafed to reveal the pattern of her medal to a novice of the Sisters of Charity. The costume under which the Virgin presented herself is carefully described. She had ‘une robe blanche et un ‘manteau bleu argenté, avec un voile aurore,’ and diamond rings. It goes for nothing to say, that the medal cures epilepsy, malignant fevers, cancers, makes the blind to see, the dumb to speak, and the lame to walk. A Sister of Charity slips a medal slyly between the sheets of the bed of a good-for-nothing, swearing trooper, at the point of death. The trooper is cured the next morning, confesses the next day, and ever after hangs the medal at his button-hole, next to his cross of the Legion of Honour! But the medal does much more than cure bodily complaints; it can assuage matrimonial discord! A quarrelsome husband ejects his wife from his home at midnight, and begins to throw the furniture out of the window after her. A ‘virtuous person,’ who

had tried in vain to soothe him, conceives the happy idea of slipping a medal into one of the drawers of a wardrobe, which the wrathful Bruin was beginning to knock to pieces. At once—to the astonishment of bystanders not in the secret—his rage ceases, he leaves off demolishing his wardrobe, calls back his wife, and a durable treaty is signed between the belligerents!

One more miracle of the medal we cannot make up our minds to omit; it disarms the law of its terrors. In 1835, Marie Laboissière, aided by her lover, murdered her husband, and forced her son, a youth of fourteen, to bear a part in the murder, lest he should turn witness against her. The Court of Assizes of Limoges condemned lady and lover to death. They appealed to the court of Cassation. In the interval, a friend hung the medal round Marie's neck. The appeal came on—and, though the sharpest wit could perceive no distinction between the case of Marie and her accomplice, except that the murdered man was her husband, and she had forced her boy to be guilty of parricide—yet, 'wonderful effect of the mercy of the Virgin!' the sentence of Marie is reversed, that of her lover confirmed. He is executed—Marie, sent back for a new trial, escapes with a sentence of imprisonment, and lives an irreproachable life in the house of correction at Limoges, 'finding in her medal her 'sweetest consolation!'

This is a specimen of a kind of occult literature, as M. Génin calls it, which circulates in France, as it does in Ireland, almost in secret, and scarcely known in the general literary market. It is observed that copies of books of this class are never deposited at the Royal Library in Paris, as the law requires they should be. There is an evident desire to keep them from the light, as if they were publications of an infamous kind. Few, therefore, know with what degrading elements popular devotion in Roman Catholic countries is too often adulterated. An Oxford Bachelor of Arts, of fastidious taste and Tractarian inclinations, goes to Normandy or Belgium for a holiday tour: he observes the demeanour of one or two congregations in church, and holds (with much difficulty) a little conversation with one or two priests; and, on his return, he announces his profound conviction that the English Church is naught, and that piety flourishes only under the shadow of Rome. What if the Bachelor of Arts had fallen in with the 'History of the 'precious blood of our Saviour,' which is preserved in the Abbey of Fécamp, and to which the pious Norman repairs in pilgrimage on the Friday before holy week?—or the 'Etrennes spirituelles offertes aux associés du Bon Pasteur et de Saint Joseph,' published at Le Mans in the year 1844; in which we learn that any one who becomes a member of the fraternity of the Scapulary, and receives the Scapulary from the hand of a Carmelite, infallibly

escapes eternal punishment; but that, if he has the misfortune to be condemned to purgatory, 'Mary, like a tender mother, will 'descend and deliver him *the Saturday after his death!*'—or the *Life of Saint Philomena*;—or the *Enchiridion* of Pope Leo, in which the reader finds a prayer 'which Charlemagne was in the 'habit of using to guard himself against cannon-balls?' This last, however, we believe, is a manual of conjuring; but it really resembles so strongly the modern priestly manufacture, that we do the fathers little injustice in coupling it with their productions. This is the literature of the pious part of the French populace, compiled for them by those spiritual guides who now claim public education as belonging to them 'of divine right.' And the printed bear scarcely an adequate proportion to the acted impostures of the day. Miraculous cures, miraculous visions, discoveries of new relics, re-discoveries of old ones, portraits, autograph letters of our Saviour—these have been, within a few years, repeated in such monstrous profusion, that even the boundless credulity of mankind seems incapable of receiving the load. And do not let the reader imagine that they pass current among the vulgar only—that they are the fictions of a few interested or fanatical monks, disavowed or ignored by the body of the clergy. Nothing could be more false. The highest dignitaries of the profession are not ashamed to lend their active countenance to these scandalous mockeries. The proofs are too numerous, too glaring to deceive.

This is to us by far the most painful reflection which the extraordinary revival of mediæval superstition in the nineteenth century suggests. Superstition is common to all ages and countries; so is religious fraud, and the craft of those who practise, in one shape or another, on credulous piety. But our times present a spectacle which is without a parallel except in the last ages of Greek and Roman Polytheism;—that of whole classes of educated men, including many both well-meaning and intelligent, professing to believe that which they do not believe, and holding up to reverence that which in their hearts they condemn; persuading themselves, by an inconceivable sophistry, that there can be moral grandeur, and adaptation to human need, and high religious purposes, in things which their own enlightened conscience unerringly tells them to be imposture or delusion. We can conceive such a state of mind in a Roman Patrician, in the period when the Senate fought for the maintenance of the statue of Victory in the Curia amidst a Christianizing world, and strove hard to rekindle the dead embers of old enthusiasm on the altar of the state religion of Rome. We can conceive it in the court of the Emperor Julian, where men both wise and sincere, and among the ablest of the decrepit age in which they lived, endeavoured

seriously to impart new and lofty meaning to the worn-out worship of Grecian idols. And to any one not in his heart persuaded of the truth of Christianity, we cannot but imagine that the peculiar character which the modern or New-Catholic excitement is assuming, must appear a presage of similarly approaching dissolution. In the middle ages, high and low followed the pilgrimage or procession, or bowed before the relic, with equally undoubting faith. One hundred years ago, the same observances subsisted, the same concourse was attracted by them; but men of the educated classes would have felt it necessary, generally speaking, to utter a faint apology for encouraging them; many would openly have expressed their indignation at them; some would have symbolized them away; there would have been a general impression that the danger of abolishing them was the only ground for their retention. Now, we find them openly avowed, praised, held out as necessary parts of the faith, and reluctance to receive them denounced as a departure from orthodoxy; and yet every one knows that they are only maintained as parts of a system, and that genuine belief in them, among educated men, is dead. Alas! this is the worst state of all, because it imposes the greatest violence on conscience, and confounds the most effectually truth and falsehood, right and wrong. Have we not recently seen men bred for the priesthood in those renowned seats of mental culture, the Universities of enlightened Germany, playing their parts in the wretched mummary of the procession of the Sacred Robe of Treves, in which they really believed no more than in the Fetiches of Negroland, with hundreds of thousands of their more honest peasantry to follow them? And in France, Monseigneur of Le Mans, and of Nevers, may think it their duty to uphold the legends of the credulous ages; yet no one, no educated man, who sees those excellent Prelates heading a procession to do honour to a newly-discovered relic, and distributing freshly-coined miraculous medals, believes that they believe in them! That they try to believe in them; that they persuade themselves that these things must be retained as parts of a vast whole which it is death to disturb; that they essay by every means to exclude the pressing spirit of enquiry which arises in their own consciences; nay, that they combat it as an instigation of the Spirit of Evil, and strive in their delusion to crush the light which is in them—all this is probable enough; it would be very unjust to hold them mere impostors: but all this is not faith; and, not being faith, it is in reality falsehood, venial perhaps in its origin, but utterly pernicious in its results.

It is with shame that we are compelled to notice the modern attempts to rouse a similar spirit here in England, and, under the mistaken idea of encouraging reverence, to render men regardless

of the infinite sacredness of truth. When men of acute and practised intellects—men trained, be it for good or evil, in all the critical discipline of the nineteenth century, gravely propound the legends of the Nicene and Middle Ages—not indeed as things in which they themselves believe—expert in the art of theological fencing, they generally avoid committing themselves to this extent—but as things which others may believe, or ought to believe, or which it is a ‘privilege’ to believe; the impression produced is not that of blindness or delusion on their parts, but of devotion to an unhappy system which reduces them to a kind of moral absurdity; and compels them, in order to carry it out, to put forward for public reception things of the falsehood of which they really entertain, though they dare not avow it even to themselves, no doubt at all. ‘Why is it more manly,’ asks Mr Ward, to ‘kiss fondly a mother’s portrait or lock of hair, than to cherish and bear about a crucifix, or a *fragment of the true cross*?’ Does Mr Ward really believe in the impudent Byzantine fable to which he here alludes? If he does not—if he only *plays* at believing in it—has he estimated the infinite mischief which is done by thus insinuating more than he can honestly avouch? by trying, as it were, to steal an assent which he dares not openly ask? All the heresies, whatever they may be, which have been laid to Mr Ward’s charge, are in our mind a mere nothing compared with the sin against truth and conscience contained in this and many similar passages of his writings.

Received in faith, in our time and country, such things cannot be. They do not fall in the way of those quiet and simple believers who rely on authority. The youthful enquirer who adopts these views, much more generally does so, like Mr Taylor’s hero Comnenus,

‘With a mind against its natural bent
Tortured to strong devotion.’

They are the products, however paradoxical it may sound, of scepticism, not of faith. The first stage towards their adoption is, dissatisfaction with popular doctrines. The student begins by criticising and rejecting, and ends by choosing. His belief rarely takes possession of him: he more commonly appropriates it by a voluntary determination. *Voluntatis pondere in hanc partem inclinatur*. Observe, consequently, the line of argument by which the position thus assumed is defended. ‘You refuse to believe in such or such a miracle of the middle ages, because you think the evidence unsatisfactory. But is the evidence of the miracles of our Saviour *more* satisfactory? You cannot make more of the difference between them, than amounts to a mere question of degree. Receive the one only, and your faith rests on mere private analysis, on which one mind has full right to

' differ from another. Receive both, and you throw evidence
' overboard, and repose in safety on the authority of the Church.
' You hesitate before such and such a doctrine—of sacramental
' efficacy, for instance; for you think proof is wanting that
' the Deity operates thus supernaturally by specific physical
' agents. What do you know of the mode by which the Deity
' operates either on matter or on the human will? What know-
' ledge does the philosophical jargon of Causation really impart
' of the unfathomable mysteries of nature? But again, you
' object to another tenet, that it is not consistent with the Divine
' justice or mercy. What warrant have you for believing your-
' self capable of forming an idea respecting those attributes?
' What are the words just and unjust, cruel and merciful, but the
' representatives of traditionary ideas, based on no knowledge of
' ours, by whose limited faculties the very idea of God is in point
' of fact utterly unattainable, and, by infinitely stronger reason,
' his moral qualities inappreciable! Take away the light of the
' Church, and we do indeed but walk in a vain shadow. We do
' not condescend to argue with your reason, in calling on you
' to adopt this or that portion of Catholic verity, this or
' that fragment, however slight and seemingly insignificant of the
' Church's teaching, be it in matter of fact or doctrine. We do but
' place before your eyes the necessity in which you are involved.
' You can do no otherwise. There is no real belief save faith,
' and faith is the result and reward of moral, not intellectual
' exercise. You must believe all, or you can believe nothing.'

That this is no exaggerated statement many of our readers know. We might refer to popular writings and great names in the modern religious world to confirm it. The possibility of the union of such intellectual scepticism with really deep and true religious belief, is a question no man can decide on, since none can fully pry into the secrets of another's heart. Possible in one case it certainly is: but that is a rare case of morbid, almost preternatural organization. Pascal was an instance of this: it would be difficult, perhaps, to find a second. In his extraordinary mind, the most intense reasoning power was united with an overmastering religious impulse. Both were in a state of what must be called, for want of a better word, diseased activity. The mathematical studies to which his early life was devoted, while they invigorated the discursive faculty, soothed for a time the restlessness of the unquiet spirit which had possession of his conscience. But he abandoned mathematical pursuits. He plunged deeper and deeper into metaphysical and moral speculation. The farther he went the more sceptical he became. His analysis reduced one seeming reality after another to dreams. All who have read the *Pensées* are familiar with

the strange doubts and questionings of external and moral truth with which they abound. M. Cousin, comparing the *Pensées* with certain manuscript fragments of the author, has reduced them to a complete system of Pyrrhonism; or rather has proved incontestably that the last conclusions at which this great mind arrived in philosophy were those of total unbelief. Meanwhile every defeat of his reason was, as it were, a victory of his faith. The faculties of his being, instead of harmonizing, were at war with each other. He took refuge from unreality in mystery. The more the objects of reason failed him, the more resolutely he clung to a system of religious belief, determinately chosen at first, but which attained at last complete and engrossing dominion over him. All the world knows the rest of the history of this, among the most gifted, of mortal men. How long so wild a mental conflict might continue in a more strongly organized machine, it were vain to conjecture: in him it led to early madness and death: unless we should rather say that all these phenomena, both of mind and body, proceeded from the same physical origin.

But we have wandered very far indeed from the controversies of which it was our purpose to lay the outlines before our readers. Much might be said on the application of the lessons conveyed by them to our circumstances at home: but we must forbear. Enough for us at present to sum up briefly what remains of their history. After much vehement discussion, the Chambers of Paris in 1844, framed a law fixing the qualifications of private schoolmasters: the degree appears to be still indispensable; but every applicant must be able to show in addition a certificate of morality, delivered by a commission of five, of which the Bishop appoints one member. He must, moreover, have attained his thirtieth year, *and must declare himself not to belong to any illegal association*. There are also some relaxations on the restrictions formerly imposed on the higher seminaries, or secondary ecclesiastical schools. It is needless to say, that these concessions have not satisfied the clerical party. That party itself, however, can do little in the Chambers; nor are there any present symptoms of union between them and any section of the Liberal Opposition. But what will be the ulterior consequences of the daily increasing and pertinacious disaffection of the clergy and their partisans? Unquestionably they will neither defeat, nor even retard, the progress of education and general improvement. They can never become again a great social power, except by seconding that progress; least of all in France. On the contrary, they will indirectly contribute to its benefit, in an essential particular; for the respect due to an Opposition so powerful and so watchful, will compel the

State to pay due attention to the claims of religion within her establishments, and to leave free scope for the activity of that more serious tone of feeling which prevails among the instructed youth of the present generation. And the violent contrast between two opposing extremes may, for aught we know, end in some new development within the bosom of Catholicism itself.

That a new and more violent attack, on the part of the clerical party, is in preparation, can hardly be doubted. The recent publication of the Archbishop of Lyons against M. Dupin, (for which he also has been visited with a *déclaration d'abus*,) proves that the crisis has not arrived at its height. But it seems to be generally felt, that concession has gone far enough; the body of the French nation will stand by the Minister who resolves to abide by established institutions. They will look to realities, and disregard mere plausible arguments. No question but the Law against Religious Associations is in itself open to much objection, as an interference with personal liberty; but it must now be maintained, because the objects of the present attack upon it are evident. No question but, on general principles, Freedom of Education is better than Monopoly; but we have seen how slender this monopoly really is in the case of the University; and, such as it is, it must be supported, because the *monopoly of divine right* is at this moment the only alternative. And, above all, the Ministers of Louis Philippe will not forget that the real strength of his dynasty is in the nation; that it is not by buying off hostile factions that its stability can be ultimately maintained. The Priesthood—the ultramontane and leading party among them—will take every instalment that is offered; but they will not the less insist on the payment of the debt of 1830 to the uttermost farthing: let their domain in France be extended and strengthened as it may, their Church will not the less be beyond the Alps, and their King beyond the Rhine.

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ART. V.—*History of the Conquest of Mexico*. By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. Three volumes, 8vo. London: 1843.

MR PRESCOTT has long been honourably known as author of one of the most valuable historical works produced in the present age. He has here undertaken a task, less arduous perhaps to himself, but certainly not less interesting to his readers. He has fixed upon one of those great and romantic episodes which are so frequent in the history of the Middle Ages; has made himself thoroughly acquainted with its particulars; and has embodied these in a narrative, which, considered merely as a work of amusement, will bear comparison with the best romances in the language. The 'Conquest of Mexico' is probably of less importance as a collection of facts, and of less merit as an intellectual effort, than the 'History of Ferdinand and Isabella;' but we think it even more secure of universal popularity. It is impossible to write a masterly history of the first nation in Europe for forty years, without raising controversies and advancing questionable theories. There are probably many historical students, who have found statements and opinions in Mr Prescott's former work from which they are inclined to dissent; but we doubt whether any intelligent reader has laid down that now before us, without acknowledging it to be one of the most delightful narratives in his recollection.* We regret much that other pressing calls should have thus long delayed the communication of our sentiments regarding it to our ordinary readers.

We shall not pretend to have examined a narrative which has given us so much pleasure, with the keen scrutiny of a severe criticism; but we can conscientiously affirm, that we remember little or nothing in the manner of its execution which we could have wished otherwise. Mr Prescott appears to us to possess almost every qualification for his task. He has a pure, simple, and eloquent style—a keen relish for the picturesque—a quick and discerning judgment of character—and a calm, generous, and enlightened spirit of philanthropy. There is no exaggera-

* The wish has more than once been felt by us, that Mr Prescott would turn his thoughts to a History of the Spanish Expeditions in quest of *El Dorado*—a subject quite untouched as a whole, and which, with its collateral enquiries and results, would form a Historical work of high and romantic interest, peculiarly suited to his pen. See this Journal, Vol. lxxi. p. 22.

tion in asserting, that his 'Conquest of Mexico' combines—some allowance, where that is necessary, being made for the inferior extent and importance of its subject—most of the valuable qualities which distinguish the most popular historical writers, in our own language, of the present day. It unites the chivalrous but truthful enthusiasm of Colonel Napier, and the vivacity of the accomplished author of the 'Siege of Granada,' with the patient and ample research of Mr Tytler. And when we call to mind that these delightful volumes were, like his preceding work, composed under the pressure of the severest physical privation to which humanity is subject,* we cannot refrain from adding, of new, the expression of our heartfelt admiration of the heroic, the noble philosophy, which could sustain the cheerful vigour of mind necessary for such tasks.

It is now time to furnish our readers with better means of appreciating the 'History of the Conquest of Mexico,' than any panegyric can afford. It would be easy to fill our pages with sparkling quotations, with sketches of scenery worthy of Scott, with battle-pieces rivalling those of Napier, with pictures of disaster and desolation scarcely less pathetic than those drawn by Thucydides. But Mr Prescott has, no doubt, too much taste not to accept it as a compliment, when we say that every reader of intelligence forgets the beauty of his colouring in the grandeur of his outline; and that nothing but a connected sketch of the latter can do justice to the highest charm of his work. Indeed we are by no means certain, that the splendid variety of episode and adventure with which the great enterprises of Cortes are interwoven, does not necessarily withdraw, in some measure, our attention from the naked view of their surpassing audacity; just as, in the wild *sierras* traversed by his army, the luxuriant vegetation of the Tropics serves to render less awful the frowning brow of the precipice and the shadowy depth of the ravine.

We shall, therefore, endeavour to lay before our readers a clear and simple outline of Mr Prescott's work—well content if we succeed in refreshing the memory of such as are already acquainted with its events, and in rousing the curiosity of such as are less fortunate.

Towards the southern extremity of the North American Continent, close to its termination in the Isthmus of Darien, and at a point nearly equidistant from the Atlantic Ocean and the Mexican gulf, lies the beautiful valley of Mexico. It is about sixty-seven leagues in circumference, and in its centre are four

* Mr Prescott has, for many years, been blind.

large lakes, occupying one-tenth of its surface, and either communicating with one another, or separated by narrow necks of land. The central and largest lake, which is that of Tezcuco, is of an irregular shape. At its southern point is a strait, connecting it with the lake of Xochichalco, which is long and narrow, and lies in a south-easterly direction. The two remaining lakes, those of Xaltocan and Chalco, are separated by causeways, the former from the northern end of the Tezcucan, and the latter from the southern of the Xochichalcan lake. Upon an island near the western shore of the lake of Tezcuco, stood, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, the imperial city of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, the renowned and splendid capital of the Aztec dominions. It communicated with the shore by three large artificial dikes, one of which pointed to the north, a second nearly to the west, and the third to the south—the latter, however, diverging halfway into two branches, which met the shore on each side of the strait opening into the lake of Xochichalco.* At the north-eastern point of the lake of Tezcuco lay the royal city of the same name; nominally the equal ally, but, at the date of our narrative, in fact the dependent, of her mighty neighbour.

We regret that our limits will not permit us to follow Mr Prescott through his ingenious dissertation upon the probable origin of Mexican civilisation; or through his sketch of the mysterious races to whom Indian tradition attributes the stately ruins still to be found amid the savannas of New Spain. It will be sufficient for our present purpose to state, that the Aztec tribe appears to have migrated from the north, and to have entered the future scene of their glory and ruin, about the commencement of the fourteenth century. They found the plateau of *Anahuac*, as the whole surrounding table-land was called by its inhabitants, peopled by various races of their own family, by whom the former occupants, whoever they may have been, had for several centuries been entirely supplanted. The city of Mexico was founded in 1325, and the well-known valour and ferocity of its inhabitants soon rendered them formidable to the surrounding tribes. ‘ Their conquests, at first confined to their immediate neighbourhood, gradually crossed the valley; then, crossing

* In this description, we have followed Mr Prescott's text in preference to his map. According to the latter, *both* branches of the southern causeway lie to the westward of the strait. But if this is correct, it becomes impossible to understand the numerous passages in which the eastern branch is spoken of as commanded by the City of Iztapalapan.

‘ the mountains, swept over the broad extent of the table-land, descended its precipitous sides, and rolled onwards to the Mexican gulf, and the distant confines of central America.’ * Their final territory—though its precise limits cannot be clearly ascertained, and were not perhaps very accurately defined—appears to have formed a quadrilateral tract of country, extending across the continent, and ‘ reaching from about the eighteenth degree north to the twenty-first, on the Atlantic, and from the fourteenth to the nineteenth, on the Pacific.’ † It comprised, according to this calculation, about 16,000 square leagues—an extent, as Mr Prescott justly remarks, ‘ truly wonderful, considering it as the acquisition of a people whose whole population and resources had so recently been confined within the walls of their own petty city; and considering, moreover, that the conquered territory was thickly peopled by various races, bred to arms like the Mexicans, and little inferior to them in social organization.’ ‡

In spite of all the melancholy interest which attaches to the memory of a brave and magnificent nation, struck down from the highest pitch of their power and prosperity into hopeless slavery, it is impossible to read Mr Prescott's work without becoming convinced that the Aztecs were, upon the whole, as bloody, barbarous, and worthless a race as ever made themselves a scourge to mankind. They united the vices of the American savage with those of the Asiatic satrap. They carried on war with all the pitiless fury, though with little of the sagacity, of a Mohawk war-party; sparing neither age nor sex, and devoting every captive to torture and death. The most revolting cannibalism was constantly practised at their solemn festivals; partly as a religious rite, and partly, it should seem, from a species of horrible epicurism. On the other hand, they governed their dependents with all the sullen and inexorable severity of those petty Oriental despots under whose poisonous influence a province withers into a desert in a single generation. A Turkish pasha could not rob a famishing fellow—a Prussian recruiting-officer could not kidnap a solitary traveller—with more hardened indifference than the servants of Montezuma displayed in exacting his exorbitant tribute, or in selecting his human victims from the youth of Anahuac. There is certainly no limit to the ingenuity with which human nature will reconcile the most apparently inconsistent vices; yet it is strange to find the animal ferocity of the barbarian so successfully blended with the callous depravity of the civilized tyrant.

* Prescott, iii. 190.

† Ibid., i. 5.

‡ Ibid., i. 19.

This taste for cruelty was encouraged, or rather inspired, by the strict observance of a religion perhaps the most horrible and revolting ever professed by human beings. The murderous rites of Moloch, Bhowanee, or Jaggernaut, were not to be compared in atrocity to those of Tlaloc and Huitzilopochli—the Aztec Neptune and Mars. Human sacrifices—usually regarded by the most fanatical idolaters as an awful resource for the expiation of extraordinary crimes, or the propitiation of extraordinary favours—were a necessary and familiar part of the ordinary Aztec worship. Every Mexican altar was literally a human shambles; and every Mexican temple a charnel-house—in which the traces of daily butchery were so abundant, that the Spaniards forgot at first their religious horror at the sight, in the irrepressible physical disgust which it excited. The number of victims annually slaughtered throughout the Mexican dominions has been variously calculated. But some idea may be formed of its probable amount from the undisputed fact, that 136,000 skulls were counted in the temple of Huitzilopochli—making an average of 680 yearly murders in honour of a single idol, during the two centuries of Aztec independence!

The proverbial expressions which associate brutal ignorance with brutal ferocity, were never more signally verified than by the social history of ancient Mexico. Perhaps no other instance can be produced of a nation which has made such considerable advances in the arts of sensual luxury, while so entirely destitute of intellectual cultivation. In many of the ordinary mechanical arts, the Aztecs displayed remarkable ingenuity. Their dwellings and apparel were very commodious, and abounded in gorgeous, though somewhat fantastic, decoration; they were eminently skilful in the preparation of delicious dishes and beverages; and their system of agriculture was far from deficient. But of all pursuits which require the prolonged exercise of the reasoning faculties, and even of most pleasures which appeal to the imagination, they were wholly and contentedly ignorant. They were altogether unacquainted with alphabetical writing, and even with any system of symbolical hieroglyphics; and their sole records of the past consisted in charts filled with grotesque paintings of the events commemorated—most of which were represented in so arbitrary and irregular a manner, that even the Priests, to whose care the national archives were committed, found themselves unable to agree as to their interpretation. Their language was rude, but at the same time singularly cumbrous and artificial, in its construction; and must have been in its pronunciation—to judge from the rugged knots of consonants by which European writers have endeavoured to express the proper names belonging to it—one of the most uncouth ever articulated by human beings. Of

painting and sculpture, considered as imitative arts, they may be said—with all their mechanical skill in colouring and carving—to have been wholly ignorant. The representations of visible objects in their hieroglyphical maps, were sketched with barely sufficient care and skill to show for what they were intended; and the huge idols which adorned their temples, were invariably hideous and shapeless monsters, which the superstitious Spaniards might well regard as the accurate resemblances of infernal spirits. Even in war, the pride and delight of the ferocious Aztecs, they displayed their characteristic incapability of forethought and combination. Both their weapons of offence, and the defensive armour worn by their chiefs, were so well constructed, that we find Cortes arming his infantry with the copper-headed lances of Chinantla; and many Spaniards, who were unable to provide themselves with the panoply of a cavalier, preferring the quilted tunic of the Aztec, to the buff-coat or leather corselet which formed the usual garb of an European private soldier. But of military tactics, or even of the common rules of military discipline, the Mexicans were unable to form any conception. Their choicest armies were little better than resolute and well-armed mobs, unable to manœuvre in concert, destitute of mutual reliance, and liable to be routed at a stroke by the fall of a leader or the capture of a standard. And to these, the ordinary defects of a tumultuary force, they added an infatuation peculiar to themselves—the opinion that it was far less glorious to slay an enemy than to drag him as a living victim before the shrine of Huitzilopochli. Of this absurd and atrocious superstition, we need only say, that it was on two occasions, if not more, the undoubted means of preserving Cortes himself from inevitable death.

Early in the sixteenth century, an ominous foreboding prevailed among the nations of Anahuac, that the downfall of the Aztec Empire was at hand. Vague rumours began to circulate among them concerning the race of mysterious and irresistible conquerors who had subjugated the West Indian archipelago; and whom the most orthodox sages of Tenochtitlan conjectured to be the descendants of the exiled demigod Quetzalcoatl, returned to verify the prophecies of ancient tradition, by claiming the abandoned Empire of their ancestor. The Emperor of Mexico, at this period, was Montezuma, second of the name—a name which classical superstition would have placed among the sounds of evil omen forbidden to human utterance. He was a man revered and dreaded by all Anahuac for deep policy, success in war, princely dignity of demeanour, haughty serenity of disposition, and rigid sanctity in the observance of his dreadful religion. But his high and resolute spirit was quelled by super-

stitious awe, and he now awaited, in resigned despondency, the appearance of his predestined destroyers.

At length the fatal news arrived. In the spring of 1519 a hieroglyphical scroll was transmitted to Montezuma by the viceroy of a district upon his eastern coast, containing an elaborate delineation of several huge canoes, wafted by linen sails, which had disembarked from five to six hundred strangers on the spot where the city of Vera Cruz now stands. The visitors, or invaders, were represented as men wholly differing in personal appearance from the tribes of Anahuac; but as resembling, in a remarkable manner, the traditional portrait of the mysterious Quetzalcoatl. Many of them carried deadly weapons, which were said to dart forth thunder and lightning at their pleasure; and their leaders were sheathed in complete armour of a beautiful and impenetrable metal. Above all, they were accompanied by several stately and powerful quadrupeds, far superior in size to any known in Anahuac, which were trained to carry their masters, completely armed, upon their backs, and to overthrow their enemies in battle. These astounding strangers were, in fact, a Spanish expedition from the island of Cuba, consisting of sixteen horsemen, and five hundred and fifty-three foot soldiers, under the leading of the renowned Hernando Cortes.

It might be difficult to point out, in the history of mankind, a race of more formidable conquerors, or more ruthless masters, than the mighty nation for whom this little band of adventurers acted in some sort as a forlorn hope. Spain, in the sixteenth century, was undoubtedly the first nation in Europe for military power and enterprising ambition. At the great battle of Ravenna, the Spanish infantry had been found superior in arms and discipline to those formidable Swiss phalanxes, whose victories over the Burgundian chivalry may be regarded as the origin of the modern system of warfare. There needed no more to place the conquerors where the Swedes afterwards stood under Gustavus, the Prussians under Frederick, and the French under Napoleon—at the very head of European soldiery. This power was wielded by a race whose thirst for conquest was inflamed by every feeling which can at once change men into beasts of prey—by the insatiable pride of the Roman, the greedy rapacity of the Hun or the Goth, the fanatic zeal of the Crusader, and the romantic vanity of the knight-errant. The Spanish cavalier may be described, with little exaggeration, as a champion who united the pugnacious ardour of Cæsar, of Alaric, of St Dominic, and of Amadis de Gaul. And his enthusiastic bravery was generally supported by that constitutional insensibility to hardship and privation, and that apathetic calmness under disappointment or

defeat, in which even the English soldier, so justly famed for his physical strength and his undaunted intrepidity, has been found inferior to the degenerate descendants of the American conquerors. But these qualities were unfortunately combined with others, which went far to justify the mingled dread and abhorrence with which even our proud and fearless ancestors regarded their perpetual enemy 'the Spaniard.' The energetic Castilian, so indefatigable in pursuing his own selfish ends, displayed much of that callous insensibility to right and justice, and much of that listless indifference to the sufferings of others, which distinguish the natives of Southern Europe. He was, moreover, easily excited to active crimes of the deepest dye, by the intolerant bigotry which was the disgrace of his age; or by the vindictive sensibility to offence which is still the disgrace of his nation. And he frequently added to these grievous failings a burning thirst for wealth, which never flinched from the most fearful danger while a hope of gratification remained. The more ignoble vices of the Spanish character were never so effectually repressed, as by the truly remarkable man who now commanded their army.

Hernando Cortes was the descendant of an ancient and honourable family in the province of Estremadura. He was born in 1485, at the little town of Medellin, and left Spain at the age of nineteen to settle in the West Indies. In a few years he was master of a flourishing estate in the new colony of Cuba, married to a young and beautiful wife, and in high favour with the governor, Velasquez—a weak, haughty, and violent man, from whose resentment Cortes had, at his first arrival, incurred considerable peril. In this situation he attained the prime of life. Every thing seemed to promise an old age of peaceful privacy to the wealthy and prosperous colonist. But there was in him an adventurous spirit, which was lulled only, not extinguished, by tranquillity; and he no sooner learned that Velasquez was fitting out a squadron for a voyage of discovery to the American continent, than he used every effort to procure the command. His acknowledged merit, and the interest of his friends, at first prevailed with the governor; but the jealous temper of Velasquez, and his knowledge of his lieutenant's daring and ambitious character, induced him, while the fleet was actually fitting out at St Jago de Cuba, to change his mind, and determine to appoint another commander. Cortes acted, in this emergency, with his usual unhesitating audacity. He got under way by night with all his ships, half stored and equipped as they were, and sailed from Cuba never more to return—thus at once embracing the alternative of complete success in his enterprise, or of irretrievable ruin from the enmity of his employer.

After touching at one or two places on the coast, where they met with a friendly reception, the Spanish fleet arrived in the river Tabasco in March 1519. The natives obstinately refused to permit any communication with the shore; nor was their subjugation in any manner essential to the great object of the expedition. But Cortes, urged by the spirit of knight-errantry which sometimes overcame his natural good sense and humanity, and, we must in fairness add; by a sincere though mistaken zeal for the honour of Christianity, resolved to plant the cross among these contumacious idolaters. He landed in spite of a desperate resistance, took possession of the neighbouring town, and, when the warriors of the nation assembled to repel him, encountered and signally defeated their whole force upon the neighbouring plains of Ceutla.

It is not always easy for the pacific reader to form an accurate judgment of the real merit and peril of such an exploit as this, and many others of the same nature hereafter to be noticed. A victory by a small body of troops, over an army twenty or thirty times their number, appears at first sight so prodigious an achievement, that we are apt to account for it in our own minds as we account for the feats of Achilles, or Rinaldo, by ascribing superhuman powers to the one party, or contemptible imbecility to the other. But a moment's reflection will show the real possibility, and the real difficulty, of such a victory. Every man, whether a soldier or not, will readily comprehend, that though fifty thousand men may make a simultaneous charge upon five hundred, it is physically impossible for more than a very small proportion of the assailants to come at any given moment into actual collision with the assailed. When the latter are overpowered, it is not in consequence of each soldier finding himself engaged with several enemies at once, but by the united weight of the hostile column breaking their ranks, or by a rapid succession of determined charges. Both these means of attack require at least the rudiments of military discipline; and consequently an army not possessing those rudiments, can very seldom bring their whole force to bear upon an inferior body drawn up in close order. In such a case, the task of the assailed party consists in repulsing a certain number of desultory onsets, each of which is made by an enemy inferior in arms, in mutual confidence, and probably in number, to themselves. In other words, the assailants can only hope to succeed by resolutely coming forward to be slaughtered, until their opponents are either exterminated man by man, or overpowered by bodily fatigue. This is a task which human resolution will seldom long support; and when once the courage of an army is quelled, it signifies little whether the

panic-stricken multitude be more or fewer in number—for, as a modern military writer has shrewdly remarked, a loss which would frighten fifty men will equally frighten fifty thousand. It may therefore be fairly asserted, that almost the only real antagonists defeated at Ceutla, were a few hundred of the bravest Tabascan warriors; and that the rest of their army, except so far as their presence tended to encourage their champions and dishearten their enemies, might as well have been encamped on the shore of the Pacific. The true merit of these singular victories—and it was merit of the very highest order—consisted in the calm and steady confidence with which the Spaniards discerned the weakness of their opponents, and availed themselves of their own strength. A few hundred Swiss pikemen or English archers, would probably have been an obstacle more physically formidable than the largest armies of Anahuac; but to perceive this fact must have required all the cool circumspection which is the highest characteristic of true heroism. The assault of an Indian army was, in short, one of the many trials which are easily surmounted by the brave, but become fearfully perilous to the timid and irresolute.

The Tabascans, now convinced of their inferiority in strength, had none of the motives for persevering resistance which induced the haughty Aztec to prefer death to submission. The day after the battle of Ceutla, an embassy arrived in the Spanish camp bearing offers of peace and homage, which were, of course, readily accepted. Presents were exchanged, allegiance sworn to the King of Spain, and mass celebrated in the principal temple of Tabasco. After this, Cortes continued his voyage along the coast, until he anchored, as we have seen, off Vera Cruz on the 21st of May.

There was naturally great doubt, and great difference of opinion, in the royal council at Mexico, whether the Spaniards should be received in a friendly or a hostile manner. ‘But ‘Montezuma,’ says Mr Prescott, ‘preferred a halfway course —as usual, the most impolitic. He resolved to send an embassy ‘with such a magnificent present to the strangers, as should ‘impress them with a high idea of his grandeur and resources; ‘while, at the same time, he would forbid their approach to ‘his capital. This was to reveal at once both his wealth and ‘his weakness.’* We are rather inclined to dissent from this censure. We think that the determination of Montezuma was upon the whole the wisest that could have been taken; and we

* Prescott, i. 287.

suspect, from the conduct of Cortes, that he strongly felt the difficulty thus thrown in his way. It would have been folly to admit the formidable strangers into the heart of the Aztec Empire, if they could be kept out. It would have been equal folly to rush into hostilities against them, if they could be kept out peaceably. But there was a chance that, if neither welcomed nor provoked, they might depart in peace; and this chance we think Montezuma did right to essay. Indeed, there can be no doubt that his policy was very nearly successful. An invitation to the capital, or an unsuccessful assault upon the Spanish camp, would infallibly have been the signal for an immediate march upon Mexico. But the firm yet courteous prohibition of the Indian emperor, discouraged the Spaniards without exasperating them; and they became eager to set sail on their return to Cuba. Cortes himself was indeed, as usual, sanguine and resolute; but it is impossible to conceive that he could have prevailed on his followers to support him, had not a fortunate accident given him the means of raising their hopes of success.

Very shortly after the unfavourable message of Montezuma had been received, an embassy arrived in the Spanish camp from the Totonacs—an Indian tribe inhabiting the coast to the northward of Vera Cruz, and lately subdued by the Aztecs—bearing offers of allegiance, bitter complaints of oppression, and entreaties for protection. ‘This communication was eagerly listened to by the general. . . . An important truth now flashed on his mind; for his quick eye discerned, in this spirit of discontent, a potent lever, by the aid of which he might hope to overturn the barbaric empire.’* With as little delay as possible, he marched with his whole army to Cempoalla, the chief city of the Totonacs; where he was welcomed with the utmost delight and veneration. The whole nation was formally taken under the protection of Spain; the idols in the Cempoallan temples were thrown down and replaced by the crucifix; and a Spanish fortress or colony, to be named La Villa Rica, was founded upon the neighbouring coast. Some Aztec envoys who chanced to arrive in Cempoalla, and who threatened the Totonacs with the heavy displeasure of Montezuma, were arrested and expelled from the town; and owed their lives to the politic protection of Cortes himself. An embassy was speedily received from their master, remonstrating in very mild terms against this proceeding, and requiring an explanation. Cortes sent back a courteous but evasive answer; and concluded by stating

* Prescott, i. 299.

his intention to visit Mexico, and justify his conduct to the Emperor in person.

It was now, we think, that Montezuma was found wanting to his country and himself. After the communication received by Cortes at Vera Cruza, his present message, however respectful in terms, was, in fact, an open defiance of authority. A firm and temperate warning of the consequences, backed by a formidable show of preparation for resistance, might yet have induced the adventurers to pause before they suffered their leader to plunge them into a deadly conflict with a great Empire, of whose power and resources they were wholly ignorant. But Cortes, who perhaps feared such a measure, guarded against its possible effect, by a stroke of that prompt and perilous daring in which he surpassed all men. He exerted his authority and influence to procure a report from the pilots in charge of the fleet, that the ships were unseaworthy; and he unscrupulously acted upon this report, by ordering the whole squadron to be dismantled and sunk by a party of his most devoted followers, without the knowledge of the army. Had this measure been adopted by general consent, it would still have been one of the most daring recorded in history. But the peril which Cortes shared with his followers was trifling compared to that which he incurred from their resentment. The Spanish Chroniclers have not given us the particulars of the mutiny which took place, when the army first learned that their retreat had been wilfully cut off by their leader; but they agree that never was Cortes in greater danger, and that never did he more dejectedly and manfully confront it. It is certain that the indignation of the soldiers was speedily appeased; and that in a few hours they were eagerly summoning their general to lead them at once to the gates of Mexico.

On the 16th of August, the Spanish army, leaving a small garrison in Villa Rica, set forth from Cempoalla on their march to the capital. Their forces amounted to fifteen horsemen, four hundred foot soldiers, and thirteen hundred Totonac warriors; and they were provided with seven pieces of cannon. They proceeded for several days in undisturbed security; for Montezuma had shrunk from resenting the disobedience of Cortes as became an insulted sovereign. But the resistance which the Aztec Emperor dared not require from his own subjects, was soon attempted with the utmost valour and obstinacy by his hereditary enemies.

About halfway between Cempoalla and Mexico, lay the small mountainous state of Tlascalala. It was remarkable for containing the only tribe of Anahuac which had successfully resisted the Aztec arms. The Tlascalans, though ruder and poorer than

their kinsmen of Tenochtitlan, were in many respects the nobler race of the two. They were as pitiless in their enmity, and as sanguinary in their religious rites; but they were peaceable and inoffensive when unprovoked, eminent for honesty and good faith, and the most resolute and successful warriors in all Anahuac. Upon reaching the frontier of this province, Cortes halted and sent forward a Cempoallan embassy; requesting the alliance of the nation, and offering to assist them against Montezuma—whose enemy he now professed to be. But the Tlascalans either disbelieved his assurances, or, more provident than the Totonacs, suspected that the remedy might prove worse than the disease. With a duplicity very unlike their usual character, they pretended to accept the alliance of the Spaniard; but, at the same time, they made every preparation to resist his further progress. The invading force was successively encountered by two powerful Tlascalan armies, under their renowned general Xicotencatl. We wish that we could gratify our readers by extracting Mr Prescott's animated account of the desperate engagements which followed—of the brilliant array of Tlascalan warriors, resplendent in gold, jewels, and feathered mail—of the hideous shriek or whistle which accompanied their onset—and of the ferocity with which they attacked the Spaniards, cleaving down horse and man with the powerful *maquahuitl*.* The conquerors may have afterwards met with greater peril of discomfiture, but they were never so manfully withstood in the open field. At length, however, the horses, the fire-arms, and the discipline of the Europeans, directed by the genius of their Commander, prevailed over the tumultuous efforts of the Tlascalans, who were little superior to the other races of Anahuac in military skill or intelligence. One more effort was made, at the urgent entreaty of the indomitable Xicotencatl, to surprise the Spanish camp by night; but Cortes was upon his guard, and the assailants sustained a bloody repulse. This stroke finished the campaign. An embassy was sent to the Spaniards, requesting peace, and inviting them to Tlascala. They were hospitably received in that city on the 23d of September, and from that day the gallant mountaineers—as faithful and generous in friendship as they were fearless in war—became the most devoted allies of Cortes and his followers.

After residing about three weeks among their new confederates, the Spanish army continued their march, attended by 6000

* The *maquahuitl* was a sort of two-handed sword, resembling a quarter-staff, and edged with sharp and brittle blades of obsidian.

chosen Tlascalcan warriors, to the neighbouring city of Cholula, whose inhabitants had sent offers of hospitality to Cortes. Cholula was an ancient and beautiful town, and was looked upon as the metropolis of the Mexican religion—the Benares or Mecca of Anahuac. The adventurers were courteously and splendidly welcomed by the natives, and were quartered in one of the massive temples of the place, where they passed several days in security. But the sharp-sighted Tlascalans, who had frequently warned Cortes against the wily and perfidious character of the Cholulans, speedily brought him intelligence of secret preparations in the city for the destruction of the Spanish army. These suspicions were soon after confirmed by the wife of a Cholulan Cacique; from whom Cortes succeeded in procuring complete information of the intended treachery. The Spaniards were to be attacked and overwhelmed by numbers while leaving the city, in situations where their cavalry and artillery could not act; and a force of 20,000 Aztecs was actually encamped near Cholula, in readiness to assist the inhabitants in their perfidious design. The news gave great anxiety to Cortes, for he was already in the toils, and could only baffle the intention of his enemies by submitting to be blockaded in his quarters. But he thought it possible to tempt the Indians to a premature assault upon his present position, and thus to inflict a severe and discouraging blow upon them without exposing his own men. With this hope, he requested the Cholulans to supply him with 2000 warriors, to act as *tamanes*, or porters for the baggage of his army; and, in compliance with his request, the required number was, on the morning fixed for his departure, marched into the square or court around which the temple occupied by the Spaniards was built. Then Cortes, secure of his advantage, turned sternly to the Cholulan Caciques, and suddenly upbraided them with their attempted treachery. Before they could recover from their guilty astonishment, the fatal signal was given to the troops. A heavy fire was suddenly opened upon the panic-stricken *tamanes*, and a desperate charge made among them by the exasperated Spaniards. The Cholulan forces lying in ambuscade without fell into the snare. Overcome by rage and consternation at the news of the massacre, they deserted their posts in the town, and made a tumultuous attempt to storm the temple. But every preparation for defence had been warily made; and the Cholulans were not men to carry a strong post against means of defence which had foiled the warlike Tlascalans in the open field. The assailants—swept away by the artillery, driven back by the charges of the horse, and suddenly attacked in the rear by the zealous Tlascalans, who had been encamped without the city—speedily fled on every side;

and the Spaniards, sallying forth in pursuit, plundered the city, until recalled by the orders of Cortes.

Mr Prescott, always zealous in the cause of mercy and generosity, speaks with severe but not uncandid censure of the massacre of Cholula. He palliates it as the crime of an adventurous soldier in semi-barbarous times, and under bitter provocation; but he acknowledges that it has left a deep stain upon the memory of Cortes. We certainly think that he might have taken much higher ground in defence of his hero. He does not seem to consider that the assault upon the *tamanes* was not an act of vengeance, but a necessary stratagem to obtain deliverance. It was only by throwing the Cholulan ambuscades off their guard, that Cortes could hope to tempt them from their advantageous posts in the city. Nothing could have effected this more surely than the actual sight and sound of a conflict, in which their accomplices were perishing for want of rescue. The slaughter of so many defenceless men was no doubt a stern necessity, and we hope and believe that Cortes felt it as such; but we must remember that it *was* a necessity, and that the sufferers had helped to make it so by their own perfidy. Had they been dismissed unhurt, or had their countrymen possessed sufficient coolness to perceive the hopelessness of attempting to save them, the Spaniards could only have left Cholula by fighting their way through a labyrinth of narrow and blockaded streets—an enterprise which, even if finally successful, might well have anticipated the worst disasters of the *Noche triste*.

Some days after this catastrophe, Cortes quitted the humbled city of Cholula, and entered the hereditary dominions of the Aztec race. Here he was forsaken by the Totonac warriors who had followed him thus far. They had stood by him most bravely and faithfully throughout his perilous campaign in Tlascala; but not even the protection of the mighty strangers could embolden them to confront the offended presence of Montezuma. They were honourably dismissed by Cortes, and then the Spaniards and Tlascalans proceeded to surmount the rugged *sierra* which girds the valley of Mexico. After a toilsome march of two or three days, they arrived in sight of the promised land, lying at their feet in its belt of dark porphyry, and resplendent in the pure and lucid atmosphere of the Tropics. It was a scene of extraordinary beauty, blooming with rich cultivation, adorned with noble sheets of water and stately forests of oak and cedar, and gemmed with the white towers of towns and villages—some nestling amid the luxuriant foliage of the woods, and others appearing to float upon the blue surface of the lakes. So striking was the spectacle, and such a promise of power and prosperity

did it display, that the feeblér spirits among the invaders were ready to abandon their enterprise in the very crisis of its fate; and it required all the energy of their resolute leader to restore their zeal for the trial.

Descending the slope of the mountains which form the southern bulwark of the valley, the adventurers proceeded without opposition until they reached Ajotzinco, a large town at the southern extremity of the Lake of Chalco; where they were visited and welcomed by the King of Tezcuco, formerly the ally and colleague of the Mexican Emperor, but now the greatest of his vassals. Under this honourable guidance, Cortes marched across the causeway which divides the lakes of Chalco and Xochichalco; and proceeded along the eastern shore of the latter to the beautiful city of Iztapalapan. And on the 8th of November he quitted this, his last halting-place, and advanced upon the eastern branch of the great southern causeway of Mexico. During his passage, the lake, on both sides of the dike, was filled with canoes, and even its edges were crowded with eager spectators. The feelings of the Aztecs—a conquering and imperious race, who suddenly saw their power defied, and their homage claimed, by a band of wandering strangers, the allies of the detested Tlascalans—may be more easily imagined than described. But those of the triumphant invaders were far from those of unmixed exultation; and the boldest Spaniards confessed that their hearts sank within them, when the closing gates of the fort of Xoloc announced that they were fairly enclosed in the stronghold of great Montezuma.

At this point—a gateway placed at the spot where the two branches of the southern causeway united—the army was received by the Mexican Emperor in person—a man well qualified, in outward show at least, to represent the barbaric prince. He was in the prime of life, graceful in presence, and handsome in countenance. His portrait, with its regular features, its mild and melancholy eye, and its general air of calm and mournful dignity, bears some resemblance to that of another victim of Spanish ambition—the Moorish prince Boabdil el Chico—so like Montezuma in his character and his misfortunes. Not all the tormenting anxiety of his mind could disturb the self-possession of his deportment; and the Spanish Cavaliers—always excellent judges of politeness—were charmed with the lofty courtesy of his manners, at once full of the consciousness of superiority, and wholly free from its assumption. We pass over Mr Prescott's picturesque description of the courtly greetings which masked the fears of Montezuma, and the wary distrust of Cortes; as well as of the barbaric splendour with which

the Spaniards and their allies were welcomed to the imperial city. They were quartered in a large range of buildings near the centre of the city, which had formerly been the palace of the Emperor Axayacatl, Montezuma's father; and here they passed several days in repose, constantly visited by the Emperor, and supplied with every comfort by the citizens.

This state of security could not long endure. Cortes, though he somewhat mistook the real character of the Aztec nation, was not so far deceived as to doubt their impatience of his presence. Montezuma had indeed let fall some complimentary expressions, which implied willingness to acknowledge the supremacy of Spain; but it was doubtful whether, supposing him to be in earnest, his subjects would allow him to carry out such an intention. It was soon a subject of anxious consideration with Cortes, what security against a revolt of the city he could find a pretext for demanding; and his plans were hastened by unfavourable tidings from the coast. An Aztec Cacique, named Quauhpopoca, had assaulted the new settlement at Villa Rica; and had been only repulsed after a severe battle, in which the Spanish Commander and several of his men lost their lives. Cortes resolved to make this outrage a plea for the extraordinary measure of requesting, and if necessary compelling, Montezuma to take up his residence in the Spanish quarters—in other words, to become a hostage for the peaceable behaviour of his subjects. The Emperor was at first deeply indignant at this daring proposal. But the courteous entreaties of Cortes were backed by the menacing looks and weapons of his most resolute officers; and Montezuma, with his usual timid anxiety to postpone the struggle which he ought to have seen was inevitable, gave a tardy and reluctant consent. He passed with his whole personal retinue, amid the silent consternation of his subjects, to the palace of Axayacatl, where he was received by his captors with the most profound respect. This surprising event took place only a week after the first arrival of the Spaniards in Mexico.

Here, again, we think Mr Prescott has been somewhat too rigid in his judgment upon the conduct of Cortes. He considers it merely as a stroke of policy, intended to enable the Spaniards to govern in Montezuma's name; and pronounces it 'a proceeding to which few men could have been equal who had a touch of humanity in their natures.*' But we must remember that the lives of the adventurers were at stake, as well as their influence. Rightly or wrongly, they had placed themselves in a

position of fearful peril ; and it is too much to expect any extraordinary delicacy from men so situated. We should be sorry to argue for expediency against morality ; and we by no means assent to Mr Prescott's concession, that, if the conquest of Mexico were a duty, whatever was necessary to effect it became right also. But though to do evil that good may follow can never be justifiable, it may, where the evil is trifling and the good important, become far from inexcusable. We think the severest moralist might pause before pronouncing a General insensible to humanity, because he cared little for the pride of an Indian prince when the lives of his own followers were at stake. But this is conceding too much. We do not admit that the mortification inflicted on Montezuma was undeserved. We do not admit that his seizure was, what Mr Prescott calls it, the 'kidnapping of a friendly sovereign.' It was the disarming of a secret enemy. No doubt, he had received the Spaniards with an imposing show of courtesy and friendship. But, while making these professions, he was, as we shall soon find, instigating the assault upon Villa Rica ; and, just before, had been in all probability the originator of the conspiracy at Cholula. Surely it was not for such a man to complain that the Spaniards showed want of consideration for his feelings and his dignity. It was something—for Spanish adventurers in the sixteenth century it was much—if they forbore to inflict upon him the fate which he had intended for them. We firmly believe, that Cortes was the only Captain of his day in whose hands Montezuma's life would have been safe for a single moment, after it had become possible to destroy him.

In the mean time, Quauhpopoca had been deprived of his government by the authority of his sovereign, and sent under arrest to the capital. Upon his arrival, he was tried and executed, his proceedings being solemnly disowned by Montezuma. But the unfortunate Cacique and his principal accomplices united in throwing the blame of their enterprise upon their perfidious master ; and we are sorry to add, that Cortes, giving faith to their assertions, vented his passion by ordering his royal guest to be confined in fetters. • His better nature soon made him ashamed of so useless and ungenerous an insult, and he did what little he could to soothe the anguish inflicted by his cruelty ; but nothing could restore the peace of mind and self-respect of the unhappy captive.

Every thing appeared, for three or four months after the seizure of Montezuma, to favour the projects of the Spaniards. The Aztecs continued to obey their Emperor with their usual submissive loyalty, although he remained under restraint. Montezuma himself was induced, without any apparent reluctance,

to perform his promises by publicly swearing allegiance to Spain. Cacama, King of Tezcuco, who protested against this abandonment of national independence as the result of compulsion, was deposed in favour of his brother, a boy of fifteen. Above all, one of the principal Mexican temples was assigned as a place of worship for the Spaniards, the idols were removed, and mass was solemnly performed in the face of the whole city. But this last innovation was too much for Aztec fanaticism. The whole influence of the Priesthood was immediately exerted to inflame the resentment of the people, and it soon became clear that an open struggle was at hand. Montezuma himself warned the Spaniards that the gods had spoken; that he could no longer protect them; and that instant departure was their only hope of safety. Cortes so far acted upon his information, as to make every preparation for a resolute defence; though it seems clear that the past submission of the Mexicans still caused him, acute as he was, to undervalue their stubborn and vindictive bravery. But while affairs were in this state of menacing tranquillity at the capital, tidings arrived from the coast which warned the Spanish General of a new, an unexpected, and a formidable danger.

Velasquez, the capricious and offended patron of Cortes, had not failed to vow revenge for the very justifiable stratagem by which his Lieutenant had baffled his tyrannical designs. He lost no time in assembling an army and equipping a fleet; the command of which he entrusted to Panfilo de Narvaez, a brave but rash and arrogant officer. This new armament consisted of eighteen vessels, carrying a force of eight hundred infantry and eighty cavalry—the whole, as Mr Prescott remarks, forming the most powerful armament ever till then equipped in the western hemisphere. On the 23d of April 1520, Narvaez arrived at the anchorage of the fleet destroyed by Cortes; and immediately sent messengers to the settlement at Villa Rica, announcing his authority to supersede and arrest Cortes, and requiring an immediate surrender. Villa Rica was at this time commanded by Gonzalo de Sandoval, one of the bravest, and decidedly the most skilful, the most trustworthy, and the most attached, among the companions of Cortes. He promptly sent off the messengers of Narvaez, under close arrest, to Mexico; and then proceeded, with a stubborn resolution worthy of the great soldier whose favourite pupil he was, to prepare his handful of followers for a desperate defence of their post.

The news might have shaken any heart less stout than that of Cortes. Beset as he was in the capital of a hostile Empire, he now found his principal support—the name of the power as whose

representative he had appeared—taken from him, and likely to be used for his destruction. His first step was to send back the envoys of Narvaez with cordial offers of friendship, and earnest representations of the common ruin to which hostilities between them must lead; and he then resolutely made his preparations for the worst. He knew that, if he remained at Mexico, he must sooner or later be overpowered; for Narvaez had expressed his determination to set free Montezuma, and the whole Aztec nation were sure to join him against the dreaded *Malintzin*. A sudden and successful *coup-de-main* was his only chance of escape; and that chance, desperate as it seemed, Cortes embraced. He was well aware that Narvaez was indolent and reckless; and that he had become unpopular among his troops, who cared much for the plunder of Tenochtitlan, and little for the punishment of its captors. He thought that, though a decisive victory was impossible, a partial disgrace might easily be inflicted upon such a General, and must greatly disgust and dishearten such an army. A single superficial triumph would be sure to make an opening for intrigue and for mutiny; and he might thus at once get rid of his enemy, and procure a powerful reinforcement. Thus reasoning, Cortes set off from Mexico with seventy picked followers, leaving a strong garrison in the palace of Axayacatl; and, drawing in one or two detachments on his route, arrived at the coast with two hundred and sixty-six men. The success of his daring scheme was far more rapid and complete than he could have ventured to hope. The troops of Narvaez were quartered in the town of Cempoalla, with scarcely the ordinary precautions against surprise, which every small foraging or reconnoitring party adopts in the presence of an enemy. Cortes selected a dark and stormy night—entered Cempoalla with his whole force, and, penetrating to the quarters of Narvaez, made him prisoner, with all his personal attendants. A few desultory attempts to assist or rescue the captured General were easily repulsed—the whole loss on both sides amounting to only eighteen men slain. In the morning, the main body of the discomfited army—some discouraged by the loss of their commander, and others, no doubt, heartily glad of an excuse to exchange the service of so incompetent a chief for that of the renowned Cortes—surrendered without further resistance. Fortunate it was for all parties that such was the result; for had Narvaez overpowered his enemy, and taken the command at Mexico, not a Spaniard would ever have returned to tell the tale of the *Noche Triste*.

Scarcely had this formidable peril vanished—scarcely had Cortes secured his triumph, by reconciling the jealousies of his old and new followers—when a messenger arrived from Mexico,

bearing the dreaded news that hostilities had actually commenced. The Spaniards had been assaulted more than once, though not yet seriously; and were now upon the point of being blockaded in their quarters by a rapidly increasing force. The prospect of danger was most formidable; but Cortes, even could he have persuaded himself to relinquish the capital, was not a man to desert his comrades. He left Cempoalla at once, with all his own men, and as many of the late followers of Narvaez as he could prevail upon to accompany him; and with this force, amounting to 1000 foot and 100 horse, he arrived at Mexico on the 24th of June. He was permitted to cross the valley, and enter the city without opposition; and, indeed, he every where remarked, with great anxiety, the ominous distrust with which the natives avoided his line of march. But the deadly provocation which the Aztecs had received in his absence, and the implacable vehemence of their resentment, far surpassed his gloomiest anticipations.

Pedro de Alvarado, the officer left in command at Mexico, was a Cavalier of daring courage and brilliant accomplishments; but reckless and imprudent in his conduct, and of a rash, fiery, and sometimes ferocious temper. He had the folly and the wickedness to perpetrate, in the great temple of Huitzilopochli, a massacre, which only differed from that of Cholula, in being apparently unprovoked, and certainly unnecessary. Six hundred Aztecs, including many nobles of the highest rank, were said to have perished in it; and the consequence was, of course, the rising in arms of the whole nation. The outrage was as senseless as it was atrocious. Alvarado himself could only excuse it by a vague and improbable tale of concealed weapons and intended treachery; and his real motives are so inexplicable, as to reduce some Spanish historians to the shameful conjecture, that their countrymen actually murdered the unhappy Indians, in order to despoil them, like common thieves, of their dress and ornaments. Cortes was struck with consternation by this dreadful tale; he listened to the report of Alvarado in silence, and turned from him, at its conclusion, with a brief and bitter rebuke. But the mischief was irreparable. To inflict the heavy penalty which he had often justly exacted for far less guilty excesses, would have been an act of unjustifiable, because useless and impolitic, severity. No reparation could have pacified the infuriated Aztecs; and the bravery of the delinquent, together with his powerful influence over the soldiers, were likely to prove of the highest value in the impending struggle. Nothing, therefore, remained but a contest for life or death, between about

1200 Spaniards and 8000 Tlascalans on the one side, and the whole Mexican Empire on the other.

It should seem that the Aztecs, although they might easily have overpowered Alvarado and his garrison, had purposely refrained from pressing the assault, in order to lure back Cortes and the rest of his followers to the capital, and crush the whole invading army together. But scarcely was it known that *Malintzin* was returned to the palace of Axayacatl, when the deserted streets of Mexico were filled with an innumerable army, headed by all the chivalry of the Empire; and the Spanish quarters were desperately assaulted on every side. The attack continued with unabated fury during the five or six following days; though, fortunately for the wearied garrison, the prejudices of the Aztecs forbade any attempts to surprise the place by night. But from sunrise to sunset the besiegers kept up a constant and harassing flight of missiles; and made such daring efforts to enter the palace, that it was more than once upon the point of being carried by storm. The Spaniards, on the other hand, behaved with their usual skill and valour. They had thirteen pieces of cannon mounted, which never failed to inflict severe loss upon the Aztecs as they advanced to scale the walls; and they met the surviving assailants with such determined resolution, that all who succeeded in penetrating the outer defences perished to a man. The streets were frequently cleared for a considerable distance by the desperate sallies of the cavalry; and these charges were invariably led by Cortes himself, who excited the enthusiastic admiration of the whole army by his prowess in the *mêlée*, and above all, by his self-devotion in rescuing such of his comrades as were in danger of capture. Upon the third day of the siege, it became necessary to drive the enemy out of the great Temple of Huitzilopochli, which commanded the Spanish fortress; and the place was accordingly stormed by three hundred picked men, headed as usual by Cortes, though he was partially disabled by a wound. The defence was desperate; but, after a conflict of three hours, the Temple was carried sword in hand, and the Aztecs who occupied it were almost all cut off. But all these feats of valour seemed ineffectual. The losses of the besiegers were supplied by constant reinforcements, and they persisted in their attacks with undiminished ferocity.

Several attempts at negotiation were made by the garrison, but all proved wholly unsuccessful. The Aztecs would give no answer except the declaration, that the whole invading army should perish upon the altars which they had violated. But what appalled the sagacious Cortes far more than the most boastful threats of vengeance, was the calm and rational view

which the enemy seemed to take of their real strength and prospects of victory. They knew, they said, that they could only hope to succeed after numerous failures and severe loss. But they also knew, that success was sooner or later certain, and they were content to buy the life of every Spaniard with those of a hundred Mexicans. Men who could reason thus were dangerous enemies; because they were comparatively secure against the demoralizing influence of defeat, usually so fatal to barbarian armies. It was, however, thought by Cortes, that the influence of Montezuma, who still resided in the palace of Axayacatl, might be exerted to procure favourable terms for the garrison. The captive Emperor willingly consented to make the attempt; for he knew that the unmolested departure of the Spanish army would effect his own liberation; while a triumph over them, achieved in his absence and against his known desire, might be fatal to his authority over his warlike subjects. On the morning of the third day of the siege, he appeared upon the ramparts of the besieged palace, clad in his royal robes, and attended by his whole retinue. He addressed the assailants with his usual dignity, and was at first listened to with profound respect. But when it appeared that he was recommending a truce with the invaders, he was interrupted by curses and revilings, and at length received a severe wound by a volley of missiles from his infuriated audience. The injury was not in itself mortal; but the grief and mortification of Montezuma at such an unprecedented outrage, were too much for his haughty spirit to endure. He expired—to appearance of fever, but in truth of a broken heart—on the 30th of June. He was treated with every possible attention during his short illness; and his body was surrendered to the Aztec chiefs by the Spaniards, all of whom seem to have felt sincere sympathy for the misfortunes of their gracious and courteous host.

The present state of affairs could not last. Nearly three hundred Spaniards, and a great number of Tlascalans, had already been slain or disabled; and another week like the past would leave the garrison incapable of manning the walls of their fortress. Provisions and ammunition were becoming scarce; and, above all, the untried and undisciplined levies of Narvaez were fast losing their self-command, and had already shown ominous symptoms of insubordination. The sole resource left to the besieged, was a desperate effort to cut their way through the enemy to Tlascala; and such was their reluctant determination. The arrangements for their retreat were soon made. The van of the army was commanded by Sandoval, the main body by Cortes himself, and the rear by Alvarado and Velasquez de Leon

—a brave and high-born Cavalier, who had led the assault upon Cempoalla. The line of march was to be the western causeway, which connected the capital with the neighbouring town of Tlacopan or Tacuba, and was the shortest of the three.

On the night of the 1st of July 1520—a night memorable for its terrors in the annals of New Spain—the besieged army, after hearing mass, marched forth in deep silence from the palace of Axayacatl. They traversed the city unopposed, and apparently unobserved, and arrived in safety upon the causeway of Tacuba. It was about two miles in length, and was intersected by three wide moats or trenches. The first was easily crossed by means of a portable bridge, which Cortes had taken the precaution to provide. But, in the mean time, the alarm was given; the great Mexican war-drum sounded from the summit of the Temple of Huitzilopochli; the dashing of oars was heard rapidly advancing through the stillness of the tropical night; the lake was covered by a rush of innumerable canoes; and the Aztec warriors scaled the causeway on both sides with their usual impetuosity. But amid the fearful tumult of the night-attack, the Spaniards still preserved their presence of mind, and fought their way steadily forward, without any serious loss, until they reached the second gap in the dike. Here the great disaster of that fatal night took place. The portable bridge was eagerly called for, but it was found that the passage of the artillery had wedged it so firmly into the earth of the causeway, that its extrication was impossible. These dreadful tidings shook for a time the firmness of the boldest veterans; and a disorderly rush was made through the shallow water, in which many lives were lost. It is easy to imagine the advantage which the Aztecs, in their canoes, possessed over men swimming for their lives; and, indeed, nothing but the assistance of the horses, most of which perished in this desperate service, and the daring exertions of their riders, enabled the Spaniards to obtain a footing beyond the trench. This, however, was at length effected; the water, being choked with carriages, rubbish, and the bodies of the slain, became tolerably passable; and the army passed slowly on, though still assaulted on every side. It now seemed as if the worst were over; for Cortes, and most of his choicest followers, outstripping the main body of the assailants, arrived at the third trench, and passed it with comparative expedition. But it was soon perceived that the rearguard was making no progress to join them. They were hemmed in by the Aztecs, and would have been already cut off but for the exertions of the fierce Alvarado, who, though wounded and unhorsed, continued to rally his soldiers, and make good his hopeless post against

the enemy. The attempt to rescue him appeared utterly desperate; but the heroic Cortes did not hesitate for a moment. Wounded and weary as he was, he plunged at once into the lake with Sandoval and all his surviving horsemen; reached the scene of action; and, driving back the Mexicans by a desperate charge, enabled most of the infantry to cross the third trench unmolested. But the enemy quickly rallied; the cavalry sustained some loss before they regained the mainland; and none of those whom they left behind succeeded in escaping, except Alvarado himself. He was almost the last man to attempt the passage, and his fate seemed certain; but upon reaching the water's edge, the desperate soldier sprang clear over the trench, with an effort so tremendous, that even his infuriated pursuers paused in astonishment at the sight, and the spot was long after known as the Leap of Alvarado. The battle was now nearly at an end. The remnant of the Spanish army had reached the termination of the causeway; and the Aztecs, whose loss must have been exceedingly severe, showed no desire to intercept their retreat, by renewing the conflict upon the mainland.

There can be no doubt that the passage of the Tacuban causeway would have been regarded, under any ordinary circumstances, not merely as a most providential deliverance, but as a stronger proof of Spanish superiority, than the most decisive victory upon equal terms. An army of little more than seven thousand men, compelled to force their way through such formidable natural obstacles, and that opposed by a force of probably ten times their number, might well consider any thing short of utter annihilation as a glorious triumph. The escape of Cortes himself, with most of his chief officers, and so many of his bravest followers, might therefore have been expected to fill the Mexicans with disappointment and mortification. But the present was no common contest. It was a contest in which the one party openly acknowledged the superior prowess of the other, and risked their hopes of final success solely upon obstinate perseverance in braving defeat. Every success, no matter how imperfect or inglorious—every loss to the enemy, no matter at what expense inflicted—nay, every defeat which helped to exhaust the strength of the victors—was a subject for exultation to the vindictive Aztecs. A few more months of struggles and sufferings—a little more patience under disgrace and discomfiture—and the mighty invaders would be remembered with the Mammoth and the Mastodon, the evil genii of Indian tradition. The present victory, if victory it could be called, was at all events sufficient to destroy the *prestige* of Spanish invincibility. It was the first conflict in which they had failed to overthrow the army

opposed to them. It was the first in which they had abandoned the field of battle to their enemies. Above all, it was the first in which they had sustained a loss of life at all proportioned to the apparent severity of the action. About four hundred and fifty Spaniards, besides nearly four thousand Tlascalans, had been drowned, slain, or taken prisoners. All the horses but twenty-three had perished; the artillery was, of course, entirely lost; and even the muskets and ammunition had been abandoned during the desperate exertion of fording the trenches. Not more than five hundred Spaniards and two thousand Tlascalans remained in fighting condition; and these could only hope for safety by forcing their way through the triumphant enemy, until they should reach Tlascala. It is true that this loss had fallen chiefly upon the soldiers of Narvaez, who composed the rearguard; that, except the gallant Velasquez de Leon, few or no Cavaliers of distinction had fallen; and that Cortes had the consolation of seeing most of his old companions—the veterans of Tabasco and Tlascala—still around him. But the prospect was nevertheless most dispiriting; and the fatal battle upon the causeway has constantly been known in Spanish history by the gloomy title of *La Noche Triste*.

For seven days the Spaniards continued their toilsome march around the northern extremity of the Mexican lakes, and through the *sierra* upon the north-eastern side of the valley. They suffered much from hunger and fatigue; and something from the assaults of the natives, who frequently occupied the heights commanding the road, and annoyed the army with their missiles. But no serious attempt was made to interrupt the retreat, and Cortes began to hope that he should reach Tlascala without any further difficulty. He was soon terribly undeceived. Upon surmounting the ridge which commands the valley of Otompan or Otumba, the Spaniards found their road beset by the whole force of the surrounding country, in such numbers, that the plain appeared to be filled to the very horizon with weapons and banners. It was a sight which might have chilled the boldest heart; ‘and surely,’ said the dauntless Cortes himself, ‘we all believed this to be the last of our days.’ But the habitual cruelty of the Aztecs defeated its own object. Could the Spaniards have hoped for safety in captivity, it is probable that few, wearied and disheartened as they were, would have followed their General to the assault. But the recollection of the *stone of sacrifice* in the bloody temple of Huitzilopochli, gave unnatural energy to every man among them; and they charged their enemies with their usual determined valour. The encounter was far more arduous and doubtful than usual; for the Mexicans, no

longer kept at bay by the fire-arms, closed so resolutely and in such rapid succession, that, although continually beaten off, they were on the point of overpowering the Spaniards by the bodily fatigue of the struggle. The progress of the little phalanx through the disorderly multitude became every moment more laborious; and nothing but the occasional respites afforded by the desperate charges of the cavalry, enabled them to keep their ranks. At length the infantry, worn out by wounds and labour, came to a halt; and the weary horses could scarcely repel the assailants, who crowded upon them, says a Spanish Chronicler, like breakers round an islet. But the army was rescued, in this desperate crisis, by the coolness and daring of their General. It chanced that they had penetrated in a direction towards the post of the Mexican Commander-in-chief; and that, during their last deadly struggle, his banner and retinue were visible close in the rear of the assailants. Cortes perceived at a glance the unexpected chance of rescue and victory. He made a sudden and furious charge, cut through the enemy with a few of his bravest Cavaliers, and killed the Mexican General upon the spot with his own hand. Strange as it may seem, the Indians were terror-struck at the moment of victory, by the fall of a man who appears to have been a mere spectator of the battle. They paused in their attack; and their confusion was rapidly changed to a panic and a rout by the resolute advance of the Spanish army. Faint and weary as the victors were, their pursuit was bloody and unsparring. The inveteracy of their enemies had roused them to ferocity; and now, in the simple but significant language of one who shared in their sufferings and their revenge, 'their wounds no longer pained them, and they ceased to feel hunger and thirst.' The overthrow was complete; and on the succeeding day the Spaniards passed the frontier of Tlascala.

It was still an anxious doubt with Cortes, how far his allies might be disposed to take advantage of his forlorn condition. But he soon found that the single-hearted mountaineers were far superior to so inglorious a revenge. They had begun to regard the Spaniards with the affection which the brave man feels for the faithful comrade of his perils and victories, and they now welcomed them with the warmest compassion and admiration. Nothing was omitted which kindness could do to relieve the wants, to cheer the hearts, and to raise the hopes of the fugitives; and Cortes was solemnly assured by the Chiefs of the Republic, that they would be 'his sure and true friends, even to the death.' An Aztec embassy, sent to request the Tlascalans to make common cause with the nations of Anahuac against the invaders, was dismissed with a peremptory refusal; and when

Xicotencatl—who possessed the courage and constancy, but not the generous simplicity, of a Tlascalan warrior—ventured to support their demand, he was driven from the council-chamber by the insults of his indignant colleagues.

Cortes, undismayed by his late disasters, was now more confident than ever of the final conquest of Mexico. He saw that he had miscalculated the spirit and the resources of the nation—that they were not men to allow their capital to be seized by a handful of invaders, however formidable for military skill and prowess. But he also saw great prospect of his being able to meet them with equal forces and on equal terms. He found himself in secure possession of a place of refuge in the heart of Anahuac, from which the whole power of the Aztec Empire could not hope to expel him. He knew that many of the surrounding tribes were disaffected, and that few or none were sincerely devoted to their tyrannical masters. It would be easy, he thought, to sally forth from the mountains of Tlascala; gradually to extend his campaigns over the neighbouring country; and to add to his alliance, by force or by persuasion, the principal subject races of Anahuac. He might thus make his army the nucleus of a confederacy, whose forces would be sufficient to invade the valley of Mexico, besiege the capital, and crush for ever the Aztec dominion.

It took some time to cure the wounds and revive the spirits of the exhausted Spaniards; but still it was early in the autumn when the indefatigable Cortes left Tlascala with his whole army and a strong body of auxiliaries. He first marched against the Tepeacans—a powerful neighbouring tribe, who had been active in interrupting and massacring certain Spanish stragglers during the retreat from Mexico—and overthrew their forces in two pitched battles. The Tepeacans—probably sincerely desirous to side with the stronger party, and caring little which might prove so—readily offered their submission; and Cortes fixed his headquarters in their capital. He then besieged two towns on the Mexican frontier which were garrisoned by the Aztecs, stormed them both, and signally defeated an Aztec army which advanced to relieve them. The Cholulans eagerly offered him their alliance—several smaller districts were reduced by his lieutenants—and, in short, the whole country, from the *sierra* of Mexico eastward, was overrun by the Spanish arms. In the mean time, the army received a considerable force of recruits, with a supply of arms, artillery, and ammunition, from some ships which chanced to touch at Vera Cruz; and Cortes now thought himself strong enough to recommence his unparalleled enterprise. He passed some time at Tepeaca, using every means

to confirm and conciliate his new allies ; and then returned in triumph to Tlascala, to prepare for a second invasion of the valley of Mexico. On the 28th of December, the conqueror took his final departure from Tlascala. His army consisted of 600 Spanish soldiers, with nine cannon, and about forty horses ; and of a very large body of Indians, comprising the flower of the Tlascalan, Cholulan, and Tepeacan warriors. Thus provided, he traversed the *sierra*, descended unopposed into the valley, and, on New Year's-eve, fixed his headquarters in the royal city of Tezcuco, whose King and citizens deserted their dwelling at the approach of the invaders.

Cuitlahua, the brother and successor of Montezuma, had died suddenly during the operations in Tepeaca and the neighbouring provinces ; and their nephew Guatemozin—a youth already eminent for courage, ability, and a deadly hatred of the Spaniards—was now Emperor of Mexico. After vainly attempting to move the resolute spirit of his new opponent by threats and promises, Cortes, about a week from his arrival in Tezcuco, commenced hostilities by marching upon the neighbouring city of Iztapalapan. He defeated the Aztec garrison, stormed the place, and destroyed a considerable part of it. But he was near paying a heavy price for his victory ; for the retreating Indians broke up the dikes which protected the streets from the waters of the lake, and it was with considerable difficulty that the army extricated themselves from the flood. The General's next step was to send a detachment under Sandoval to occupy Chalco, a town upon the eastern shore of the lake of the same name, whose inhabitants had intimated their desire to shake off the Aztec yoke. The Spaniards were again victorious ; they repulsed the Aztecs, gained possession of the town, and returned in safety to Tezcuco. In the mean time, Cortes himself was diligently employed in reconciling the feuds of his Indian allies, and in preparing for a reconnoitring expedition to Tacuba.

Early in the spring, accordingly, the army left Tezcuco, marched round the north-eastern side of the valley, and succeeded in storming an insular town named Xaltocan, which lay in the northern extremity of the lakes. They then turned to the southward, by the same route which so many of them had traversed in disorder and despair after the battle upon the causeway ; reduced several towns of inferior consequence ; and finally, after a severe battle and a complete victory, entered Tacuba. Here they remained for six days—in sight of the capital, and engaged in constant skirmishes with its defenders—and then returned to Tezcuco by the way they left it, administering upon

their march a bloody repulse to an Aztec detachment which endeavoured to harass their rear.

Another expedition to the relief of Chalco, commanded, as before, by the trusty Sandoval, was still more completely successful than the former. The brave Cavalier defeated the Aztecs in a pitched battle; stormed, with incredible toil and danger, two strongholds among the skirts of the southern *sierra*, which had been garrisoned to overawe the revolted city; and returned to Tezcuco with little loss. About the same time, a strong reinforcement, and a considerable supply of stores, arrived at the camp from Villa Rica, where three Spanish vessels had arrived, freighted with supplies for their adventurous countrymen.

Upon the 5th of April 1521, Cortes set forth upon a second reconnoitring expedition, in which he intended to make the circuit of the whole valley. He marched southward by Chalco, entered the neighbouring *sierra* by the same passes which Sandoval had penetrated in his last expedition, and, after repulsing several attempts at annoyance by the natives, and storming the strong city of Cuernavaca, emerged again from the mountains upon the south-western side of the valley. Xochimilco, a large city upon the western shore of the lake of Xochichalco, was the next object of his attack. He expelled the Aztec garrison, occupied the place, and defeated, after a desperate battle, a large force sent from Mexico to recover it. The Spaniards then proceeded without opposition to Cojohuacan, a town commanding the western branch of the great southern causeway of Mexico. They even advanced along the dike, and stormed the fort of Xoloc, but did not venture to assault the city. After this, they left Cojohuacan, reached Tacuba after a sharp skirmish with the enemy, and then, pursuing the same route as on their return from the former reconnoitring expedition, regained Tezcuco after an absence of three weeks.

We have hurried as rapidly as possible through these preliminary operations—the soarings and wheelings of the falcon before stooping on his prey—in order to come at once to the great closing struggle of the Aztec monarchy. But, uninteresting as in our hands they may appear, we think that no reader acquainted with Mr Prescott's work will be surprised at our reluctance to pass them over in entire silence. There is scarcely one of the marches and skirmishes thus briefly and dryly enumerated which does not recall to the memory some feat of heroism, some romantic trait of character, or some perilous vicissitude of fortune. We would gladly fill whole pages with Mr Prescott's spirited descriptions of the flood at Iztapalapan, the storming of the precipice at Jacapichtla, the fearful passage of the ravine at Cuer-

navaca, the exploits of Sandoval upon his chestnut steed Motilla, or the capture and rescue of Cortes at Xochimilco. Such, indeed, were the dangers confronted and the courage displayed by the Spaniards, that not even their continual success can diminish our anxious interest in their fate. We follow the little army through its adventures as landsmen watch a vessel in a tempest. Long as they have floated in safety, we constantly expect to see them overwhelmed by the next coming wave.

Cortes, on his return to Tezcuco, found every thing prepared for the siege of Mexico. He had a force of nine hundred Spanish soldiers, eighty-seven of whom were horsemen, and a hundred and eighteen musketeers; and he possessed eighteen pieces of cannon. He had, moreover, procured the construction of twelve brigantines, or small sailing craft, which had been built at Tlascala under the direction of a skilful architect named Lopez, taken to pieces, and transported across the mountains by a body of Indian *tamanes*—a thing, said Cortes—and he was no boaster—marvellous to see or hear of. These vessels were by this time completely put together and rigged, and they were launched, as soon as the General had inspected them, amid universal exultation. The largest among them was probably scarcely larger than a modern revenue-cutter, for we find that the crews necessary to work them averaged only a dozen hands each. But to the ignorant Indians the flotilla of *Malintzin* no doubt seemed composed of so many floating castles.

These preparations were, however, interrupted by a strange and dismal event. The Tlascalan prince Xicotencatl, whom the Spaniards had long found a surly and reluctant ally, could no longer endure to assist in an enterprise so likely to make the hated strangers supreme throughout Anahuac. He abruptly left Tezcuco, and scornfully rejected every command and solicitation to return. The moment was thought to require prompt and severe measures, and Cortes was not a man to lose his authority for want of them. The unfortunate Cacique was seized at Tlascala, sent under arrest to the camp, tried, condemned, and publicly executed as a traitor. His punishment was clearly according to the laws of war; but nothing except urgent necessity could justify the strict enforcement of those laws in the case of an untutored Indian. What particular circumstances induced Cortes to make so formidable an example, we are not informed; but, as he had no conceivable personal motive for the act, and as the Tlascalans appear to have acquiesced without a murmur in its justice, we may hope that the defection of the chief was a more dangerous crisis than at first sight it appears.

friendly relation, no means would exist of lessening their mutual prejudices, or of producing mutual respect and esteem; they would consequently regard each other with feelings of hostility. Sectarian seminaries of every kind are, from their very constitution, nurseries of bigotry and intolerance; and all experience proves, that the education of the youth of the country in such institutions, would do more than all other causes combined, to strengthen the virulence of party spirit, and to embitter and perpetuate religious animosities.

It gives us pleasure to close the foregoing observations with the opinions expressed in the following passage from the eloquent 'Inaugural Address,' which the present Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow delivered on occasion of his recent installation in that high office.* We honour him for the firmness and candour with which he, on so marked an occasion, expressed his own sound and enlightened convictions, before an audience which, whatever may have been the case with the younger members of the University, contained among the Professors some of the most inveterate supporters of the reprobated Test:—

'One thing I do indeed deeply regret, and speaking in accordance with the sentiments of many, and in earnest prayer for the welfare of this University, I trust I may, without offence, express my regret that the same liberality which has opened your schools to the taught has not been extended to the selection of the teachers. Making the proper and necessary exception of those chairs which are devoted to teach the doctrines of the Established Church, may we not ask why the other chairs of this University—its secular chairs—should not be open to a candidate bringing admitted superiority in science—what is not less important, nor less rare, extraordinary power of communicating knowledge, and exciting the emulation of his students—and withal unimpeachable character, merely because he may not agree in all things, possibly in some nice point of church government, with the views of the Establishment? May we not ask whether danger *now* exists to require the rejection from your secular chairs of men—it may be of European celebrity—who would make your schools the resort of all generous and aspiring youth? Shall we still require tests which might have repelled the scrupulous consciences of William Hunter, of Locke, or of Newton? William Hunter has enriched your college by his donations, not of books only and medals, though

* *Inaugural Address by Andrew Rutherford, Esq. M.P., on his Installation as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, (Jan. 10, 1845.)—P. 10.*

'these are the rarest and choicest of their kind, but by a museum much more valuable—the result of his labours in anatomical science—and showing how much may be accomplished by one man ardently devoted to the pursuit of knowledge. His biographer tells me, that from scruples of conscience he left the profession of the Church, to which his father had intended him; and the same scruples might have prevented you hearing that great master explain the structure of this frame of ours—how fearfully and wonderfully we are made. Locke might have been unable to teach here Logic or Ethics, though the same pen which recorded his Inquiry into the Human Understanding has evinced his piety, and rendered no mean service to Christianity in showing its reasonableness, as demonstrated in Scripture. Newton himself—

“ Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnes
Restinxit, stellas exortus uti Etherius Sol—”

'Newton might have been refused admission to the chair, from which it would have been his duty to unfold the mechanism of the heavens, and declare the glories of their Maker.'

ART. VII.—*The Claims of Labour: an Essay on the Duties of the Employers to the Employed.* 12mo. London: 1844.

'PERSONS of a thoughtful mind,' says the introduction to this little volume, 'seeing closely the falsehood, the folly, and the arrogance of the age in which they live, are apt, occasionally, to have a great contempt for it; and I doubt not that many a man looks upon the present time as one of feebleness and degeneracy. There are, however, signs of an increased solicitude for the *Claims of Labour*, which of itself is a thing of the highest promise, and more to be rejoiced over than all the mechanical triumphs which both those who would magnify, and those who would depreciate, the present age, would be apt to point to as containing its especial significance and merit.'

It is true that many are now enquiring, more earnestly than heretofore, 'how the great mass of the people are fed, clothed, and taught—and whether the improvement in their condition corresponds at all with the improvement of the condition of the middle and upper classes.' And many are of opinion, with the writer from whom we quote, that the answer which can be given to these questions is an unsatisfactory one. Nor is the newly-awakened interest in the condition of the labouring people confined to persons, like this author, of feeling and reflection. To its

claims upon the conscience and philanthropy of the more favoured classes, to its ever-strengthening demands upon their sense of self-interest, this cause now adds the more ephemeral attractions of the last new fashion. The *Claims of Labour* have become the question of the day: the current of public meetings, subscriptions, and associations, has for some time set strongly in that direction; and many minor topics which previously occupied the public mind, have either merged into that question, or been superseded by it. Even the Legislature, which seldom concerns itself much with new tendencies of opinion until they have grown too powerful to be safely overlooked, is invited, in each Session with increasing urgency, to provide that the labouring classes shall earn more, work less, or have their lot in some other manner alleviated; and in each Session yields more or less cheerfully, but still yields, though slowly yet increasingly, to the requisition.

That this impulse is salutary and promising, few will deny; but it would be idle to suppose that it has not its peculiar dangers, or that the business of doing good can be the only one for which *zeal* suffices, without *knowledge* or circumspection. A change from wrong to right, even in little things, is not so easy to make, as to wish for, and to talk about. Society cannot with safety, in one of its gravest concerns, pass at once from selfish supineness to restless activity. It has a long and difficult apprenticeship yet to serve; during which we shall be often reminded of the *dictum* of Fontenelle, that mankind only settle into the right course after passing through and exhausting all the varieties of error. But however this may be, the movement is not therefore to be damped or discouraged. If, in the attempt to benefit the labouring classes, we are destined to see great mistakes committed in practice, as so many errors are already advocated in theory, let us not lay the blame upon excess of zeal. The danger is, that men in general will care enough for the object, to be willing to sacrifice other people's interest to it, but not their own; and that the few who lead will make the sacrifice of their money, their time, even their bodily ease, in the cause; but will not do for its sake what to most men is so much more difficult—undergo the formidable labour of thought.

For several reasons it will be useful to trace back this philanthropic movement to its small and unobvious beginnings—to note its fountain-head, and show what mingled streams have from time to time swelled its course.

We are inclined to date its origin from an event which would in vulgar apprehension seem to have a less title to that than to any other honourable distinction—the appearance of Mr Malthus's *Essay on Population*. Though the assertion may be looked upon as a paradox, it is historically true, that only from that time has

the economical condition of the labouring classes been regarded by thoughtful men as susceptible of permanent improvement. We know that this was not the inference originally drawn from the truth propounded by Mr Malthus. Even by himself, that truth was at first announced as an inexorable law, which, by perpetuating the poverty and degradation of the mass of mankind, gave a *quietus* to the visions of indefinite social improvement which had agitated so fiercely a neighbouring nation. To these supposed corollaries from Mr Malthus's principle, it was, we believe, indebted for its early success with the more opulent classes, and for much of its lasting unpopularity with the poorer. But this view of its tendencies only continued to prevail while the theory itself was but imperfectly understood; and now lingers nowhere but in those dark corners into which no subsequent lights have penetrated. The first promulgator of a truth is not always the best judge of its tendencies and consequences; but Mr Malthus early abandoned the mistaken inferences he had at first drawn from his celebrated principle, and adopted the very different views now almost unanimously professed by those who recognise his doctrine.

So long as the necessary relation between the numbers of the labouring population and their wages had escaped attention, the poverty, bordering on destitution, of the great mass of mankind, being an universal fact, was (by one of those natural illusions from which human reason is still so incompletely emancipated) conceived to be inevitable;—a provision of nature, and as some said, an ordinance of God; a part of human destiny, susceptible merely of partial alleviation in individual cases, from public or private charity. The only persons by whom any other opinion seemed to be entertained, were those who prophesied advancements in physical knowledge and mechanical art, sufficient to alter the fundamental conditions of man's existence on earth; or who professed the doctrine, that poverty is a factitious thing, produced by the tyranny and rapacity of governments and of the rich. Even so recent a thinker, and one so much in advance of his predecessors, as Adam Smith, went no further than to say, that the labourers might be well off in a rapidly progressive state of the public wealth;—a state which has never yet comprehended more than a small portion of the earth's surface at once, and can nowhere last indefinitely; while they must be pinched and in a condition of hardship in the stationary state, which in a finite world, composed of matter not changeable in its properties, is the state towards which things must be at all times tending. The ideas, therefore, of the most enlightened men, anterior to Mr Malthus, led really to the discouraging anticipations for which his doctrine has been made accountable.

But these anticipations vanished, so soon as the truths brought to light by Mr Malthus were correctly understood. It was then seen that the capabilities of increase of the human species, as of animal nature in general, being far greater than those of subsistence under any except very unusual circumstances, must be, and are controlled, every where else, by one of two limiting principles—starvation, or prudence and conscience: That, under the operation of this conflict, the reward of ordinary unskilled labour is always and every where (saving temporary variations, and rare conjunctions of circumstances) at the lowest point to which the labourers will consent to be reduced—the point below which they will not choose to propagate their species: That this *minimum*, though every where much too low for human happiness and dignity, is different in different places, and in different ages of the world; and, in an improving country, has on the whole a tendency to rise. These considerations furnished a sufficient solution of the state of extreme poverty in which the majority of mankind had almost every where been found existing, without supposing any inherent necessity in the case—any universal cause other than the causes which have made human progress altogether so imperfect and slow as it is. And the explanation afforded a sure hope, that whatever accelerates that progress would tell with full effect upon the physical condition of the labouring classes. Whatever raises the civilization of the people at large—whatever accustoms them to require a higher standard of subsistence, comfort, taste, and enjoyment, affords of itself, according to this encouraging view of human prospects, the means of satisfying the wants which it engenders. In every moral or intellectual benefit conferred upon the mass of the people, this doctrine teaches us to see an assurance also of their physical advantage; a means of enabling them to improve their worldly circumstances—not in the vulgar way of ‘rising in the world,’ so often recommended to them—not by endeavouring to escape out of their class, as if to live by manual labour were a fate only endurable as a step to something else; but by raising the class itself in physical wellbeing and in self-estimation. These are the prospects which the vilified population-principle has opened to mankind. True, indeed, the doctrine teaches this further lesson, that any attempt to produce the same result by other means—any scheme of beneficence which trusts for its moving power to any thing but to the influence over the minds and habits of the people, which it either directly aims at, or may happen indirectly to promote—might, for any *general* effect of a beneficial kind which it can produce, as well be let alone. And, the doctrine being brought thus into conflict with those plans of easy beneficence

which accord so well with the inclinations of man, but so ill with the arrangements of nature, we need not wonder that the epithets of 'Malthusians' and 'Political Economists' are so often considered equivalent to hard-hearted, unfeeling, and enemies of the poor;—accusations so far from being true, that no thinkers of any pretensions to sobriety, cherish such hopeful views of the future social position of labour, or have so long made the permanent increase of its remuneration the turning-point of their political speculations, as those who most broadly acknowledge the doctrine of Malthus.

But if the permanent place now occupied in the minds of thinking men by the question of improving the condition of the labouring classes, may be dated from the new light cast by Malthus's speculations upon the determining laws of that condition, other causes are needful to account for the popularity of the subject as one of the topics of the day; and we believe they will be found in the stir and commotion of the national mind consequent upon the passing of the Reform Bill.

It was foretold during the Reform crisis, that when the consequences of the Bill should have had time to manifest themselves, the direct effects with which all mouths were filled, would prove unimportant compared with those indirect effects which were never mentioned in discussion, and which hardly any one seemed to think of. The prophecy has been signally verified. Considered as a great constitutional change, both friends and enemies now seem rather surprised that they should have ascribed so much efficacy to the Bill, for good or for evil. But its indirect consequences have surpassed every calculation. The series of events, commencing with Catholic Emancipation, and consummated by the Reform Act, brought home for the first time to the existing generation a practical consciousness of living in a world of change. It gave the first great shock to old habits. It was to politics what the Reformation was to religion—it made reason the recognised standard, instead of authority. By making it evident to the public that they were on a new sea, it destroyed the force of the instinctive objection to new courses. Reforms have still to encounter opposition from those whose interests they affect, or seem to affect; but innovation is no longer under a ban, merely as innovation. The existing system has lost its *prestige*; it has ceased to be the system which Tories had been taught to venerate, and has not become that which Liberals were accustomed to desire. When any wide-spread social evil was brought before minds thus prepared, there was such a chance as there had not been for the last two hundred years, of its being examined with a real desire to find a remedy,

or at least without a predetermination to leave things alone. That the evils of the condition of the working classes should be brought before the mind of the nation in the most emphatic manner, was the care of those classes themselves. Their 'petition of grievances' was embodied in the People's Charter.

The democratic movement among the operative classes, commonly known as Chartism, was the first open separation of interest, feeling, and opinion, between the labouring portion of the commonwealth and all above them. It was the revolt of nearly all the active talent, and a great part of the physical force of the working classes, against their whole relation to society. Conscientious and sympathizing minds among the ruling classes, could not but be strongly impressed by such a protest. They could not but ask themselves, with misgiving, what there was to say in reply to it; how the existing social arrangements could best be justified to those who deemed themselves aggrieved by them. It seemed highly desirable that the benefits derived from those arrangements by the poor should be made less questionable—should be such as could not easily be overlooked. If the poor had reason for their complaints, the higher classes had not fulfilled their duties as governors; if they had no reason, neither had those classes fulfilled their duties in allowing them to grow up so ignorant and uncultivated as to be open to these mischievous delusions. While one sort of minds among the more fortunate classes, were thus influenced by the political claims put forth by the operatives, there was another description upon whom that phenomenon acted in a different manner, leading, however, to the same result. While some, by the physical and moral circumstances which they saw around them, were made to feel that the condition of the labouring classes *ought* to be attended to, others were made to see that it *would* be attended to, whether they wished to be blind to it or not. The victory of 1832, due to the manifestation though without the actual employment of physical force, had taught a lesson to those who, from the nature of the case, have always the physical force on their side; and who only wanted the organization, which they were rapidly acquiring, to convert their physical power into a moral and social one. It was no longer disputable that something must be done to render the multitude more content with the existing state of things.

Ideas, unless outward circumstances conspire with them, have in general no very rapid or immediate efficacy in human affairs; and the most favourable outward circumstances may pass by, or remain inoperative, for want of ideas suitable to the conjuncture. But when the right circumstances and the right ideas meet, the

effect is seldom slow in manifesting itself. In the posture of things which has been described, we attribute considerable effect to certain writers, by whom what many were either thinking or prepared to think, was for the first time expressly proclaimed. Among these must be reckoned Mr Carlyle, whose 'Chartism' and 'Past and Present' were openly, what much of his previous writings had been incidentally, an indignant remonstrance with the higher classes on their sins of omission against the lower; contrasted with what he deemed the superior efficiency, in that relation, of the rulers in older times. On both these points, he has met with auxiliaries from a directly opposite point of the political horizon; from those whom a spirit of reaction against the democratic tendencies of the age, had flung off with the greatest violence in the direction of feudal and sacerdotal ascendancy. As, in the Stuart times, there were said to be Church Puritans and State Puritans, so there are now Church Puseyites and what may be called State Puseyites; of whom the so-called 'Young England' party aspires to be the parliamentary organ, and the *Times* newspaper makes itself to some extent the representative in the press:—men who look back with fondness to times when the poor had no notion of any other social state than to give obedience to the nearest great landholder, and receive protection; and who assert, in the mean time, the right of the poor to protection, in hopes that the obedience will follow.

To complete the explanation of this increase of sympathy for the poor, it ought to be noticed that, until lately, few were adequately aware of their real condition. The agitation against the Poor-Law, bad as it was and is, both in its objects and in its effects, had in it this good, that it incessantly invited attention to the details of distress. The enquiries emanating from the Poor-Law Commission, and the official investigations of the last few years, brought to light many facts which made a great impression upon the public; and the poverty and wretchedness of great masses of people were incidentally unveiled by the struggles of parties respecting the Corn-Laws. The Agriculturists attempted to turn the tables upon their opponents, by highly-coloured pictures of the sufferings and degradation of the Factory people; and the League repaid the attack with interest, by sending emissaries into the rural districts, and publishing the deplorable poverty of the agricultural labourers.

From these multifarious causes a feeling has been awakened which would soon be as influential in elections as the anti-slavery movement some years ago, and dispose of funds equal to those of the missionary societies, had it but as definite an object. The stream at present flows in a multitude of small channels. Socie-

ties for the protection of needlewomen, of governesses—associations to improve the buildings of the labouring classes, to provide them with baths, with parks and promenades, have started into existence. Legislative interference to abridge the hours of labour in factories has obtained large minorities, and once a passing majority, in the House of Commons; and attempts are multiplying to obtain, by the consent of employers, a similar abridgement in many departments of retail trade. In the rural districts, every expedient, practicable or not, for giving work to the unemployed, finds advocates; public meetings for the discussion and comparison of projects have lately been frequent; and the movement towards the ‘allotment system’ is becoming general.

If these, and other modes of relieving distress, were looked upon simply in the light of ordinary charity, they would not fill the large space they do in public discussion, and would not demand any special comment. To give money in alms has never been, either in this country or in most others, a rare virtue. Charitable institutions, and subscriptions for relief of the destitute, already abounded: and if new forms of suffering, or classes of sufferers previously overlooked, were brought into notice, nothing was more natural than to do for them what had already been done for others. People usually give alms to gratify their feelings of compassion, or to discharge what they think their duty by giving of their superfluity to alleviate the wants of individual sufferers; and beyond this they do not, nor are they, in general, qualified to look. But it is not in this spirit that the new schemes of benevolence are conceived. They are propounded as instalments of a great social reform. They are celebrated as the beginning of a new moral order, or an old order revived, in which the possessors of property are to resume their place as the paternal guardians of those less fortunate; and which, when established, is to cause peace and union throughout society, and to extinguish, not indeed poverty—that hardly seems to be thought desirable—but the more abject forms of vice, destitution, and physical wretchedness. What has hitherto been *done* in this brilliant career of improvement, is of very little importance compared with what is *said*;—with the objects held up to pursuit, and the theories avowed. These are not now confined to speculative men and professed philanthropists. They are made familiar to every reader of Newspapers by sedulous inculcation from day to day.

It is therefore not superfluous to consider whether these theories, and the expectations built upon them, are rational or chimerical; whether the attempt to carry them out would in the end be found to accord or conflict with the nature of man, and of the world in which he is cast. It would be unfair to the theorists to try them

by any thing which has been commenced, or even projected. Were they asked if they expect any good to the general interest of the labouring people, from a Labourers' Friend Society, or a Society for Distressed Needlewomen, they would of course answer—that they do not; that these are but the first leaf-buds of what they hope to nourish into a stately and spreading tree; that they do not limit their intentions to mitigating the evils of a low remuneration of labour, but must have a high remuneration; in the words of the operatives in the late disturbances—"a fair day's wages for a fair day's work;"—that they hope to secure this, and will be contented with nothing short of it. Here, then, is a ground on which we can fairly meet them. That object is ours also. The question is of means, not ends. Let us look a little into the means they propose.

Their theory appears to be, in few words, this—That it is the proper function of the possessors of wealth, and especially of the employers of labour and the owners of land, to take care that the labouring people are well off;—that they ought always to pay good wages;—that they ought to withdraw their custom, their patronage, and any other desirable thing at their disposal, from all employers who will not do the like;—that, at these good wages, they ought to give employment to as great a number of persons as they can afford; and to make them work for no greater number of hours in the twenty-four, than is compatible with comfort, and with leisure for recreation and improvement. That if they have land or houses to be let to tenants, they should require and accept no higher rents than can be paid with comfort; and should be ready to build, at such rents as can be conveniently paid, warm, airy, healthy, and spacious cottages, for any number of young couples who may ask for them.

All this is not said in direct terms; but something very little short of it is. These principles form the standard by which we daily see the conduct, both of classes and of individuals, measured and condemned; and if these principles are not true, the new doctrines are without a meaning. It is allowable to take this picture as a true likeness of the 'new moral world,' which the present philanthropic movement aims at calling into existence.

Mankind are often cautioned by divines and moralists against unreasonableness in their expectations. We attach greater value to the more limited warning against inconsistency in them. The state of society which this picture represents, is a conceivable one. We shall not at present enquire if it is of all others the most eligible one, even as an Utopia. We only ask if its promoters are willing to accept this state of society, together with all its inevitable accompaniments.

It is quite possible to impose, as a moral or a legal obligation, upon the higher classes, that they shall be answerable for the well-doing and well-being of the lower. There have been times and places in which this has in some measure been done. States of society exist, in which it is the recognised duty of every owner of land, not only to see that all who dwell and work thereon are fed, clothed, and housed, in a sufficient manner; but to be, in so full a sense, responsible for their good conduct, as to indemnify all other persons for any damage they do, or offence they may commit. This must surely be the ideal state of society which the new philanthropists are contending for. Who are the happy labouring classes who enjoy the blessings of these wise ordinances?—The Russian boors. There are other labourers, not merely tillers of the soil, but workers in great establishments partaking of the nature of Factories, for whom the laws of our own country, even in our own time, compelled their employers to find wholesome food, and sufficient lodging and clothing. Who were these?—The slaves on a West India estate. The relation sought to be established between the landed and manufacturing classes and the labourers, is therefore by no means unexampled. The former have before now been forced to maintain the latter, and to provide work for them, or support them in idleness. But this obligation never has existed, and never will nor can exist, without, as a countervailing element, absolute power, or something approaching to it, in those who are bound to afford this support, over those entitled to receive it. Such a relation has never existed between human beings, without ultimate degradation to the character of the dependent class. Shall we take another example, in which things are not carried quite so far as this? There are governments in Europe who look upon it as part of their duty to take care of the physical well-being and comfort of the people. The Austrian government in its German dominions does so. Several of the minor German governments do so. But with paternal care is connected paternal authority. In these states we find severe restrictions on marriage. No one is permitted to marry unless he satisfies the authorities that he has a rational prospect of being able to support a family.

Thus much, at least, it might have been expected that the apostles of the new theory would have been prepared for. They cannot mean that the working classes should combine the liberty of action of independent citizens, with the immunities of slaves. There are but two modes of social existence for human beings;—they must be left to the natural consequences of their mistakes in life; or society must guard against the mistakes, by prevention

or punishment. Which will the new philanthropists have? If it is really to be incumbent on whoever have more than a mere subsistence, to give, so far as their means enable them, good wages and comfortable homes to all who present themselves, it is not surely intended that these should be permitted to follow the instinct of multiplication at the expense of others, until all are reduced to the same level as themselves. We should therefore have expected that the philanthropists would have accepted the condition, and contended for such a measure of restriction as might prevent the good they meditate from producing an overbalance of evil. To our surprise, we find them the great sticklers for the domestic liberty of the poor. The outcry against the Poor-Law finds among them its principal organs. Far from being willing that a man should be subject, when out of the poor-house, to any restraints other than his own prudence may dictate, they will not submit to its being imposed upon him while actually supported at the expense of others. It is they who talk of Union Bastiles. They cannot bear that even a Workhouse should be a place of regulation and discipline; that any extrinsic restraint should be applied even there. Their bitterest quarrel with the present system of relief is, that it enforces the separation of the sexes.

The higher and middle classes might or ought to be willing to submit to a very considerable sacrifice of their own means, for improving the condition of the existing generation of labourers, if by this they could hope to provide similar advantages for the generation to come. But why should they be called upon to make these sacrifices, merely that the country may contain a greater number of people, in as great poverty and as great liability to destitution as now? If whoever has too little is to come to them to make it more, there is no alternative but restrictions on marriage, combined with such severe penalties on illegitimate births, as it would hardly be possible to enforce under a social system in which all grown persons are, nominally at least, their own masters. Without these provisions, the millennium promised would, in little more than a generation, sink the people of any country in Europe to one level of poverty. If, then, it is intended that the law, or the people of property, should assume a control over the multiplication of the people, tell us so plainly, and inform us how you propose to do it. But it will doubtless be said, that nothing of this sort would be endurable; that such things are not to be dreamt of in the state of English society and opinion; that the spirit of equality, and the love of individual independence, have so pervaded even the poorest class, that they would not take plenty to eat and drink at the price of having

their most personal concerns regulated for them by others. If this be so, all schemes for withdrawing wages from the control of supply and demand, or raising the people by other means than by such changes in their minds and habits as shall make them fit guardians of their own physical condition—are schemes for combining incompatibilities. They ought to be shielded, we hope they already are so, by public or private charity, from actual want of mere necessities, and from any other extreme of bodily suffering. But if the whole income of the country were divided among them in wages or poor-rates, still, until there is a change in themselves, there can be no lasting improvement in their outward condition.

And how is this change to be effected, while we continue inculcating upon them that their wages are to be regulated for them, and that to keep wages high is other people's business and not theirs? All classes are ready enough without prompting, to believe that whatever ails them is not their fault, but the crime of somebody else; and that they are granting an indemnity to the crime if they attempt to get rid of the evil by any effort or sacrifice of their own. The National Assembly of France has been much blamed for talking in a rhetorical style about the rights of man, and neglecting to say any thing about the duties. The same error is now in the course of being repeated with respect to the rights of poverty. It would surely be no derogation from any one's philanthropy to consider, that it is one thing to tell the rich that they ought to take care of the poor, and another thing to tell the poor that the rich ought to take care of them; and that it is rather idle in these days to suppose that a thing will not be overheard by the poor because it is not designed for their ears. It is most true that the rich have much to answer for in their conduct to the poor. But in the matter of their poverty, there is no way in which the rich *could* have helped them, but by inducing them to help themselves; and if, while we stimulate the rich to repair this omission, we do all that depends upon us to inculcate upon the poor that they need not attend to the lesson, we must be little aware of the sort of feelings and doctrines with which the minds of the poor are already filled. If we go on in this course, we may succeed in bursting society asunder by a Socialist revolution; but the poor, and their poverty, we shall leave worse than we found them.

The first remedy, then, is to abstain from directly counteracting our own end. The second, and most obvious, is Education. And this, indeed, is not the principal, but the sole remedy, if understood in its widest sense. Whatever acts upon the minds of the labouring classes, is properly their education. But their minds, like those of other people, are acted upon by the whole of their

social circumstances; and often the part of their education which is least efficacious as such, is that which goes by the name.

Yet even in that comparatively narrow sense, too much stress can hardly be laid upon its importance. We have scarcely seen more than the small beginnings of what might be effected for the country even by mere schooling. The religious rivalries, which are the unhappy price the course of our history has compelled us to pay for such religious liberty as we possess, have as yet thwarted every attempt to make this benefit universal. But if the children of different religious bodies cannot be instructed together, each can be instructed apart. And if we may judge from the zeal manifested, and the sums raised, both by the Church and by Dissenters, since the abandonment of the Government measure two years ago, there is no deficiency of pecuniary means for the support of schools, even without the aid which the State certainly will not refuse. Unfortunately there is something wanting which pecuniary means will not supply. There is a lack of sincere desire to attain the end. There have been schools enough in England; these thirty years, to have regenerated the people, if, wherever the means were found, the end had been desired. But it is not always where there are schools that there is a wish to educate. There may be a wish that children should learn to read the Bible, and, in the Church Schools, to repeat the Catechism. In most cases, there is little desire that they should be taught more; in many, a decided objection to it. Schoolmasters, like other public officers, are seldom inclined to do more than is exacted from them; but we believe that teaching the poor is almost the only public duty in which the payers are more a check than a stimulant to the zeal of their own agents. A teacher whose heart is in the work, and who attempts any enlargement of the instruction, often finds his greatest obstacle in the fears of the patrons and managers lest the poor should be 'over-educated;' and is driven to the most absolute evasions to obtain leave to teach the common rudiments of knowledge. The four rules of arithmetic are often only tolerated through ridiculous questions about Jacob's lambs, or the number of the Apostles, or the Patriarchs; and geography can only be taught through maps of Palestine to children who have yet to learn that the earth consists of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. A person must be beyond being argued with who believes that this is the way to teach religion, or that a child will be made to understand the Bible by being taught to understand nothing else. We forbear to comment on the instances in which Church Schools have been opened, solely that through the influence of superiors the children might be drawn away from a Dissenting School already existing; and, as soon as that was shut up, the rival establishment, having attained its end, has been allowed to fall into disuse.

This spirit could never be tolerated by any person of honest intentions, who knew the value of even the commonest knowledge to the poor. We know not how the case may be in other countries, among a more quick-witted people; but in England, it would hardly be believed to what a degree all that is morally objectionable in the lowest class of the working people is nourished, if not engendered, by the low state of their understandings. Their infantine credulity to what they hear, when it is from their own class; their incapacity to observe what is before their eyes; their inability to comprehend or believe purposes in others which they have not been taught to expect, and are not conscious of in themselves—are the known characteristics of persons of low intellectual faculties in all classes. But what would not be equally credible without experience, is an amount of deficiency in the power of reasoning and calculation, which makes them insensible to their own direct personal interests. Few have considered how any one who could instil into these people the commonest worldly wisdom—who could render them capable of even selfish prudential calculations—would improve their conduct in every relation of life, and clear the soil for the growth of right feelings and worthy propensities.

To know what schools may do, we have but to think of what our Scottish Parochial Schools have formerly done. The progress of wealth and population has outgrown the machinery of these schools, and, in the towns especially, they no longer produce their full fruits; but what do not the peasantry of Scotland owe to them? For two centuries, the Scottish peasant, compared with the same class in other situations, has been a reflecting, an observing, and therefore naturally a self-governing, a moral and a successful human being—because he has been a reading and a discussing one; and this he owes above all other causes to the parish schools. What during the same period have the English peasantry been?

Let us be assured that too much opportunity cannot be given to the poor of exercising their faculties, nor too great a variety of ideas placed within their reach. We hail, therefore, the cheap Libraries, which are supplying even the poorest with matter more or less instructive, and, what is of equal importance, calculated to interest their minds. But it is not only, or even principally, books and book learning, that constitutes education for the working or for any other class. Schools for reading are but imperfect things, unless systematically united with schools of industry;—not to improve them as workmen merely, but as human beings. It is by action that the faculties are called forth, more than by words

—more at least than by words unaccompanied by action. We want schools in which the children of the poor should learn to use not only their hands, but their minds, for the guidance of their hands; in which they should be trained to the actual adaptation of means to ends; should become familiar with the accomplishment of the same object by various processes, and be made to apprehend with their intellects in what consists the difference between the right way of performing industrial operations and the wrong. Meanwhile they would acquire, not only manual dexterity, but habits of order and regularity, of the utmost use in after-life, and which have more to do with the formation of character than many persons are aware of. Mr Aubin's school at Norwood contains, if reports may be trusted, many features worthy of study and imitation; and there are others to which favourable testimony is borne by competent observers. But we are inculcating principles, not proposing models. Such things would do much more than is usually believed towards converting these neglected creatures into rational beings—beings capable of foresight, accessible to reasons and motives addressed to their understanding; and therefore not governed by the utterly senseless modes of feeling and action, which so much astonish educated and observing persons who are brought into contact with them.

But when education, in this its narrow sense, has done its best, and even to enable it to do its best, an education of another sort is required, such as schools cannot give. What is taught to a child at school will be of little effect if the circumstances which surround the grown man or woman contradict the lesson. You may cultivate his understanding, but what if he cannot employ it without becoming discontented with his position, and disaffected to the whole order of things in which he is cast? Society educates the poor, for good or for ill, by its conduct to them, even more than by direct teaching. A sense of this truth is the most valuable feature in the new philanthropic agitation; and the recognition of it is important, whatever mistakes may be at first made in practically applying it.

In the work before us, and in the best of the other writings which have appeared lately on the philanthropic side of the subject, a strong conviction is expressed, that there can be no healthful state of society, and no social or even physical welfare for the poor, where there is no relation between them and the rich except the payment of wages, and (we may add) the receipt of charity; no sense of co-operation and common interest between those natural associates who are now called the employers and the employed. In part of this we agree, although we think the case not a little overstated. A well-educated labouring class

‘ aspect had arisen, much doubt might have been felt as to the
 ‘ right of a Presbytery to take any cognisance of the statements
 ‘ and conduct of a Professor after subscription. Suppose that a
 ‘ lay Professor, after signing the Confession of Faith, had, in a
 ‘ few weeks or days after subscription, openly joined in the com-
 ‘ munion of the Episcopal Church, on the avowal that he did not
 ‘ mean thereby to prejudice or subvert the Presbyterian form of
 ‘ worship, or to question the fundamental articles of the Confes-
 ‘ sion of Faith, the Presbytery of the bounds would find it very
 ‘ difficult to institute any complaint or action before this Court,
 ‘ to recal or cancel the certificate of subscription, or to subject
 ‘ the Professor to any penalty or forfeiture for alleged insincer-
 ‘ ity or falsehood in his subscription. The answer would be
 ‘ insurmountable, that, let the right of complaint (if any be com-
 ‘ petent) lie where it may, it has not been conferred on the Pres-
 ‘ bytery of the bounds.’ It is worthy of especial notice, that (as
 is stated by his Lordship) ‘ there is a remarkable difference
 ‘ between the penalty enacted by Parliament for the omission of
 ‘ the oaths of allegiance, from that provided in cases of the non-
 ‘ subscription of the Confession of Faith.’ In the former case it
 is especially declared, that ‘ if any person shall refuse or neglect
 ‘ to take the oaths to Government, he shall be, *ipso facto*, incap-
 ‘ able and disabled, in all cases, and to all intents and purposes,
 ‘ to enjoy the said offices and advantages thence arising, &c., and
 ‘ every office is, *ipso facto*, adjudged void. But the neglect to
 ‘ subscribe the Confession of Faith is attended with no such pen-
 ‘ alty ;* and therefore, when any College in Scotland agrees to
 ‘ waive the act of Queen Anne relative to subscription, it has
 ‘ never yet been ascertained by what authority it is to be enforced.
 ‘ It is believed that, in the University of Edinburgh itself, sub-
 ‘ scription by the lay Professors has not been insisted on for many
 ‘ years. If any evil were felt from this, or from any other omis-
 ‘ sion of statutory regulation, the remedy does not lie with the
 ‘ Presbyteries of the bounds, to whom no power of review or con-
 ‘ trol over the Universities is given. But the extensive power
 ‘ competent to the Sovereign, of appointing visitations of Scottish
 ‘ Universities, was probably thought sufficient for the exposure
 ‘ and correction of every practical abuse.’

* In 1711, only three years after the Act of Security had passed, on the occasion of a contested election of a Professor in King's College, Aberdeen, the vote of Dr Bower was objected to because he had not signed the Confession of Faith; but the objection was repelled by the Court of Session, who decided that the omission did not disqualify him from exercising the rights and privileges of his office.

Such is the law on this subject, as laid down by the eminent Judge above referred to. The Presbytery of Aberdeen acquiesced in his Lordship's decision, and Mr Blackie was admitted to his office without further opposition.

Let us now consider to what extent and effect the parties subscribing the Confession of Faith are bound by their subscription, and what the law holds it to import.* The law must have been intended to secure conformity either to the Established Church for the time being, whatever form its government and creed might take; or to the doctrine, discipline, and government of the Church as it existed in 1707, when the Act of Security was passed. A moment's consideration will suffice to show, that the former alternative could not have been the intention of the statute. The grand object of the framers of the law, was to secure the Protestant religion and the Presbyterian form of church government; and with this view they took every precaution to prevent the offices in the educational institutions of the country from being held by those who were disaffected either to the Government or to the Church. This will readily be admitted by all. But surely it will not be contended, that a statute framed with this view was designed to secure adherence to the Established Church, even though it should be essentially changed both in doctrine and in government,—rejecting the truths for which the authors of the Revolution settlement had struggled and suffered, and embodying the very errors against which they had lifted up their testimony. The Sovereign might be constituted the head of the Scottish, as really and avowedly as of the English Church. The people might be deprived of every privilege with which they were at that period invested; nay, even Episcopacy itself might again become the established religion of the country; and yet, on the supposition made, the subscribers to the Confession of Faith must be by law bound to adhere to the Establishment, in spite of all these vital changes in doctrine and discipline! We scarcely think that even the most inveterate abettor of the supremacy of the Church, will venture to defend a conclusion so preposterous. It is evident, then, that the Act of 1707 must have been intended to secure adherence to the Church as *then*† established;

* We have taken no notice of the formula attached to the Confession of Faith by the General Assembly in 1694, because it has been decided that 'it is not specially authorized by the statute of 1707, and in some points goes beyond it.'

† This is corroborated by the striking difference which the Act makes between the manner in which the civil government is acknowledged, and

and that those who 'practise and conform to the doctrine, discipline, and government,' as settled at the Revolution, comply with every condition, and possess every qualification which the framers of the statute intended to secure. Is this the case, then, with the nonconforming Presbyterian Professors? We unhesitatingly reply in the affirmative, and presume that few, or none; will call in question the accuracy of our statement. It is true they do not adhere to the Established Church as now constituted; but they still 'acknowledge, and profess, and subscribe the Confession of Faith, as the confession of their faith;' and 'practise and conform' to the Presbyterian mode of worship. They agree, in short, with the framers of the Act of Security, in every one of those points, both of doctrine and of discipline, for which they most strenuously contended. It would certainly be very strange, then, were these Presbyterian Professors to be ejected from their offices by the operation of a law, framed for the express purpose of preserving unalterable that very ecclesiastical constitution to which they adhere.

We have hitherto argued the question on the supposition that the law requires, on the part of lay Professors, an assent to the doctrines of the Confession of Faith, precisely similar to that required from ministers of the Church; who, as public expounders of Christian doctrine, are to be understood, by their subscription to the Confession of Faith, as declaring that they have thoroughly studied the whole of that document, and are prepared to give their full and deliberate assent to every proposition which it contains. This, however, is not the case. Such an assent is neither required nor given. The principle laid down by Paley respecting the meaning and objects of religious tests, is recognised both by law and practice. In the vast majority of cases, the articles are signed merely as articles of peace. When Professor Blackie subscribed the Confession of Faith before the Presbytery of Aberdeen, he made an explicit declaration that his subscription was to be understood as merely giving a guarantee that 'he would teach, in the chair to which he had been appointed, nothing contrary to, or inconsistent with, the Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland, or to the doctrine,

that in which adherence is promised to the ecclesiastical constitution of the country. The Professor must 'own and acknowledge the civil government in manner prescribed, or *to be prescribed*, by the Acts of Parliament;' but no such qualification is made respecting his adherence to the Presbyterian constitution; he is required to promise that he 'will practise and conform himself to the worship *presently in use* in the Church.'

‘discipline, and government of the same.’ And these explanations respecting the meaning and object of the test, met with the full approbation of the Judge who decided the case. He ‘affirms that they are truly no more than the sentiments which, though not expressed, must be presumed, or understood to be felt, by a large proportion of the persons who are accustomed and called to subscribe this and similar legal tests.’ The law, then, as interpreted by this legal authority, has a reference to Professors in their public, rather than in their private, capacity; and merely requires from them a guarantee that they shall not, in their professional instructions, impugn the doctrines of the Established Church, nor seek to subvert her discipline and government.

It is evidently for the interests of education that the best men only should be appointed to Chairs in the Universities; and it is equally evident that the wider the range of choice, the greater the probability that this object will be secured. But the enforcement of the Test Act must limit the choice of the University patrons to the best men, not of the whole world, but of one sect, forming a minority even in Scotland, and comprising by no means any exorbitant share of talent and learning. It is right and proper that the Professors of Theology should be selected from among the members of the Established Church; for no man should be appointed to teach what he does not believe. But what connexion is there between Calvinism and Chemistry—between Presbyterianism and Pharmacy? A man may surely be an eminent Scholar, and yet have doubts respecting the divine origin of Presbytery; or a profound Philosopher, and yet prefer the Liturgy to extempore Prayers. Had the test been enforced in the University of Edinburgh during the last century, no small number of those distinguished individuals who have shed so much lustre around that institution, would have been excluded from those chairs which they showed themselves so pre-eminently qualified to fill; and it is more necessary now than ever that the range of selection should be rendered as extensive as possible; since so many eminent Scotchmen have been called to occupy academical situations abroad, thereby greatly narrowing the field of choice at home. We believe we are not singular in thinking, that if, unfortunately for the interests of education, the Test Act were brought into active operation, our Universities would be deprived of their brightest ornaments; and where, let us ask, are we to look for those fit to fill their places? If the twenty-three Nonconformists at present holding office in the Scottish Universities, are expelled from the institutions which they adorn, because of their conscientious adherence to their religious prin-

ciples, the choice of their successors must, of course, be limited to the supporters of the Scottish Establishment; and where, in the ranks of that establishment, are we to look for men of European reputation qualified to fill the vacant places? If adherence to the Established Church is to be an indispensable qualification, there is not one man of first-rate attainments either in literature or in science, who would be eligible to the smallest office in any of our Universities. In such circumstances, a strong case must be made out by the abettors of these obnoxious restrictions, before they can expect the public to aid their attempts to cut down our national institutions to the petty dimensions of sectarian seminaries.

In the first place, they tell us that these tests are necessary for the safety of the Church. This is the old worn-out plea that has been urged for centuries against every proposal to bestow equality of rights and privileges on the different sections of the community. If it be true that it is necessary for the wellbeing of the Establishment that the Office-bearers in our Universities should be delivered over to a Presbyterian inquisition, the sooner that institutions which requires such a safeguard are abolished so much the better. The putting forth of such an argument, in the present condition of the Established Church, seems little short of infatuation. Men 'who had understanding of the 'times' would rather waive the assertion of privileges to which they had an unquestioned right, than seek to revive claims to the possession of revolting powers, which even, in the brightest days of their prosperity, they found themselves unable to exercise.

Every change which the progress of knowledge has brought about, has been strenuously resisted, on the very same grounds on which the abolition of the University Test Act is now opposed. Every amelioration of our ecclesiastical code, every enlargement of toleration, has been denounced as fraught with certain destruction to the Established Church. When will men learn the difference between an endowed and a privileged church—between an establishment resting its claims to public support on the benefits which it renders to the nation, and one which surrounds itself with invidious privileges, and places itself in opposition to the enjoyment of equal rights and privileges by all classes of the community? But whether the onward march of toleration be favourable to the security of the Established Church or not, it is impossible to stop its progress. The Dissenters have obtained either too much or too little. There was at least consistency in excluding them from all power and privilege—there is neither consistency nor prudence in retaining

the mere remnants of intolerance, which only serve to irritate. A Dissenter, it seems, ought not to hold office in any of the Universities; but a Dissenter may be a member of either House of Parliament, and help to make laws for the government both of the Universities and the Church. A Dissenter cannot be a teacher in the meanest parochial school, but he may be a minister of state, and wield the whole ecclesiastical patronage of the Crown. Several of the University Chairs are in the hands of private patrons, who do not conform to the Established Church. Nearly the whole patronage of the University of Edinburgh is at the disposal of the Town-Council, two-thirds of whom, with the Lord Provost, *ex officio* Lord Rector of the Seminary, at their head, are Dissenters. To this no objection is made. But that a Dissenter should occupy a chair in one of our Colleges, and initiate his pupils into a knowledge of the properties of triangles, would, we are told, be sufficient to convert our academical institutions into 'nurseries of scepticism and infidelity.' What is still more strange—Episcopalians, that very class of Nonconformists whom the law was specially framed to exclude, have, for more than a century, been freely admitted to Professorships without any but the most beneficial results; and yet, to secure by law that which has been thus partially sanctioned by custom, would, it seems, be fraught with ruin both to the Universities and the Church!

All experience has shown the folly of expecting to change men's religious opinions by means of pains and penalties. 'By external pressure things are compacted, as well in the moral as in the physical world.' Where a sect is at variance with the Established Church, an abridgement of civil privileges serves only to render it more zealous and hostile. If men are let alone, sectarian animosity soon dies away. But where a mark of degradation is set upon dissent, and men are told they must not be elected to offices because they cannot believe in this or that speculative dogma respecting the power of the magistrate, or the Divine decrees, every passion of our nature is roused in favour of their creed; and enthusiasm, resentment, or a feeling of honour, make them cleave obstinately to a religion thus stigmatized and insulted. The advantage to be gained by quitting the proscribed faith, makes it shameful to abandon it. The excluded sectary feels himself not only wronged but degraded. Heart-burnings are excited, angry passions are roused. The spirit of alienation becomes incurable. The quiet, peace-loving Seceder is turned into an active, uncompromising agitator, hostile to the Establishment, because the Establishment is hostile to him, and convinced that its destruction is indispensably necessary to the welfare of the community. This is the precise effect which

exclusive laws have ever produced. 'They contain,' as it has been justly said, 'an admirable receipt for converting all those who cannot agree with the doctrines of the Church, into the implacable enemies of its existence.'

We may be told, indeed, that we are ascribing too much importance to the operation of the University Tests; for the number excluded by them is, in reality, very small. But in the first place, it should not be forgotten that every individual feels the insult thrown upon his party. The honour or disgrace of the sect carries satisfaction or dissatisfaction to the mind of the humblest individual connected with it. 'If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it.' Secondly, the persons really excluded, are the very men whom every wise statesman would seek most anxiously to admit—the learned, peaceable, and conscientious—the most dangerous enemies and the most desirable friends. And, thirdly, though few may be excluded directly, all are, in a great measure, indirectly. There is probably not one Dissenting teacher in the country who does not regard himself as the victim of injustice, and believe that nothing short of a positive law could prevent him from rising to the highest honours of his profession.

An amiable person takes pleasure in communicating to others the good he himself possesses; and the more extensively it is diffused, the greater is his delight. But there are individuals to be found whose greatest enjoyment appears to consist in keeping the common blessings of life from their fellow-men, and who seem to enjoy less the possession of an earthly good by every additional person to whom it is extended. The truth is, the spirit of monopoly, the love of power, and the gratification of selfish and malignant passions, have quite as much to do in maintaining the University Tests, as zeal for religion or the Church. The more the field of competition is narrowed, the greater, of course, are the chances of success on the part of those who are permitted to start for the prize. And it is no doubt very pleasant to promote our own interests, and to gratify the insolence of superiority, while, at the same time, we flatter ourselves into the belief that we are discharging a sacred duty.

It has been said, however, that exclusion from power and office, and religious persecution, are not convertible terms—that persecution inflicts positive punishment upon persons who hold certain religious tenets; whereas exclusion from office only declares, that those who hold certain opinions shall not fill certain situations; but that it acknowledges men to be perfectly free to hold those opinions, and allows them to think and believe as they

please, without molestation or interference. But how can men be acknowledged to be perfectly free to hold their opinions, when they are distinctly told that the inevitable consequence of their exercising that freedom will be their exclusion from honourable offices which are open to men of other religious opinions? How can it be said that men are allowed to think and believe as they please, without molestation or interference, when their conscientious belief excludes them from honours and emoluments, and subjects them to degradation and insult? Persons who reason in this way, seem to imagine that persecution consists merely in imprisonment or fine. They do not appear to be aware, that degradation is a far greater evil than bodily pain or loss of property. Of all grievances, indeed, none are so keenly felt, none vibrate so powerfully through the human frame, as the brand of inferiority and legal disability inflicted on a man, 'because, on ' the highest of all considerations, he is led by the noblest of all ' guides, his own disinterested conscience.' Exclusive laws differ only in degree from the dungeon and the stake. They are just the *maximum* of persecution that the present age will bear.

It will not do to tell us that the evils we have described must be endured, to prevent a greater evil; that these restrictions, however galling, must be submitted to, as necessary safeguards of the Church. All experience has proved, that exclusive laws and invidious privileges are the weakness, not the security, of the institution that has the misfortune to be encumbered with them. They create hostility instead of disarming it. The best friends of the Church are those who seek to free it from such useless and galling restrictions; and those are its worst enemies who seek to maintain them as a bulwark of defence. And what, after all, is the amount of protection which these laws can, in any circumstances, give the Church? The utmost they can do is to reduce enemies to a state of apparent neutrality. They may restrain those who submit to them from overt acts of hostility, but not from hostile opinions and feelings.

We are fortunately enabled to bring these arguments to the test of experience. We may refer to the case of the Universities of Prussia and Holland, in proof of the good effects which have been produced by the abolition of religious tests. What is, perhaps, still more to the purpose, we have before our eyes the example of the Metropolitan University of Scotland, where the Test has been in complete abeyance during the brightest period of its existence; and yet it is not even alleged that this has in the slightest degree affected the stability of the Established Church.

But secondly, we are told that these exclusive laws must be

maintained for the sake of religion as well as of the Church ; since all teachers of youth ought to be persons of religious principle—a result which can be secured only by a religious test. We willingly admit, that it is most desirable that all teachers of youth should not only possess the qualifications and attainments proper for the due performance of their special duties, but be truly religious and moral men ; but we deny that this ever has been, or ever can be, secured by the operation of a test. The advocates of these restrictions have quietly taken it for granted, that outward adherence to a creed, and genuine Christianity, are one and the same thing. A test may, indeed, secure external orthodoxy, but not inward piety—the simulation of an opinion, but not the honest belief of it. True religion is something too spiritual to be created by such coarse and clumsy machinery as the application of a test, or the hope of reward or the dread of punishment. But the mischief does not stop here. The restriction referred to has not only failed to produce the expected good, but has been productive of great and positive evil. It admits those who ought to be excluded, and excludes those who ought to be admitted. It is a barrier only against the modest, pious, and conscientious enquirer after truth, who has scruples, it may be, respecting a small portion of the test, but who disdains to tamper with the sanctity of an oath ; while the unscrupulous unbeliever, with whom

‘ Oaths are but words, and words but wind,’

takes the Test without hesitation—in many cases, it is believed, without even reading it. By offering office, honour, and emolument, as the reward of conformity, an appeal is made not to a man’s conscience, but to his sordid passions, and to his vanity, and thus attempts to seduce him to sacrifice principle to selfish and worldly interests. It encourages an external, and not an internal and spiritual religion. It makes earnestness and sincerity a crime, and indifference or neutrality a virtue. The pious Presbyterian Dissenter, who, agreeing in all the important doctrines of the Confession, has the misfortune to regard lay patronage as an unwarrantable usurpation, or to believe that heretical opinions ought not to be punished by civil penalties ;* or the

* ‘ For their publishing of such opinions, and maintaining of such practices as are contrary to the light of nature, or to the known principles of Christianity, whether concerning faith, worship, or conversation, or to the power of godliness, &c., they may lawfully be called to account, and proceeded against by the censures of the Church, and by

Congregationalist, who differs from the former in regard to church government, but agrees with him in all that relates to sound doctrine, is told to stand by on the other side ; while the worldly-minded, to whom the whole is a matter of perfect indifference, is freely welcomed. The consequences of such a system have been precisely what might have been expected. It has notoriously failed to secure either Christian piety, or even conformity, to the Established Church ; and yet it is strenuously defended, on the ground that it is absolutely necessary to the very existence of religion in our seminaries of education !

It is justly stated, in the Resolutions on this subject, agreed to by the Senate of Marischal College, Aberdeen, that ‘ such a change has taken place in the mode of life of students in the Colleges of Scotland, as to remove a chief occasion for a religious test being deemed a requisite condition of admission to a College. Those Colleges were all framed, more or less, according to the monkish model ; but gradually, steadily, universally, the domestication of students within Colleges has ceased to be a practice. The College buildings in Scotland have become essentially an aggregation of class-rooms, with their appendages of libraries, museums, and public halls. The students come to the College daily from their private dwelling-places, to attend the public prelections of the Professors whose branches they may be studying, and assemble in classes, for an hour once or twice a-day, under each Professor. Such, in the state to which the demands of society have brought all the Colleges of Scotland, is the amount of necessary intercourse between the Professors and the students.’ These statements are fully borne out by the Report of the Royal Commission of 1830 ; which numbered among its members the late and present Presidents of the Court of Session, Lord Justice-Clerk Hope, Lords Corehouse* and Moncreiff, the late Lord Ad-

‘ the power of the civil magistrate.’—*Confession of Faith*, chap. xx. 4. In what way, we would ask, is the good of religion to be promoted by demanding from every Professor an assent to such sentiments as these ?

* The opinion of Lord Corehouse respecting academical subscription to the Confession of Faith, is worthy of especial notice. ‘ I dissent ’ (says that eminent lawyer, legal author, and judge) ‘ from that resolution, that all Professors shall be required to subscribe the Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland. It is proper and necessary that the theological faculty should belong to the Church established in this part of the kingdom ; but to extend the same rule to the other faculties, by which not only Dissenters of every denomination, but members of the Church of

vocate Sir William Rae, Lords Rosebery, Melville, Aberdeen, and Haddington, and the Rev. Dr Cook. These distinguished individuals state, that 'there are few national institutions of long standing, which have been more powerfully modified by the circumstances of the country than the Universities in Scotland; and they have undoubtedly been gradually adapted, in an eminent degree, to the particular demands upon them, arising from the circumstances of the people for whose benefit they were designed.' After noticing the fact, that the Professors must acknowledge the standards of the Established Church, they go on to say, that, 'in other respects, the Universities of Scotland are not ecclesiastical institutions, not being more connected with the Church than with any other profession. They are intended for the general education of the country, and, in truth, possess scarcely any ecclesiastical features, except that they have a certain number of Professors for the purpose of teaching theology, in the same manner as other sciences are taught. . . . Neither constitutions, endowments, nor provisions for public instruction, are founded on the principle, that the Universities are appendages of the Church.' *

It is evident that the Scottish Universities are not mere ecclesiastical seminaries, but national institutions, existing for great national purposes, and supported for the benefit of the whole nation, and not for the exclusive advantage of one sect. Justice, therefore, requires that they should be adapted to the present

'England, are excluded from teaching science and literature, appears an inexpedient restriction in the choice of Professors. It is true, that subscription is enjoined by the Acts of Parliament cited in the report, but the circumstances and opinions of the country have materially changed since that period; and, in particular, the number of Episcopalians has increased among the best educated classes in the community. Accordingly, the practice of subscription has, for a long time, been generally discontinued in the Universities; and I am of opinion that those statutes, now fallen into disuse, instead of being enforced, should be repealed.' Yet in the debate* which took place in the House of Commons (May 1844) on Mr Fox Maule's motion, for leave to bring in a bill to repeal the University Test Act, Sir James Graham is reported to have said, that 'Lord Corehouse had concurred in the recommendation that this test should not be discontinued, but should be more rigorously enforced!'

* And yet, strange to say, Dr Robertson is reported to have stated, at the last meeting of the General Assembly, that 'the Universities of Scotland are undoubtedly part and parcel of the Established Church of Scotland, and as such ought to be under the cognizance of that Church!'

state of society, and that every man who possesses the requisite qualifications should have free access to their honours and emoluments. No tests are subscribed by the students who are taught in these institutions, and form their chief support, and there is no good reason why any should be subscribed by the teachers.

Some of the advocates of the University Test Act profess themselves willing to carry out their principles to their full extent, and plead for the expulsion from the Universities of all nonconforming Professors and Office-bearers, to whatever religious denomination they may belong. Others, however, wiser or more moderate in their views, shrink from such a measure, and attempt to make a distinction between the case of the Episcopalians and that of the 'Free Church' Professors. They see clearly, that to enforce conformity to the Established Church on all the Office-bearers in the Universities, would inevitably bring utter ruin on these institutions. Hence, alarmed at the consequences to which their own principles must inevitably lead, they wish them carried only partially into effect; and plead for retaining Episcopalians, while they call for the expulsion of nonconforming Presbyterians. The former, they allege, though not conforming to the doctrines of the Church of Scotland, still retain no hostility to that institution; whereas the latter not only dissent from her doctrines, but are engaged in carrying on active warfare against the Establishment itself. Now, it will be observed in the first place, that this is not the ground which the Established Church has hitherto taken up on this subject. She has always insisted that the law requires entire conformity to her 'doctrine, discipline, and government,' and will be satisfied with nothing less. And the Presbytery of St Andrews, in their libel against Sir David Brewster, affirm that every Professor 'must, previous to induction into his office, declare himself a member of the Established Church of Scotland, and adhere to the same as long as he retains his office.' Secondly, even allowing the distinction in question to be correct, it is a distinction recognised neither by the letter of the law, nor by the spirit of the constitution. The statute either requires adherence to the Established Church on the part of all Office-bearers in the Universities, or it does not. If it does not, then the attempt to eject the 'Free Church' Professors and Office-bearers is altogether illegal and unwarrantable. If it does, then all Nonconformists, no matter to what communion they belong, must be ejected. The revival, for party purposes, of an obsolete penal statute, is bad enough; but this attempted partiality in the application of it, adds immeasurably to its iniquity. If an intolerant law is to be brought anew into action after a slumber of more than a century, at least let it be acted upon with

impartiality. It is monstrous to suppose that the country will allow any Court, civil or ecclesiastical, if such a Court could be found, to use the law in so arbitrary a fashion as to declare that one party may violate its enactments with impunity, while another, who happens to be obnoxious on particular grounds, shall suffer its pains and penalties.

But, moreover, the claim put forth for forbearance towards Episcopalians, while none is to be shown to nonconformist Presbyterians, is as groundless in point of fact as it is worthless in law. We have already shown that the latter still hold the ecclesiastical principles which were held by the framers of the Act of Security—they still ‘acknowledge’ the Confession of Faith, and ‘conform’ to the Presbyterian mode of worship. But no such defence can be offered in behalf of the Episcopalian Professors. Their admission to office in the Universities is undeniably opposed both to the spirit and the letter of the law. Adherence to a Calvinistic creed, and to a Presbyterian Church, are the two conditions that it requires, neither of which can be complied with by honest Episcopalians. Their toleration, therefore, in Scottish Academical Chairs, is a gross violation of that statute which the adherents of the Establishment are attempting to revive against Presbyterian Dissenters. The Act of Security, it is well known, was passed for the express purpose of protecting the Established Church against the supporters of Popery and Prelacy; and had no reference whatever to Presbyterian Dissenters, who (with the exception of a handful of Cameronians) did not then exist. The dreadful persecution which they had recently suffered at the hands of a Prelatical Church, made the Presbyterians of those days regard ‘Prelatists’ as their most inveterate enemies. Have they ceased to be so now? Do they not brand the Church of Scotland herself as ‘Samaria,’ and her ministers as ‘laymen’ and ‘dissenting teachers?’ Is it not passing strange, then, that an attempt should be made to distinguish between the case of Episcopalian and that of nonconforming Presbyterian Professors, on the ground that the former are friendly, and the latter hostile to the Established Church? And what are we to think of those who have not only long tolerated the violation of the law in the case of Episcopalians, but who avow that so far as they are concerned it should still remain inoperative; and who yet in the same breath tell us that every Office-bearer in the Universities must adhere to the Established Church as long as he retains office, and declare that they cannot refrain from proceeding against the Free Church Professors ‘without being guilty of a flagrant dereliction of duty?’ They may rest assured that the attempt will be as futile as it is discreditable. If the

Principal of the United College of St Andrews be expelled from that office on the ground of his secession from the Established Church, even-handed justice will require that the same step shall be taken with regard to the Episcopalian Professors of Edinburgh and Glasgow. If the one be removed, without doubt so must the other. 'The proper course would be, a Royal Commission to 'take trial' of the present Office-bearers in our Universities, and to 'purge out and remove' all, whether Episcopalians or Presbyterians, 'who shall not submit to the government of 'the Church now settled by law.*' The advocates of the University Test Act would do well to ponder the maxim, 'Begin 'nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end.'

But we are told, that to abolish subscription to the Confession of Faith would be a violation of the Act of Union with England. The frequency with which this argument has been brought forward, and the prominent place that has been assigned to it in the discussions which have recently taken place on this subject, would seem to indicate that the advocates of this Test regard it as their grand support. The argument is founded on the supposition, that the Articles of Union are unalterable—a plea altogether absurd. When the Act of Union was agreed to, Scotchmen were naturally jealous lest the institutions of their country should be changed, contrary to their wishes, by the vote of English representatives; and therefore, as a security against the apprehended danger, it was stipulated that these institutions should 'remain and continue unalterable.' The result of their anxious precautions shows the futility of all attempts to legislate for posterity. Our legislators have unhesitatingly treated the Act of Union as so much waste paper whenever it became necessary for the public good to do so. The Courts of Session and Justiciary, the Court of Admiralty, Heritable Jurisdictions, the extent of the Elective Franchise, and the number of Scotch Representatives to Parliament, have all been changed, though it was specially provided in the Treaty of Union, regarding one and all of them, that they should 'continue for ever.†' Nay more, the constitution of the Presbyterian Church itself, which was the special object of national anxiety, and which was secured unchanged 'to the people 'of this land in all succeeding generations,' so early as 1712 un-

* Stat. 1690, chap. xvii.

† One of the Articles of Union provided for the continuance of the law against all importation of victual from Ireland, or any other place, as 'the importation of provision and victual into Scotland would prove 'a discouragement to tillage.' Do the advocates of the Test hold that this Article should have been viewed as unalterable?

derwent a most important alteration. Lay patronage had always been obnoxious to the Presbyterians of Scotland. One of the first acts of the Scottish Parliament after the Revolution was to abolish it; and their 'latest great act, in agreeing to merge the 'Scotch into a British Parliament, involved the stipulation that 'Church patronage should not be restored.' And yet, in defiance of these solemn national engagements, in little more than five years after the royal assent had been given to the Act of Union, the yoke of patronage was again laid upon the necks of the people of Scotland by the avowed enemies of Presbyterianism, and for the express purpose of alienating their affections from the reigning family.* Out of this violation of the Act of Security have arisen, directly or indirectly, nine-tenths of Scottish dissent; and so effectually has it wrought, that the adherents to the Confession of Faith, and the Presbyterian form of church government, are now more numerous without than they are within the pale of the Establishment. Now, strange to say, the very persons who resist the abolition of the restrictions on the University Chairs, on the ground that it would be a violation of the Treaty of Union, are the warmest eulogists of this restoration of patronage. According to this mode of argument, the Treaty of Union presented no obstacle to the passing of an Act which, in one way or another, has been the means of driving two-thirds of the people of Scotland out of the Establishment; but it is an insurmountable barrier to any act of legislation that may be calculated to remedy the evils that have thus been produced! It was appealed to in vain, by the almost unanimous voice of the Scottish nation, against the act of Bolingbroke restoring lay patronage. Is it just or reasonable, then, that it should be appealed to successfully now, against a change imperatively demanded by the altered

* Lockhart of Carnwath says—'I pressed the Toleration and Patronage Acts more earnestly, that I thought the Presbyterian clergy would be from thence convinced that the establishment of their Kirk would in time be overturned, as it was obvious that the security thereof was not so thoroughly established by the Union as they imagined.'—*Lockhart Papers*, Vol. i. p. 418. Wodrow states, that, in a meeting of the Commission of Assembly, 'it was owned by all that patronages were a very great grievance, and sinful in the imposers, and a breach of the security of the Presbyterian constitution by the Union.' And in an address approved of by the General Assembly, the passing of the Patronage Act is declared to be 'contrary to our Church constitution, so well secured by the Treaty of Union.'—*Burnet's History of his Own Times*, Vol. ii. p. 595.

circumstances of the country, and which would be welcomed with as great unanimity as the former was condemned?

The question respecting the abolition of religious tests has been raised, not by their enemies, but by their friends. Had they been contented to allow to Presbyterians the toleration which, for more than a century, they have shown to Episcopalians, the demand for the total abolition of these restrictions on the Literary and Philosophical Chairs would not, in all probability, have been made at this time. But since the pretension has been revived, security ought to be taken that these intolerant statutes shall not be left capable of being misused. They are unjust in principle, and injurious in practice. They are equally hostile to the rights of conscience, and to the interests of science. They are prejudicial alike to religion and education. They hold out a temptation to insincerity in religious professions, and inflict a penalty for adhering to honest convictions. They are utterly repugnant to the feelings of the age, and are wholly inapplicable to the present character of our Universities, and the existing ecclesiastical state of Scotland. Let them, therefore, be at once erased from the statute-book. 'It is not wise,' says Burke, 'in a well-constituted commonwealth, to retain those laws which it is not proper to execute.' Like frozen vipers, they may at any time be warmed into vigour by a pestilential atmosphere. One thing is clear, matters cannot remain in their present unsettled condition. Either the Universities must be freed from all sectarian tests, and made, in the fullest sense of the term, National Institutions, otherwise the various denominations of Dissenters will feel constrained, however reluctantly, to unite in the erection, on a broad and liberal basis, of a scientific and literary University, in which they may be able to place unlimited confidence. We deprecate such a result. Our object is the conservation of our existing educational institutions, not their destruction. The present system of education is attended with many advantages, which render its preservation an object of national importance. Students of all sects and professions have hitherto mingled in our Universities without distinction. This arrangement has been productive of the most beneficial effects on the character of all parties. The intimacies thus formed have done much to soften mutual prejudices, to moderate party spirit, and allay the bitterness of controversial feeling. But once let the youth of the various sects be confined, in the choice of their companions, to the members of their own Church, and the manifold evils of our religious dissensions will be fearfully aggravated. As the different classes would never meet, during their earlier years, in any

At length, on the 10th of May, two divisions—each consisting of two hundred Spaniards, and about two thousand five hundred Indian warriors, and commanded, the one by Alvarado, and the other by a distinguished Cavalier named Christoval de Olid—left Tezcuco for the environs of Mexico. The two Captains performed the circuit of the northern end of the lakes without opposition, and established themselves at their appointed posts before the capital—Alvarado in Tacuba, and Olid in Cojohuacan. Sandoval was then dispatched with a similar force to Iztapalapan, of which place he gained possession after some resistance;—thus making the Spaniards masters of three out of the four great avenues leading from the mainland into the city. Lastly, Cortes took command of the flotilla, in which were embarked three hundred men, one half of whom were to serve as mariners. He sailed across the lake, dispersed or destroyed with ease some hundreds of the Aztec canoes, and appeared in triumph off Mexico. He then anchored at the fort of Xoloc, landed part of his men, and easily dislodged the garrison. Sandoval was then ordered to march round the lake, and occupy the town of Tepejacac, which commanded the great northern causeway. And thus the blockade of the devoted capital, both by land and by water, was finally completed.

After some days employed in skirmishing, and in strengthening the positions of his army, Cortes commanded a general assault. He himself, with his own division and that of Olid, pushed forward from Xoloc; forced his way through all the defences into the town; stormed the great Temple of Huitzilopochli, and made good his retreat, though not without peril and difficulty, to his quarters. At the same time, Sandoval and Alvarado advanced along the causeways of Tacuba and Tepejacac, and engaged the Aztecs in the suburbs, but did not enter the gates of the city. Several attacks were afterwards made in the same manner, by which much damage was done to the capital; and the palaces of Axayacatl and Montezuma were burned to the ground. But these destructive incursions—though they clearly proved that no part of the city was secure from immediate storm—did not seem to shake the constancy of the besieged; and Cortes, against his better judgment, was induced, by the impatience of his followers, to make another grand attempt at carrying the city by assault.

Early upon the appointed morning, the main body of the army advanced in three divisions from Xoloc; while Alvarado and Sandoval, uniting their forces at Tacuba, marched along the western causeway to its support. They all penetrated the city with less resistance than before—with so little, indeed, that

their sagacious leader soon suspected a stratagem. His anxiety was increased by the alarming discovery, that the Cavaliers who commanded his vanguard had neglected, in the eagerness of pursuit, to fill up a large ditch or canal which intersected the street; and that, consequently, their retreat, if hard pressed by the enemy, would be exceedingly difficult. But while Cortés and his followers were zealously labouring to supply this fatal omission, the horn of Guatemozin—a signal already dreaded by the bravest Spaniards—was heard to sound from the summit of a neighbouring temple. In a few minutes, the tumult of battle was heard rolling fearfully back through the deserted streets; and the van of the Spanish army, overwhelmed by an innumerable force of Aztecs, appeared in full and disorderly retreat. Cortés, though he had still time to retire unmolested, was, as usual, faithful to his distressed comrades. He charged the enemy without hesitation, and fought desperately to cover the passage of the fugitives through the canal. But all his exertions could not prevent great confusion and considerable loss. He was himself in the most imminent personal danger; he received several wounds; and he would have been actually carried off prisoner by the Aztecs, but for the devoted exertions of his men, several of whom, both Spaniards and Tlascalans, perished in his defence. At length, however, the passage was completed; order was restored; and the army—its rear still protected by the indefatigable General at the head of his cavalry—retreated steadily to Xoloc. Alvarado and Sandoval, who had entered the city with more caution, were likewise desperately attacked by the Aztecs, and had considerable difficulty in effecting their retreat. The whole loss of the Spaniards must have amounted to nearly a hundred men, of whom sixty-two were taken alive by the enemy.

The consequences of this repulse were, for a time, most alarming. The defenders of the city were filled with enthusiasm; and their Priests openly announced the solemn promise of the Gods of Anahuac, that, within eight days more, the sacrilegious invaders should be utterly destroyed. This prediction, combined with the failure of the late assault, had so great an effect upon the Indian auxiliaries, that they all—except a few of the most distinguished Tlascalcan chieftains—deserted the Spanish camp—some withdrawing to a short distance, and others setting off for their respective homes. The Spaniards themselves were overwhelmed with grief and despair at the sight of the human sacrifices which took place upon the summits of the Mexican temples; where, for several successive days, most of the unfortunate prisoners were massacred in cold blood by their captors. But Cortés did not allow himself to be disheartened. He knew that

his own men, with their flotilla, their cannon, and their strong intrenchments upon the causeways, were well able to maintain the blockade; and, shutting himself up in his quarters, he waited patiently until the last faint gleam of Aztec prosperity disappeared. The eight fatal days passed by; and still the besiegers commanded the lake with their ships, and maintained their posts at Xoloc, Tacuba, and Tepejacac. The Aztecs, less patient than certain political dupes of our own day, lost all confidence when convinced of the palpable falsehood of their oracles. The auxiliaries—ashamed of their irresolution, and alarmed for its consequences—returned in great numbers to their posts, and were graciously welcomed by the politic Cortes. And thus, within a fortnight after the defeat in the city, the confidence of the besiegers was completely restored, and the deliverance of the besieged seemed as remote as ever.

The system of attack next adopted by Cortes, was one which nothing but the sternest necessity could justify. The city was every where open to assault; but it was clear that his soldiers could not penetrate the streets without imminent danger of being overpowered by the defenders. His only resource was therefore to destroy, as he advanced, every building which could be made a post for defence; and this terrible resolution he at length, not without bitter reluctance, resolved to carry into execution. Shortly after the return of the allies to the camp, the whole besieging army advanced from Xoloc and Tacuba, and established themselves in the suburbs of the capital. A large body of Indian pioneers then proceeded—Cortes setting them the example with his own hands—to level the streets and houses with the ground, and to fill up the canals with the rubbish. In the mean time the Spaniards, with the choicest Indian warriors, occupied the best positions for the protection of the workmen, who were, of course, greatly exposed to attack. The sallies of the despairing Aztecs, though frequent and formidable, were constantly repulsed; but they inflicted considerable loss upon the imperfectly armed allies by a constant discharge of stones and arrows. Still the Indians—all, by inheritance, either the deadly enemies or the oppressed slaves of the Aztec race—persevered in their task of revenge with unabated zeal and firmness. The very stones of Tenochtitlan were to them objects of abhorrence, and they had no sympathy for the natural regret felt by the Spaniards at the destruction of so splendid a trophy. In this manner, day after day, and week after week, the besiegers continued to work their way through the perishing city, until the summer was far advanced. The palace of Guatemozin himself was destroyed; the principal Temple was stormed and burned to the ground by Alvarado; and at length the Spaniards established themselves in the great

square or market-place of Tlatcölco, which had witnessed the overthrow of their vanguard on the day of the general assault. Seven-eighths of the whole magnificent capital were a black and desolate waste; and the surviving citizens were now crowded in the narrow and ruinous streets which had formed its north-eastern quarter.

In the mean time, famine and pestilence had fearfully aided the Spanish sword in thinning the ranks of the besieged. We cannot follow Mr Prescott through his eloquent but painful description of their miserable sufferings. It is enough that the sight filled the Spaniards, stern and not unjustly exasperated as they were, with horror and compassion. Terms of peace and security, far more favourable than a civilized Commander would have ventured to expect, were earnestly and repeatedly offered to Guatemozin. But the Aztec Emperor was obdurate; and his followers, if unequal to their enemy in the shock of battle, possessed all the invincible passive heroism which distinguishes the aboriginal warrior of America. Exhausted as they were by toil and suffering, they continued to defy and harass the besiegers; and constantly boasted of the ample revenge which they would inflict, when their probation should at length be complete, and the outraged Gods of Anahuac should descend to exterminate their impious enemies and their apostate worshippers. It is impossible to read the description of their patriotic infatuation, without calling to mind that strange conjecture of certain Ethnologists, which ascribes to the North American tribes a Hebrew origin. No two passages of history were ever more precisely similar, in all their moral characteristics, than the siege of Jerusalem by Titus, and that of Mexico by Cortes.

The last scene of the war was now at hand. The surviving Aztecs had been at length brought to bay within limits so narrow, that the besiegers could venture to carry them by storm; and on the 14th of August, Cortes, after long delay and repeated efforts to procure a surrender, unwillingly gave orders for a general assault. The Spaniards—long ago sated with revenge, and filled with disgust at the necessity of butchering men helpless from disease and privation—constantly offered quarter, and saved many lives. But the allies—true to the character of merciless inveteracy which distinguishes their race—were deaf to the commands of Cortes, and spared not a single Aztec who fell into their power. The battle, or rather the massacre, lasted nearly two days, and would probably have been maintained until the besieged had perished to a man, had not an unexpected accident brought it to a sudden conclusion. Among the crew of a Mexican canoe, which was captured by a Spanish brigantine while attempting to reach the shore, was a youthful warrior, whom

the captors immediately recognised as Guatemozin himself. The fatal news became generally known to both parties upon the second evening of the assault; and when the besiegers drew off their forces, it was clear that all resistance was at an end.

Upon the morning of the 16th of August 1521, the Aztecs signified their submission. Cortes withdrew his forces from the dreary and pestilential ruins to Cojohuacan; and the remnant of the Aztecs were allowed to retire to their neighbouring towns, by the northern and western causeways. They were not more than thirty or forty thousand in number; at least one hundred and twenty thousand souls having, by the most moderate computation, perished in the siege. In three days the last of the forlorn exiles had disappeared; and all that remained of the imperial Tenochtitlan was a bare and desert island, encumbered with ruins, strewn with carcasses, and scathed by fire. Such was the final extinction of Mexican grandeur and independence.

Here we must reluctantly conclude our brief and imperfect analysis of Mr Prescott's delightful narrative. Neither the subsequent history of the conqueror himself, nor that of the beautiful country which he subdued, are pleasing subjects of contemplation. Cortes, indeed, lived and died in possession of the wealth and honours which he had so dearly earned. But his noble projects of new discovery were frustrated by the indolence or the jealousy of the Spanish government; and his life was embittered by the insults and chicanery of his enemies, and by the ungrateful neglect of the court. New Spain shared the fate of Naples, of Flanders, of Spain itself—of every country, in short, which underwent the withering influence of the despotism established by Charles V. The Indian tribes degenerated into a drove of heartless slaves, and the colonists into a dynasty of effeminate tyrants, incapable of defending their rich possessions against a few boats' crews of English bucaniers.

The conquest of Mexico has been most unjustly confounded, in the memory of most readers of history, with those of the West Indian and South American provinces—conquests achieved over a timid, harmless, and contented race, and sullied by unprovoked and atrocious cruelties. The conqueror himself is generally regarded as a heroic robber; just so far superior to Pizarro, as ambition is superior to avarice, and unscrupulous sternness to wanton thirst of blood. Nor have any voices joined in this thoughtless cry more eagerly, than those of the degenerate race who now enjoy the fruit of his victories; and to whose tyranny, avarice, or supine indifference, the evils which they impute to him are really owing.

In the first place, we shall not hesitate to say, that the

liberation of Anahuac from the Aztec yoke was a justifiable enterprise. We hold that, among nations as among individuals, it is a good and honourable action to protect the weak against the oppression of the strong, in all cases where the probable benefits of the attempt appear materially greater than its probable evils. Thus, a declaration of war by France against England to procure the dissolution of the Irish union, or by England against Russia to procure the independence of Poland, would be in the highest degree blamable and absurd : because success would in both cases be very improbable, and could in neither be any compensation for the necessary miseries of such a contest. But no one, we apprehend, would maintain that a European Admiral had acted improperly, in forcibly preventing one tribe of South Sea Islanders from massacring another ; because here the good effected would be certain and important, and the suffering inflicted comparatively trifling. If this principle be acknowledged, it cannot surely be denied that there has never been a system of oppression more inhuman, or more urgently requiring the interposition of all civilized nations, than that practised by the Mexican Emperors. If we have any fault to find with the conduct of Cortes in undertaking its destruction, it is merely that he suffered his ardour to hurry him into the enterprise with such apparently insufficient means. The obstinacy with which the Aztecs prolonged the war, and by which they inflicted so much loss upon their enemies, and such dreadful miseries upon themselves, must in part be ascribed to the effects of this precipitate rashness. Had a powerful Spanish armament appeared upon their coast, they would, in all probability, have consented to resign their supremacy over the tribes of Anahuac as soon as they found the impossibility of preserving it. It was the apparent certainty of final victory over so small a force as that of Cortes, which tempted them to continue their struggles until long suffering had inflamed their resentment to vindictive desperation, and their courage to reckless impatience of life.

We are far from maintaining, that the sole or the principal motive of Cortes was humane anxiety for the deliverance of the Indian tribes. That would be claiming for him a degree of disinterested virtue which it would scarcely be safe to ascribe even to a Washington. We contend that he acted like a man, not of romantic generosity, but of probity. He found the nations of Anahuac suffering under a most cruel tyranny, and he offered to free them at the risk of his life, upon condition that they would become the vassals of his own sovereign. It may be true that he would not have undertaken their protection, had he not hoped to win the crown of Mexico for Charles V., and the fame and rewards of a hero for himself ; but we have

no right to say, and no reason to think, that he would have suffered his own interests to lead him into unjust aggression. To pursue purely noble ends by purely noble means, is the praise of those rare philanthropists whose enthusiastic love of mankind has raised them above the weakness of humanity. To pursue justifiable ends by noble means, is the praise of a great and good man. And he deserves that character of whom we can say—as we say of Cortes—that he achieved a marvellous exploit, and conferred a great benefit upon his fellow-creatures, partly from generous love of justice—partly from sincere and devout, though misguided, religious zeal—and partly from selfish, but neither sordid nor unscrupulous, ambition.

It is no answer to this to say, that the good done by Cortes was, in the end, more than counterbalanced by its evil consequences; and to draw a declamatory contrast between the supposed prosperity of the Indian tribes at the discovery of New Spain, and their degradation since the conquest. We must remember that the despotism of the Aztec was cut short in its infancy, while that of the Spaniard has grown to complete maturity. The destruction of Mexico took place only two centuries after the very first appearance of the Aztecs upon the plateau of Anahuac; and most of the provinces subject to their dominion had been subdued within the memory of man. No degree of misgovernment could be expected to destroy all the signs of prosperity in so short a time. But we know that the oppressions of Montezuma had already excited the bitterest discontent among his subjects; and we may safely assume that, but for their opportune deliverance, they would have undergone the most crushing miseries of tyranny in as short a time as human skill could possibly have produced them. Even if we admit the Spanish conquest to have been a great evil, it would be the height of injustice to make Cortes responsible for its worst consequences. He could not prevent the degeneracy of his countrymen. He could not tell that, while the gallant soldiers of Charles V. were fighting for his honour abroad, their sovereign was destroying their rights at home by the miserable war of the *comunidades*. He could not foresee that the grandsons of the high-minded Cavaliers who fought before Granada, would be sordid courtiers, slaves to the Inquisition, and patrons of the *auto-da-fé*. But it is a fact, that he took every precaution in his power to guard the natives of New Spain against the oppression of the colonists; and, though his successors were far from imitating his enlightened policy, he has at least the merit of having preserved the tribes of Anahuac from the utter extermination which Spanish cruelty had inflicted upon those of the neighbouring archipelago.

Mr Prescott, though generally warm and eloquent in the commendation of his hero, is ready to allow that there are passages in his history which his most zealous admirers would find it impossible to defend. We shall not dissent positively from his authority. But we must in justice add, that with the single exception of the death of Guatemozin, we are unable to recall any important act of his public life which we think would deserve strong reprehension—we will not say in a Spanish adventurer three hundred years ago—but in a British officer at the present day. We have already stated our opinion, that the massacre of Cholula, and the seizure of Montezuma, were justifiable acts of severity—as being well deserved by those upon whom they were inflicted, and absolutely necessary for the safety of those who inflicted them. The miserable ruin of the great city of Mexico, together with the inflexible heroism and dreadful sufferings of its defenders, have afforded a fruitful theme for accusations of cruelty against Cortes. No doubt these terrible disasters would have fearfully aggravated the guilt of an unjust invader. Nor do we refuse our admiration—nay, our warmest and most compassionate sympathy—to the patriotic self-devotion of the unhappy Aztecs. They were ignorant savages; and may be excused for thinking, as wiser tyrants have often thought, that their fellow-creatures were created to be tormented at their pleasure. We are willing to respect them as intrepid martyrs, though not as martyrs in a good cause. But if these men were, in point of fact, robbers and murderers, fighting in defence of their title to rob and murder—if the rights for which they laid down their lives consisted in the privilege of fattening on the spoils, and decimating the youth, of the surrounding tribes—surely it would be as unjust to make Cortes answerable for their sufferings, as to blame the commander of a lawful cruiser for the death of a pirate who sinks with his colours flying. It is possible that we may have overlooked the precise transactions which have chiefly induced Mr Prescott to censure the conqueror of Mexico; but there can be no doubt, that in the morality and humanity of his ordinary conduct as a soldier, Cortes was little behind the present age, and greatly before his own. In good faith, in forbearance, and in enlightened policy, he was far superior to his contemporaries—far superior to our own countrymen who colonised New England a hundred and fifty years after him. He repressed license and rapacity with just and exemplary vigour—he did all in his power to prevent unnecessary slaughter in the field—he persevered to the last in pressing his offers of life and liberty upon enemies, who constantly murdered every Spaniard on whom they could lay hands. It is true that we have only his own authority, or that of his

companions, for these facts. But what Spanish Captain of the sixteenth century, who did not really possess such feelings of humanity, would have thought it worth his while to affect them?

Respecting the high intellectual qualities of Cortes, there can scarcely be any great difference of opinion; though we certainly are inclined to think that common estimation has scarcely done him full justice. To us he appears to have possessed, in an eminent degree, many of the greatest qualities of a great Captain. In the scientific combinations of modern strategy, he may have possessed no great skill. But he knew how to form a handful of adventurers into an army, and an army into a state. He knew how to cement confederacies, and how to reconcile the bitterest and most threatening enmities. Above all, he possessed, and in a remarkable degree—that singular faculty of fascinating the imagination, and guiding the resolves, of common men, which is perhaps the surest test of extraordinary natural powers; and which so strongly marks the distinction between the man intended for command by nature, and the man fitted for it by education. Unlike most of the celebrated leaders who have flourished since war became a science, he possessed all the dazzling personal qualities which are necessary to the vulgar idea of a great soldier. Without them, it is probable that all his powers of mind would have failed to achieve the conquest of Mexico. His wild followers would have felt little respect for a chief, however brave and invincible, who travelled in a coach-and-four on the march, shut himself up in his tent with charts and diagrams at the halt, and gave orders through his aides-de-camp on the day of battle. Such men could not appreciate the profound policy which discerned at a glance the weak points of the Aztec Empire. But their rude imaginations were filled with enthusiasm for the best Lance and the boldest and handsomest Champion of the army; and their hearts glowed with ardent affection to the leader who was ever ready to risk his own life to save that of a companion in arms,—to the kind and cheerful comrade, whose affability and cordiality enlivened alike the march and the bivouac. All those who had fought under his command continued to the last his devoted admirers; and regarded with bitter contempt the efforts of his enemies to depreciate his reputation and to vilify his character. ‘It was perhaps intended’—such was the devout conclusion of one of the bravest and most single-hearted of his followers—‘that he should receive his recompense in a better world; for he was a good Cavalier, most true in his devotions to the Virgin, to the Apostle St Peter, and to all the other Saints.’*

* Prescott, iii. 323.

ART. VI.—1. *A Plea for the Liberties of the Scottish Universities.*

By JOHN STUART BLACKIE, Professor of Humanity in Marischal College, Aberdeen. 1843.

2. *Resolutions agreed to by the Senatus of the University of Glasgow, of University and King's College, and of Marischal College, Aberdeen, in favour of the Abolition of Religious Tests in the Universities of Scotland.* 1844.

ON the recent disruption of the Scottish Establishment, a number, both of the Teachers in the Parochial Schools and of the Professors and Office-bearers in the Universities, seceded from the communion of the Established Church. The former have already been summarily expelled from their offices, and a vigorous effort is now making by the Church Courts to subject the latter to similar treatment. Among others who seceded is Sir David Brewster, Principal of the United College, St Andrews. This distinguished philosopher having come to the conclusion that the Bill of Lord Aberdeen, and the Decisions of the Courts of Law, have essentially changed the constitution of the Established Church, considered himself bound to abandon its communion. For entertaining this opinion, and acting upon it, he has been considered unworthy of holding the office of Principal of the United College—his colleagues have memorialized the government to remove him—and the Presbytery of St Andrews have taken measures with a view to his expulsion. In justification of this attempt, it is pleaded that the law requires every Office-bearer and Teacher in the Universities and Colleges of Scotland to conform to the Established Church; and that a due regard for the welfare both of Religion and of the Establishment imperatively demands that it should be strictly enforced. As the subject is one of very great importance to all classes of the community, we propose examining at some length how far the maintenance of the existing religious tests in our Universities and Colleges is calculated to promote the interests either of education or religion; but, owing to the aspect which the question has assumed in this country, it will be necessary, at the same time, to enquire into the nature of the connexion which exists between the Courts of the Established Church and the Academical Institutions of the country.

To enter into a detailed examination of the nature and extent of the power which the Church Judicatories exercised over the Universities previous to the Revolution, would be alike tedious and superfluous. The most strenuous advocate of clerical supre-

macy would scarcely, we apprehend, attempt to support the claims of the Church by a reference to the unsettled period of the Protectorate; or to ground its powers on statutes which, whatever may be their import, have been long ago repealed. When Presbyterianism was established at the Revolution, its adherents manifested a natural anxiety to improve their victory, and to secure themselves against the future assaults of their fallen adversaries. And as care had been taken during the brief reign of Episcopacy, that all the office-bearers in the Universities and Schools should 'submit to and own the government of the Church by archbishops and bishops;*' so now it was determined, as a security against the danger which was apprehended from the adherents of Prelacy, that they should, in their turn, be rigidly excluded from the seminaries of education; and none but sound Whigs and Presbyterians allowed to hold office in these institutions. Accordingly, in 1690, an Act was passed declaring, that no persons should 'be either admitted or allowed to continue in the exercise' of any office in the Universities or Schools, 'but such as do acknowledge and profess, and shall subscribe to the Confession of Faith, and also swear and subscribe the oath of allegiance.' But this statute conferred no powers on the Church, nor were the Clergy recognised in any way as the parties who were empowered to carry it into execution. On the contrary, the Act explicitly asserts it to be 'their Majesties' undoubted right and prerogative to name visiters for the Universities and Schools;' and appoints a Commission for the express purpose of removing from these institutions all the teachers and office-bearers who were disaffected to the constitution in Church or State—in other words, all who were Episcopalians and Jacobites. The nomination of this Commission, consisting for the most part of laymen, as well as the silence of the Legislature respecting any powers of superintendence or control possessed by the Church, show clearly that no such powers were recognised by it as then existing. This is further confirmed by an Act passed three years later, while the Commission was still in operation,—subjecting 'all schoolmasters, and teachers of youth in schools,' to the jurisdiction of the Presbytery, while no mention whatever is made of Universities and Colleges. The power of superintendence over schools, as well as academical institutions, had always been the undoubted prerogative of the Crown; but by the statute referred to, the control of these inferior seminaries was delegated to the Presbyteries; while the silence of the Legislature respecting Universities, renders

* Scots Acts. Folio edit. Vol. viii. p. 379.

it evident that the superintendence of these institutions was reserved for Parliament and the Sovereign. In corroboration of this view we may mention the fact, that only three days later another Act was passed for the regulation of the Commission, showing, by implication, both the continued recognition of the rights referred to in the Crown, and the limited nature of the powers conferred upon the Church Courts.

The Act of 1690 rendered subscription to the Confession of Faith imperative on all teachers and office-bearers in the Universities ; but made no provision respecting the mode in which, or the persons by whom, it was to be received. This was provided for by the famous Statute of 1707,—the latest Act of the Legislature on this subject, which declared that subscription was to be given before ‘ the respective Presbyteries of the bounds.’ The Act of 1707 seems to have been at no time rigidly enforced. At all events, it very soon became at least partially obsolete. It may be doubted whether subscription was ever required from some of the most influential office-bearers in the Universities. This much at least is certain, that the office of Chancellor was at a very early period held by distinguished individuals connected with the Episcopal Church—the members of which, more than those of any other communion, are excluded both by the letter and spirit of the law.* The religious test has thus in many instances been either tacitly dispensed with, or very materially modified. During the period that has elapsed since the Union, a very considerable number of Professors have been admitted into the Universities, by whom no declaration of conformity to the Established Church was given, and from whom it was never asked ; and not a few whose well-known opinions would have rendered such a declaration an utter mockery. The law has never been strictly observed in any University, and has never, since its enactment in 1707, been put in force against a single individual. In the University of Edinburgh the statute has been in desuetude for nearly a century ; and no small number of the most illustrious men who have adorned its annals during that period, must have been excluded had these tests been enforced. In the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen, though

* In 1724, only seventeen years after the passing of the Act of Secularity, the Duke of Chandos, an Episcopalian, was unanimously elected Chancellor of the University of St Andrews ; and at his Grace's death in 1744, the Duke of Cumberland, also an Episcopalian, was appointed to the vacant office ; so little was the regard paid even in these times either to the Act of Security, or to the recommendations of the General Assembly.

subscription is at present required from Professors, this has not been the uniform practice. In both institutions, members of the Episcopal Church have frequently held the offices of Chancellor and Rector, without being called upon to subscribe the Confession of Faith; and in the former they have long been admitted even to Professorships, on adhibiting their names to that document.* In the University of St Andrews subscription is required from the Professors, but not from the Chancellors, though the law is equally applicable to both.

‘ Thus these decrees
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;’

and in this condition they would in all probability have been allowed to remain, had they not seemed fitted to furnish the supporters of the Established Church with a weapon which they might employ with effect against the recently enlarged body of Dissenters.

This revival of the antiquated claims of the Church to exercise authority over the seats of learning, is attempted to be borne out by an appeal to the Statutes of 1690 and 1707, and to certain Acts passed by the General Assembly in 1711 and in 1719; in which that venerable body claim a general power of superintendence over the Universities; and enjoin the subordinate Church Courts to take especial notice of what is taught in these institutions, and to observe the morals and conversation both of masters and scholars. With regard to these Acts of Assembly, it is sufficient to say that they are not sanctioned by the Legislature; they are embodied in no existing Statute; and are therefore unwarranted claims to the possession of powers which the Church never exercised at any period of her history—except perhaps during the brief and stormy times of the Commonwealth. With the exception of one or two unsuccessful efforts, the Church Courts have never attempted to interfere with the Universities since the Revolution. Even though these claims, therefore, were as well-founded as they are

* Three of her Majesty's ministers, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, and Sir James Graham, have within these few years held the office of rector in the University of Glasgow, though all three are Episcopalians. This is the case also with a number of the most eminent both of the late and present professors. In the University of Edinburgh there are about a dozen Nonconformists. Altogether, in the various Universities, there are at the present moment upwards of twenty office-bearers who do not conform to the Established Church.

the reverse, they have long ago become obsolete. Dating even from the Act of Assembly of 1719, they have not been exercised during a period of one hundred and twenty-five years, and must consequently be regarded as having been long in desuetude. This principle is explicitly recognised in the Report of the University Commission of 1830, where, speaking of the right claimed by the ministers of Edinburgh to 'advise' the patrons of that University in the election of Professors, it is said, that 'with one exception not favourable to the renewed claim, this clause in the charter of the University has been wholly inoperative, and, according to the *established principles of Scotch law*, must now be regarded as no longer effectual.*

The claim of the Church, then, to these powers and privileges must stand or fall by the Acts 1690 and of 1707. The latter, which as to this point is little more than a recapitulation of the former, for the purpose of being embodied in the Treaty of Union, enacts, 'That in all time coming, no professors, principals, regents, masters, or others bearing office in any University, College, or School within this kingdom, be capable or be admitted or allowed to continue in the exercise of their said functions; but such as shall own and acknowledge the civil government in manner prescribed, or to be prescribed, by the Acts of Parliament; as also that, before or at their admissions, they do and shall acknowledge and profess, and shall subscribe to the foresaid Confession of Faith as the confession of their faith; and that they will practise and conform themselves to the worship presently in use in the Church, and submit themselves to the government and discipline thereof; and never endeavour, directly or indirectly, the prejudice or subversion of the same, and that before the respective Presbyteries of their bounds.'

There are two questions which the consideration of this Act presents. What powers does it confer on the Church? And what obligations does it lay on Professors? In answer to the first we remark—what the most cursory view of the statute is sufficient to show—that it merely constitutes the members of Presbytery the statutory functionaries authorized to administer the legal test. It gives them no power of superintendence or control over the Universities. It recognizes in them no right of examination or trial of the Professors, either before or after admission, and no power to depose or to sue for deposition. The only duty which it commits to their charge, is to see the genuine copy of the Confes-

* Report relative to the University of Edinburgh, p. 7.

sion of Faith subscribed without alteration. Their office is in every respect analagous to that of the magistrate, to whom the administration of the other part of the test, the taking the oath of allegiance, is committed. Their powers emanate from the same source, and are subject to the same limitation. In both cases the duty of the statutory officers is purely ministerial. It is strictly limited to the administration of the test which the law enjoins, and ends the moment that act is performed.*

The question as to the powers of the Church under the Act of Security, has been twice tried before the Supreme Tribunals of Scotland, and in both cases with the same result. The first of these trials occurred in 1756, when the Rev. William Brown was appointed by the Crown to the office of Professor of Divinity and Ecclesiastical History in the new College of St Andrew's. This appointment was resisted both by the University and the Presbytery, on the ground that Mr Brown was charged with gross immorality; and they resolved to delay his induction to office till the charges brought against him should be fully investigated. Mr Brown appealed to the Supreme Court for the vindication of his rights, and the judges decided that the conduct of his opponents was 'unwarrantable and illegal,' ordered the members of the University to admit him to his office, and 'loaded them personally 'with the expense of the process.' The Presbytery, in a petition which they presented on the subject to the General Assembly, state that Mr Brown's Counsel, (his Majesty's solicitor, Mr Pringle, afterwards Lord Alemoor,) 'a man known to be eminent 'in his profession, not only asserts that the Presbytery have no 'power to deliberate concerning the character of a minister who, 'as a professor of divinity, is to be a member of Presbytery; 'but that *their power is only ministerial*, and that on no account 'they are to refuse him to sign the Confession of Faith and formula, nor can they on any account impede his admission; but 'that the judges, by ordaining a man in Mr Brown's circumstances 'to be forthwith admitted, and finding the deed of the University 'delaying his admission until his character should be cleared, 'illegal and unwarrantable, and loading them with the expense 'of process, seem to be of the same mind with the solicitor.'† Now, since the Court decided that the powers of the Presbytery

* See the Faculty Report of the Case, *Blackie v. Marischal Coll.*, Aberdeen.

† Representation and Petition of the Presbytery of St Andrews to the General Assembly, 1757.

were limited to the mere administration of the legal test, even in the admission to office of a theological professor, who is *ex officio* a member of Presbytery, much more must this be the case in the admission of a lay professor.

This question was again raised in 1839, when the Presbytery of Aberdeen, and the Senatus of Marischal College made an unsuccessful attempt to exclude Professor Blackie from the Chair of Humanity; on the ground that he had accompanied his subscription to the Confession of Faith with a public declaration, that he did not subscribe this document 'as his private confession of faith, but in his public professional capacity, and in reference to University offices and duties merely; and that in law a non-theological professor is not subject to the spiritual jurisdiction of the Church. He signs the articles as articles of peace only.' The Judge before whom the case was debated, enters largely, in a Note annexed to his Judgment, into the question respecting the alleged authority possessed by the Church Courts over the Universities. 'In the argument of the Presbytery,' says his Lordship, 'a pretension is urged by them, that they have some right of control and superintendence at common law over the conduct and religious opinions of all professors in our Universities, as teachers of youth in these schools. But the Lord Ordinary conceives that claim to be quite untenable. The jurisdiction of Presbyteries over the parochial schools is defined both by statute and by adjudged cases, and requires no confirmation; but this has never been extended to other teachers of youth, and still less to our Universities. The Church necessarily has ample control over the theological professors, who must be members of one or other of the ecclesiastical bodies before they can fill any of the chairs of theology. But it is a different question whether the Church have any control over the literary and scientific professors in the Colleges of Scotland. The Lord Ordinary has found no authority for any such jurisdiction, either in the statute or in the principles of our common law; and he should think it alike disadvantageous to science and to religion, to give its ministers any right of control either in the admission of lay professors, or over the general course of instruction in our Universities.'

So much for the pretended powers of the Church Courts in the admission of lay professors. The same learned Judge gives an equally explicit decision against their claims to exercise authority over teachers and office-bearers in the Universities, after their admission to office—even in those cases where the law may appear to be violated. 'Indeed,' says he, 'even if a case, very different in its

could, and we believe would, keep up its condition to a high standard of comfort; or at least at a great distance from physical destitution, by the exercise of the same degree of habitual prudence now commonly practised by the middle class; among whom the responsibilities of a family are rarely incurred without some prospect of being able to maintain it with the customary decencies of their station. We believe, too, that if this were the case, the poor could do very well without those incessant attentions on the part of the rich which constitute the new whole duty of man to his poorer neighbour. Seeing no necessary reason why the poor should be hopelessly dependent, we do not look upon them as permanent subjects for the exercise of those peculiar virtues which are essentially intended to mitigate the humiliation and misery of dependence. But the need of greater fellow-feeling and community of interest between the mass of the people and those who are by courtesy considered to guide and govern them, does not require the aid of exaggeration. We yield to no one in our wish that 'cash payment' should be no longer 'the universal *nexus* between man and man;' that the employers and employed should have the feelings of friendly allies, not of hostile rivals whose gain is each other's loss. But while we agree, so far, with the new doctrines, it seems to us that some of those who preach them are looking in the wrong quarter for what they seek. The social relations of former times, and those of the present, not only are not, but cannot possibly be, the same. The essential requirements of human nature may be alike in all ages, but each age has its own appropriate means of satisfying them. Feudality, in whatever manner we may conceive it modified, is not the type on which institutions or habits can now be moulded. The age that produces railroads which, for a few shillings, will convey a labourer and his family fifty miles to find work; in which agricultural labourers read newspapers, and make speeches at public meetings called by themselves to discuss low wages—is not an age in which a man can feel loyal and dutiful to another because he has been born on his estate. Obedience in return for protection is a bargain only made when protection can be had on no other terms. Men now make that bargain with society, not with an individual. The law protects them, and they give their obedience to that. Obedience in return for wages is a different matter. They will make that bargain too, if necessity drives them to it. But good-will and gratitude form no part of the conditions of such a contract. The deference which a man now pays to his 'brother of the earth,' merely because the one was born rich and the other poor, is either hypocrisy or servility. Real attachment, a genuine feeling of subordi-

nation, must now be the result of personal qualities, and requires them on both sides equally. Where these are wanting, in proportion to the enforced observances will be the concealed enmity; not, perhaps, towards the individual, for there will seldom be the extremes either of hatred or of affection in a relation so merely transitory; but that *sourde* animosity which is universal in this country towards the whole class of employers, in the whole class of the employed.

As one of the correctives to this deep-seated alienation of feeling, much stress is laid on the importance of personal demeanour. In the 'Claims of Labour' this is the point most insisted upon. The book contains numerous aphorisms on this subject, and they are such as might be expected from the author of 'Essays written in the Intervals of Business,' and 'Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd.' A person disposed to criticise might indeed object, that these earnest and thoughtful sayings are chiefly illustrative of the duty of every one to every one; and are applicable to the formation of our own character, and to human relations generally, rather than to the special relation between the rich and the poor. It is not as concerning the poor specially, that these lessons are needed. The faults of the rich to the poor are the universal faults. The demeanour fitting towards the poor, is that which is fitting towards every one. It is a just charge against the English nation, considered generally, that they do not know how to be kind, courteous, and considerate of the feelings of others. It is their character throughout Europe. They have much to learn from other nations in the arts not only of being serviceable and amiable with grace, but of being so at all. Whatever brings the habitual feelings of human beings to one another nearer to the Christian standard, will produce a better demeanour to every one, and therefore to the poor. But it is not peculiarly towards them that the deficiency manifests itself. On the contrary, speaking of the rich individually, (as distinguished from collective conduct in public life,) there is generally, we believe, a very sincere desire to be amiable to the poor.

Where there exists the quality, so rare in England, of genuine sociability, combined with as much knowledge of the feelings and ways of the working classes as can enable any one to show interest in them to any useful purpose, the effects obtained are even now very valuable. The author of the 'Claims of Labour' has done a useful thing by giving additional publicity to the proceedings of a generous and right-minded mill-owner, whom he does not name, but who is known to be Mr Samuel Greg, from whose letters to Mr Leonard Horner he has quoted largely.

Mr Greg proceeded partly in the obvious course of building good cottages, granting garden allotments, establishing schools, and so forth. But the essence of his plan consisted in becoming personally acquainted with the operatives, showing interest in their pursuits, taking part in their social amusements, and giving to the *élite* of them—men, women, and young persons—periodical access to the society and intercourse of his own home. He has afforded a specimen and model of what can be done for the people under the calumniated Factory System. And in nothing is he more to be commended than in the steadiness with which he upholds the one essential principle of all effectual philanthropy. ‘The motto on our flag,’ says he, ‘is—*Aide-toi, le ciel t’aidera*. It is the principle I endeavour to keep constantly in view. It is the only principle on which it is safe to help any body, or which can prevent benevolence from being poisoned into a fountain of moral mischief.’ His experiment has, for many years, been well rewarded by success. But, for the cure of great social evils, too great stress must not be laid upon it. The originator of such a scheme is, most likely, a person peculiarly fitted by natural and acquired qualifications for winning the confidence and attachment of untutored minds. If the spirit should diffuse itself widely among the employers of labour, there might be, in every large neighbourhood, some such man; we could never expect that the majority would be such. Even Mr Greg had to begin, as he tells us, by *selecting* his labourers. He had to ‘get rid of his aborigines.’ He ‘endeavoured, as far as possible, to find such families as we knew to be respectable, or thought likely to be so, and who, we hoped, if they were made comfortable, would remain and settle upon the place; thus finding and making themselves a home, and losing, by degrees, that restless and migratory spirit which is one of the peculiar characteristics of the manufacturing population, and perhaps the greatest of all obstacles in the way of permanent improvement among them.’ It is in the nature of things that employers so much beyond the average, should gather round them better labourers than the average, and retain them, while so eligible a lot is not to be had elsewhere. But ordinary human nature is so poor a thing, that the same attachment and influence would not, with the same certainty, attend similar conduct, if it no longer formed a contrast with the indifference of other employers. The gratitude of men is for things unusual and unexpected. This does not take from the value of Mr Greg’s exertions. Whoever succeeds in improving a certain number of the working people, does so much towards raising the class; and all such good influences have a tendency to spread. But for creating a permanent tie between employers and employed, we must not count

upon the results manifested in cases of exception, which would probably lose a part of their beneficial efficacy if they became the rule.

If, on a subject on which almost every thinker has his Utopia, we might be permitted to have ours ; if we might point to the principle on which, at some distant date, we place our chief hope for healing the widening breach between those who toil and those who live on the produce of former toil ; it would be that of raising the labourer from a receiver of hire—a mere bought instrument in the work of production, having no residuary interest in the work itself—to the position of being, in some sort, a partner in it. The plan of remunerating subordinates in whom trust must be reposed, by a commission on the returns instead of only a fixed salary, is already familiar in mercantile concerns, on the ground of its utility to the employer. The wisdom, even in a worldly sense, of associating the interest of the agent with the end he is employed to attain, is so universally recognised in theory, that it is not chimerical to expect it may one day be more extensively exemplified in practice. In some form of this policy we see the only, or the most practicable, means of harmonizing the ‘rights of industry’ and those of property ; of making the employers the real chiefs of the people, leading and guiding them in a work in which they also are interested—a work of co-operation, not of mere hiring and service ; and justifying, by the superior capacity in which they contribute to the work, the higher remuneration which they receive for their share of it.*

* In the able and interesting ‘Lettres Politiques’ of M. Charles Duveyrier, some account is given of an attempt which has been successfully made to carry this principle into practice, on a small scale, by an employer of labour at Paris. The name of the individual is Leclaire, his occupation that of a house-painter, and he has made his proceedings public in a pamphlet, entitled ‘Répartition des Bénéfices du Travail en 1842.’ M. Leclaire pays his labourers, and other employés, by fixed salaries or weekly wages in the usual manner. He assigns also to himself a fixed allowance. When the year’s accounts are made up, the surplus profits are shared among all concerned, himself included, in the ratio of their fixed allowances. The result has been most prosperous both to himself and to his labourers, not one of whom, who worked as much as three hundred days, obtained, in the year of which he has published the accounts, less than 1500 francs (£60,) and some considerably more.

In the mining districts of Cornwall the working miners are invariably joint adventurers in the concern ; and for intelligence, independence, and good conduct, as well as prosperous circumstances, no labouring population in the island is understood to be comparable to the Cornish miners.

But without carrying our view forward to changes of manners, or changes in the relation of the different orders of society to one another, let us consider what can be done immediately, and by the legislature, to improve either the bodily or mental condition of the labouring people.

And let it here be remembered that we have to do with a class, a large portion of which reads, discusses, and forms opinions on public interests. Let it be remembered also, that we live in a political age; in which the desire of political rights, or the abuse of political privileges by the possessors of them, are the foremost ideas in the minds of most reading men—an age, too, the whole spirit of which instigates every one to demand fair play for helping himself, rather than to seek or expect help from others. In such an age, and in the treatment of minds so predisposed, justice is the one needful thing rather than kindness. We may at least say that kindness will be little appreciated, will have very little of the effect of kindness upon the objects of it, so long as injustice, or what they cannot but deem to be injustice, is persevered in. Apply this to several of the laws maintained by our legislature. Apply it, for example, to the Corn-Laws. Will the poor thank you for giving them money in alms; for subscribing to build baths and lay out parks for them, or, as Lord John Manners proposes, playing at cricket with them, if you are at the same time taxing their bread to swell your rents? We entreat 'Young England' to believe, that as long as they vote for the Corn-Laws, people will never begin to take them and their professions *au sérieux*; they will be looked upon as they are now, as light-headed young men, momentarily more successful than other dandies in the line of peculiarity which they have chosen; but not as serious thinkers acting upon any consistent intellectual scheme, or from any real conscientious feeling. We could understand persons who said—the people will not be better off whatever we do, and why should we sacrifice our rents or open our purses for so meagre a result. But we cannot understand men who give alms with one hand, and take away the bread of the labourer with the other. Can they wonder that the people say—instead of doling out to us a small fragment of what is rightfully our own, why do you not disgorge your unjust gains? One of the evils of the matter is, that the gains are so enormously exaggerated. Those who have studied the question know that the landlords gain very little by the Corn-Laws; and would soon have even that little restored to them by the indirect consequences of the abrogation. The rankling sense of gross injustice, which renders any approximation of feeling between the classes impossible while even the remembrance of it lasts, is inflicted for a quite insignificant pecuniary advantage.

There are some other practices which, if the new doctrines are embraced in earnest, will require to be reconsidered. For example, it seems to us that mixing in the social assemblies of the country people, and joining in their sports, would square exceedingly ill with the preserving of game. If cricketing is to be taken in common by the rich and poor, why not shooting? We confess that when we read of enormous game preserves, kept up that great personages may slaughter hundreds of wild animals in a day's shooting, we are amazed at the puerility of taste which can call this a sport; as much as we lament the want of just feeling which, for the sake of sport, can keep open from generation to generation this source of crime and bitterness in the class which it is now so much the fashion to patronize.

We must needs think, also, that there is something out of joint, when so much is said of the value of refining and humanizing tastes to the labouring people—when it is proposed to plant parks and lay out gardens for them, that they may enjoy more freely nature's gift alike to rich and poor, of sun, sky, and vegetation; and along with this a counter-progress is going on of stopping up paths and enclosing commons; nay, a bill annually introduced into Parliament, with the prospect of success, offering new and unheard-of facilities to the latter operation. Is not this another case of giving with one hand and taking back more largely with the other? We look with the utmost jealousy upon any further enclosure of commons. In the greater part of this island, exclusive of the mountain and moor districts, there certainly is not more land remaining in a state of natural wildness than is desirable. Those who would make England resemble many parts of the Continent, where every foot of soil is hemmed in by fences and covered over with the traces of human labour, should remember that where this is done, it is done for the use and benefit, not of the rich, but of the poor; and that in the countries where there remain no commons the rich have no parks. The common is the peasant's park. Every argument for ploughing it up to raise more produce, applies *a fortiori* to the park, which is generally far more fertile. The effect of either, when done in the manner proposed, is only to make the poor more numerous, not better off; and is particularly uncalled for in the face of a probable abolition of the Corn-Laws, rendering speculations upon the turning up of barren soils at this time especially precarious. But what ought to be said when, as so often happens, the common is taken from the poor, that the whole or great part of it may be added to the enclosed pleasure domain of the rich? Is the miserable compensation, and though miserable yet seldom granted,

of a small scrap of the land to each of the cottagers who had a goose on the common, any equivalent to the poor generally, to the lovers of nature, or to future generations, for this legalized spoliation?

These are things to be avoided. Among things to be done, the most obvious is to remove every restriction, every artificial hinderance, which legal and fiscal systems oppose to the attempts of the labouring classes to forward their own improvement. These hinderances are sometimes to be found in quarters in which they may not be looked for; as a few instances will show.

Some years ago the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, in a well-intended tract addressed to the working people, to correct the prejudices entertained by some of them against the 'claims of capital,' gave some advice to the labourers, which produced considerable comment at the time. It exhorted them to 'make themselves capitalists.' To most labouring people who read it, this exhortation probably appeared ironical. But some of the more intelligent of the class found a meaning in it. It did occur to them that there was a mode in which they could make themselves capitalists. Not, of course, individually; but by bringing their small means into a common fund, by forming a numerous partnership or joint stock, they could, as it seemed to them, become their own employers—dispense with the agency of receivers of profit, and share among themselves the entire produce of their labour. This was a most desirable experiment. It would have been an excellent thing to have ascertained whether any great industrial enterprise, a manufactory for example, could be successfully carried on upon this principle. If it succeeded, the benefit was obvious; if, after sufficient trial, it was found impracticable, its failure also would be a valuable lesson. It would prove to the operatives, that the profits of the employer are but the necessary price paid for the superiority of management produced by the stimulus of individual interest; and that if the capitalist be the costliest part of the machinery of production, he more than repays his cost. But it was found that the defects of the law of partnership, as applicable to numerous associations, presented difficulties rendering it impracticable to give this experiment a fair trial. Here, then, is a thing which Parliament might do for the labouring classes. The framing of a good law of Partnership, giving every attainable facility to the formation of large industrial capitals, by the aggregation of small savings, would be a real boon. It would be the removal of no ideal grievance, but of one which we know to be felt, and felt deeply, by the most intelligent and right-thinking of

the class—those who are most fitted to acquire, and best qualified to exercise, a beneficent influence over the rest.

Again, it is often complained of as one of the saddest features of the constitution of society in the rural districts, that the class of yeomanry has died out; that there is no longer any intermediate connecting link between the mere labourer and the large farmer—no class somewhat above his own, into which, by industry and frugality, a labourer can hope to rise; that if he makes savings, they are less a benefit to him than a burden and an anxiety, from the absence of any local means of investment; unless indeed by becoming a shopkeeper in a town or village, where an additional shop is probably not wanted, where he has to form new habits, with great risk of failure, and, if he succeeds, does not remain an example and encouragement to others like himself. Is it not strange, then, that supposing him to have an opportunity of investing this money in a little patch of land, the Stamp-office would interfere and take a toll upon the transaction? The tax, too, which the state levies upon the transfer of small properties, is a trifling matter compared with the tax levied by the lawyers. The stamp-duty bears some proportion to the pecuniary amount; but the law-charges are the same on the smallest transactions as on the greatest, and these are almost wholly occasioned by the defects of the law. There is no real reason why the transfer of land should be more difficult or costly than the transfer of three per cent stock, except that a trifle more of description is necessary to identify the subject-matter; all the rest is the consequence of mere technicalities, growing out of the obsolete incidents of the Feudal System.

A great part of the revenue of the country is raised by imposts which stand directly between the labourers and their essential comforts. The window-tax operates to deprive them of light; the excise on soap is a tax on cleanliness; the duties on bricks and timber render building expensive, and directly counteract the attempt to improve the dwellings of the poor. The duty and port dues on coal, exacted by the corporation of London, aggravate, to the inhabitants of the metropolis and surrounding districts, the most distressing of the physical privations incident to poverty.

Many of the removable causes of ill health are in the power of Government; but there is no need to enlarge upon a subject to which official Reports have drawn so much attention. The more effectual performance by Government of any of its acknowledged duties; the more zealous prosecution of any scheme tending to the general advantage, is beneficial to the labouring

classes. Of schemes destined specially to give them employment, or add to their comforts, it may be said, once for all, that there is a simple test by which to judge them. Is the assistance of such a kind, and given in such a manner, as to render them ultimately independent of the continuance of similar assistance? If not, the best that can be said of the plans is, that they are harmless. To make them useful, it is an indispensable condition that there be a reasonable prospect of their being at some future time self-supporting. Even upon the best supposition, it appears to us that too much importance is attached to them. Giving education and just laws, the poorer class would be as competent as any other class to take care of their own personal habits and acquirements.

The plans of a more ambitious kind, having in view the alleviation of poverty on a considerable scale, are principally two—the Allotment System, as it is commonly called, and Colonization. The last of these is too complicated a subject, and involves considerations too special, to be properly introduced as a subordinate branch of a more extensive scheme. We may say here, that from it we do expect considerable benefit. Like the other projects, it is only a palliative; but of all palliatives it is attended with the fewest drawbacks, while it far surpasses all others in the measure of its efficiency. With this observation, we reserve the topic for separate treatment.

The Allotment System is brought forward in two different shapes. In one, it consists in attaching to every labourer's cottage a small patch of garden ground. This form of the system is worthy of all commendation; subject, however, as before, to the condition, that the ground be not given in alms, but, ultimately at least, paid for at a fair value. That every labourer should desire a garden, and should not be content without it, would be a point gained. It would raise the labourer's standard of comfort. A garden is itself a comfort, and a badge of comfort. It is also an ornament, and the ornamental is sometimes no contemptible part of the useful. It makes home more pleasant, which, again, tends to improve the labourer's conduct towards those who share it with him. Much more might be said of the beneficial influence of cottage gardens. Nor needs this benefit be confined to the rural population. The author of the '*Claims of Labour*' has some useful remarks on the value of garden allotments to the mechanics of towns; and combats, not without success, the objections arising from considerations of space and locality. He does not seem to be aware of the extensive experiment which has been made of his system in the important

manufacturing town of Nottingham. We learn from Mr Howitt, that there are in the outskirts of that place upwards of five thousand gardens, averaging four hundred square yards in extent; less than a tenth of an acre. The bulk of these 'are occupied' by the working class. A good many there are belonging to the 'substantial tradesmen and wealthier inhabitants; but the great mass are those of the mechanics. These lie on various sides of 'the town, in expanses of many acres in a place, and many of 'them as much as a mile and a half distant from the centre of the 'town.' The description of these gardens we subjoin in a note.† The taste, he says, 'seems to have grown up originally of itself, 'and then, exciting the attention of speculators, has been extended to its present growth by them. The mechanics there 'have not their gardens at a cheap rate. They all say that 'they could purchase their vegetables in the market for the 'amount of their rent and incidental expenses; but then they

* *Rural Life of England*, p. 500.

† 'Early in spring—as soon, in fact, as the days begin to lengthen, and the shrewd air to dry up the wintry moisture—you see them getting into their gardens, clearing away the dead stalks of last year's growth, and digging up the soil; but especially on fine days in February and March, are they busy. Trees are pruned, beds are dug, walks cleared, and all the refuse and decayed vegetation piled up in heaps; and the smoke of the fires in which it is burnt, rolling up from many a garden, and sending its pungent odour to meet you afar off. It is pleasant to see, as the season advances, how busy their occupants become; bustling there with their hoes in their hands, and their tools on their shoulders; wheeling in manure, and cleaning out their summer-houses; and what an air of daily increasing neatness they assume, till they are one wide expanse of blossomed fruit-trees and flowering fragrance. Every garden has its summer-house; and these are of all scales and grades; from the erection of a few tub-staves, with an attempt to train a pumpkin or a wild-hop over it, to substantial brick houses, with glass windows. . .

. . . The amount of enjoyment which these gardens afford to a great number of families, is not easily to be calculated. . . . You meet them coming home, having been busy for hours in the freshness of the summer morning in them, and now carrying home a bass brimful of vegetables for the house. In the evening, thitherward you see groups and families going; the key which admits to the common paths that lead between them is produced; a door is opened and closed; and you feel that they are vanished into a pure and sacred retirement, such as the mechanic of a large town could not possess without these suburban gardens.' 'What a contrast,' Mr Howitt adds, to 'the alehouse; the drinking, noisy, politics-loving alehouse, where a great many of these very men would most probably be, if they had not this attraction.'

'get the health and the enjoyment, and their fruit and vegetables are so fresh. . . . These gardens let at from a half-penny to three-halfpence per yard; which, averaged at three farthings, make a rental of L.1, 5s. per garden. . . . Thus it is evident, that any person willing to promote the taste for gardening in the neighbourhood of towns, might double, in many instances, the ordinary rent of the land, and yet let it in gardens at half the price of these Nottingham ones.'

But the salutary influence of the possession of a garden upon the labourer, depends upon his possessing it as an enjoyment, not as a means of subsistence. Very different, however, is the theory of those who urge allotments as a great measure of social improvement. They mean that the grounds are to be cultivated as a source of profit, to eke out the scanty wages of the agricultural labourer. And they bring a cloud of witnesses to vouch for the benefits of the system in stimulating industry, reforming vagrant habits, and keeping unemployed labourers off the parish.

That the plan, when zealously taken up as a work of philanthropy by influential persons, may have done some temporary good, and may yet do more, even upon the minds of the people, we are not inclined to deny. Any pet project of the great man or men of the neighbourhood usually succeeds for a time; any mode whereby the rich show interest in the well-conducted and industrious poor, and busy themselves to find employment for them, is likely to have some good effects. We admit also that for a time, perhaps even for a whole generation, this system may lower the poor-rates; though it is, indeed, a poor-rate of another kind; but tending, as it does, to augment the gross (though not the surplus) produce of the soil, it makes the labourers themselves produce by their labour the fund devoted to their relief.

Our objection to it is the same as to all the other modes of relief in aid of wages. Every shilling which it bestows as a supplement to wages, it subtracts from the wages themselves. There is nothing in the plan of renting half an acre or an acre of land to each cottage, which tends to raise the standard of living among the people, to increase their requirements, and make them unwilling to live unless a high scale of comfort is provided for them. By giving them an extra means of support in addition to wages, you merely enable them to exist upon still lower wages than before. You reduce even that wretched minimum of wages which corresponds to the minimum of subsistence, and which is practically imposed by the support afforded in the workhouse. Wherever there is already an excess of labourers above employment, the reduction of wages will be immediate; wherever

there is not, a surplus will speedily grow up. We could name a parish in which, during the last few years, by the well-meant exertions of the incumbent, the system has been brought largely into operation, and where the consequence is already a reduction of wages beyond all previous experience. There will be nothing to hinder a population of paupers of this description from increasing with all the rapidity of America or of Ireland. What is Ireland but the allotment system made universal? Why are wages in Ireland less than sixpence a-day, but because every labourer has his allotment? In the next generation each man of the augmented population will be an additional candidate for a bit of ground; as their wages fall, they will be thrown more and more upon the allotment for support; and the land will be delivered up to a cottier peasantry and their Irish potato-gardens.

We by no means intend to undervalue the importance of an intermediate class of labouring people connected with the land. We are at the furthest remove from any such opinion. Under some form we believe a class of yeomanry to be essential to the wellbeing of a state. We believe them to be among the happiest portions of the human race. Calling no man master, and free from all anxiety about a livelihood, they keep constantly before the eyes and minds of the other peasantry a superior status, into which, by frugality and good conduct, any of them may expect to rise. But people who rent little bits of land as tenants-at-will, are something very different from a yeomanry. We cannot here attempt any discussion of the grave questions connected with the size of holdings and the tenure of farms. It may be that in France small holdings do not produce over-population. But in France the small holder is generally the proprietor. After payment of a fixed land-tax, the remainder of the produce is his own. A peasant proprietor has inducements to prudence and forethought, which the holder of an allotment has not. He has a status which he is unwilling to lose. And, though there may be an illusion about the effect of over-population in lowering wages, there can be none about the insufficiency of a given piece of land to maintain twenty persons in the same abundance as ten.

Again, in Lombardy and Tuscany small holdings may not have been found incompatible with good agriculture. But there, too, the small farmers are not holders of allotments. They are universally *métayers*. The custom of the country ensures them fixity of tenure, and the landlord supplies the stock, receiving, in kind, half the produce. It is very true that this tenure would not encourage a capitalist to expend money in improvements. But the tenant is not a capitalist; he is a labourer. As such,

the system affords to him considerable motives both to industry and providence. The labourers are really partners with the landowner, and have the feelings of joint ownership. They work for themselves no less than for their wealthier associate. The more they work the more they gain.

It is the Irish system, and not the system of France or of Italy, that the allotment plans of our philanthropists are tending to introduce. It might be supposed, indeed, that the allotment tenant, paying a fixed money rent, would be still more dependent upon his own exertions and frugality than the *métayer*; since his landlord does not go shares with him either in the benefit of his labour, or in the loss occasioned by his idleness. And this is true of capitalist farmers, (at least where they have any permanence of tenure;) but not of labourer-farmers. With them the only effect is to bring the population principle to bear directly upon rent, instead of upon wages. As in Ireland, the competition, being not for profit but for life, induces the cottier to promise rent beyond what he can pay and live. Whatever, then, may be his industry, or whatever the numbers of his family, his condition can neither be worse nor better. So long as he is not ejected, his children will not starve; the landlord can only take what they do not consume; and the peasants multiply not at their own expense, but at that of the foolish, penny-wise landlord. And it is with the example of Ireland before us, and where the evils which an allotment system has there nurtured, strike all eyes;—at the very time when our statesmen are struggling, almost against hope, to find some new contrivance for keeping society together, under the destructive effects of such a social arrangement;—it is in the face of all this experience, that our gentry are running wild to introduce that system as an infallible specific for the far less formidable social evils of our own country.

ART. VIII.—1. *Fragment on the Church.* By THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D. 8vo. London: 1844.

2. *The Rubrics and Canons of the Church of England considered.* By CHRISTOPHER BENSON, M.A., Master of the Temple. 8vo. London: 1845.

PRESENT appearances have once more set people on discussing the advantages and disadvantages of a Religious Age. To be born in one ought, surely, to be a great blessing. Yet the passions of mankind have often made it the reverse. Nor is this the worst. When one age has been made unhappy by excesses in that direction the next has been made still more so, by the uncontrollable reaction which is the natural punishment of extremes. If fewer austere Puritans had thrown a gloom over the Whitehall of Cromwell, fewer *deboshed* courtiers would have made infamous the Whitehall of Charles II.

According to Varro, the religion of the Heathen world was threefold: Mythological for poets, Natural for philosophers, Civil for statesmen. To its prodigious influence on life, when it was tolerably well directed, Cicero is a more than unsuspected witness. After observing that the Romans were inferior to other nations in several particulars, he confesses himself unable to account for their general superiority over all, except from the superiority of their Religious character. Christian philosophers have not adopted the methodical divisions of Varro. But some parts of Christianity bear more immediately on human nature than others. And it would be strange, indeed, if we could not take the same distinctions, and draw the same presumption in favour of its elevating influences, as Cicero took and drew with regard to the religious persuasion of his countrymen. Of the general rule we have no doubt. The difficulty is in applying it. For even Christianity may be perverted and disguised by false forms and false proportions—by falsehood of doctrine and falsehood of spirit, until it becomes a question, which evils are the greatest—the evils of superstition or the evils of unbelief. Short of this, there will be cases of all shades and colours. Every stage towards it is a question of degree.

We have a high opinion of the sagacity of Mr Canning and Sir Walter Scott, and we see no reason to doubt the integrity and intelligence with which they made their observations upon our earthly heavens. They read there signs of change, perplexing families and monarchs—the stars fighting against Sisera. They appear, in consequence, to have prognosticated for the genera-

tion that was coming on, trials which they themselves had only known of by history. It is now some years since Sir Walter Scott took fright at the embers of the covenanting spirit which he fancied he saw warming again in Scotland. When he warned his friend, the 'Ettrick Shepherd,' against marrying what serious people mean by a religious wife, the author of 'Old Mortality' was probably chiefly thinking of the effect this spirit had produced upon our domestic manners. About the same time, Mr Canning was expressing similar fears respecting England. The dangers to which the statesman would be most alive were naturally the probability of disturbance to the public peace. If these acute observers were on earth at present—looking out, not merely on an overcharged and troubled sky, but marking where the lightning had in part already fallen on our social fabric—would they be more at ease?

The exact form which our religious troubles have taken, is more than they can have anticipated. The points principally in dispute among us have as yet been rather ecclesiastical than theological; and are likely to continue so. But the consequences are much the same. So much so, that these prudent persons could not on that account have thought more lightly of any of the dissensions by which either Scotland or England have recently been affected, or which may be yet in store for us.

In the year 1835, it was averred by Mr Dick, an able writer on 'Church Polity,'* that one-half of the civil disorders of Scotland were owing to its Church. That Church has since been torn asunder: and many a parish, and many a household, divided against itself. A large proportion of its most eminent ministers has seceded, and their people with them. The representatives of Knox and Melvill have resigned their livings by hundreds; and their congregations have followed them into Free Churches. Can we be wrong in thinking, that but for the spirit at which Sir Walter Scott had been alarmed, reasonably or unreasonably, the particular controversies between the General Assembly and the Legislature never would have been brought to this fatal issue?

The same with regard to England. Its Church presents, materially and bodily, a yet unbroken front. It is, however, next to impossible, after what has passed, that the elements of discord, which have long been smouldering in it, should peaceably subside. Its High Churchmen fondly thought their time was come. Having beat off the Dissenters, they conceived that the religious temper of the age might be turned to good account, and the faded glories of a Priesthood be revived. As usual, the mis-

* *Dissertation on Church Polity.* By A. C. Dick, Esq., Advocate. 1835.

chief began at Oxford,—Oxford—whose evil influence ‘has been tried, and not found wanting, through the vicissitudes of a thousand years.’ The new (or, if they like it better, the old) religion, as nursed and hatched at Oxford, was a serpent, and could only creep. The Bishops laid their hands on it—and it got dragon’s wings. For months together, the dioceses of London and Exeter have had all the interest of a seat of war. The middle classes had a stout battle to fight there. They have fought it, and have won it. A narrative in the style of Boileau’s ‘Lutrin’ or Butler’s ‘Hudibras,’ should commemorate the victory. Whether the victorious congregations are to return to a willing obedience, or to a litigious one, will probably very much depend upon the conduct which their pastors may pursue. We remember hearing, a few years back, of a sermon by a Mr Mountain. There was a derivation in it of the word *laity*. It came, it was said, from the laity being to be *led*. The sanguine Etymologist will scarce insist upon his derivation now. But what a passage are these late transactions in the history of Churchmen, swelling with the conceit of apostolical succession! Within and without, is written in golden letters the great commission—‘Feed my sheep.’ Notwithstanding which, the fold has been teased and worried by the shepherds, until it has broken out into open insurrection. Nor could peace be restored in it on any other terms, than by the shepherds submitting to retread their steps, under the guidance of their sheep. Meantime, more than one Bishop has been reverting to the great religious war which ended in the English commonwealth. It was a mild, but yet a painful martyrdom for their ejected order, when silenced Episcopacy had to beg for that ‘liberty of prophesying,’ which, but a little while before, it had refused to others.

The devout and ardent Dr Arnold was in his grave before the commencement of these diocesan campaigns. How little can he have expected that the mongrel Romanism, against which he prayed as against a daily poison, should have so suddenly and so rashly thrown itself into collision with the plain honesty of the middle classes, and have been broken to pieces, like a potter’s vessel, by their good feeling and good sense! What a rapid practical termination to the pretensions of the Priesthood! What a summary and complete refutation of all denials of the right of private judgment, and of the right of laymen to a portion in the government of the Church! These were the trying questions, which Arnold saw a-head, clothed only (as he saw them) in a more argumentative and learned garb. ‘Is it not strange (he asks) that the ‘Guelph and Ghibelin controversy should be again reviving—as ‘in fact it is—and the greatest questions of our days be those which ‘touch the nature and powers of the Church?’ Here, indeed,

are comprised nine parts out of ten of all that a wise man will much care about in the difference between the Vatican and Lambeth—a difference, however, so serious, that, as often as it was brought back from the dust of libraries to mingle in conflict among the thoughts and feelings of contemporaries, Arnold appears to have believed it could be adjusted by no other arguments than the fagot and the sword. He would not otherwise have thought it necessary to startle us from our sleep, as with a trumpet, bidding us hold ourselves prepared. Notwithstanding his favourite dream of one visible Church—not only for the three kingdoms, but for all Christendom—he was obliged to acknowledge, that there were Christians who maintained principles in eternal opposition with each other, and who were beginning now to feel their principles, and to act upon them. There was no saying, therefore, how soon we might be called upon ‘to realize ‘the histories of the old martyrs.’ If such are among the promises and prospects of a Religious Age, it is high time, no doubt, to be looking about us.

We are old enough, and calm enough, and stand sufficiently aloof, to have no other object in the judgment we may form upon these subjects, than an earnest desire for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing else, in all its true dimensions and true colours. From what we have said already, we shall not be suspected of being over sanguine in our expectation of the complete and final triumph of charity and reason, wherever people are of opinion that religion is concerned. That we have seen neither the last nor the worst of ecclesiastical dissensions, is not merely highly probable: it is reasonably certain. Notwithstanding this, a broad margin may be left for dissensions; and we may yet stop short of martyrdoms and religious wars. Our confidence reposes upon the solid basis of the Toleration Acts. They cannot save us from all annoyance and disquiet, from the dust and smoke of bigotry; but they are perfect, as a safety-valve, against national explosions. A fact which the best men of the Middle Ages, and even of the Reformation, would have deemed incredible, has been verified by succeeding generations. Commonwealths, composed of men of different beliefs, are now prosperous and happy; and have not only more peace, but more religion. The taunt against ‘an Amsterdam of all religions,’ has become a first principle. The last two centuries have not perhaps been fertile in very great men; but their rational liberty and tranquil civilization have done infinitely more for our security against superstition and fanaticism, than had been previously accomplished, during many hundred years, by genius and virtue, in all their noble efforts to make fanatics wise. Every age has its own trials. Ours

will have no lack. It may possibly be a part of them, that its religion shall be turned from peace and joy, into gloom and bitterness and contention. But it is not possible, that among our trials will be the sight of orthodox fires lighted up at Smithfield, or of controversial bayonets crossing each other at Edgehill or Bothwell Brigg.

The probability of a religious age being succeeded by an irreligious one, is a separate evil. It is, of course, best guarded against by guarding against the first excess; since the space the pendulum swings forward, determines the space it will swing back. But we are not without hopes that the great principle of toleration—the only moral discovery left for modern times—may save us from this scandal. It has already put down the worst form of religious excess, by casting out the incarnate fiend of religious persecution. It may possibly be found still more effectual in restraining that reaction which the zealots of former days successfully provoked. Many of the more innocent forms of religious extravagance will flourish, as before, by the side of civil and religious freedom. Yet it is not at all unlikely that civil and religious freedom, and the love for them, which grows up under them, may prevent the reaction which might have otherwise ensued. The example of America encourages us to hope so. New England, and other parts of the United States, were planted in fanaticism. Nevertheless, there has been no interval of scepticism or profligacy between the bigotry of the Pilgrim fathers, and the earnest belief of the hundred sects who are living there in peace at present. We do not perceive that this exemption from the ordinary penalty of all extremes, is to be accounted for upon any other grounds than those upon which M. de Tocqueville accounts for an unanimity, a fervour, and a charity, in the religion of America, which he had not met with elsewhere in Christendom. He found a people there more united by religious feelings than separated by religious dogmas; and still believing, as their forefathers had believed before them, that there was an indissoluble connexion between the interests of religion and the interests of freedom.

It is one of the misfortunes of Establishments, intrenched behind Endowments, and bristling with Articles and Confessions, that, sooner or later, offences, ecclesiastical as well as theological, certainly must come. And though no reasonable person can say off-hand—‘Woe unto those through whom they come:’ yet a grave responsibility must ever rest with the parties who bring them on. It must be presumed that they have carefully examined the value of their innovations, or the grounds of their

discontents, and have satisfied themselves that the risk of periling their Establishment is the least of two evils. There may be abundance of such cases. Each will stand on a moral necessity of its own. The higher the degree and nature of that necessity, the higher, of course, will be the justification and the glory of all who obey its call.

The two cases before us—the Scotch and English schisms—differ in their character and in the points at issue. The differences are naturally characteristic of the two Churches—Presbyterian and Episcopal. In both instances, the parties principally responsible for the recent agitation, are persons representing the extreme principles of their respective systems. The responsible party in Scotland has been that of the ultra-Presbyterians. By the theory of their Church, they recognise no other Headship for it than that of Christ, and they claim for the Church itself a formidable independence. Yet they have manifested no desire to make a mystery of their order, and magnify its privileges; they entertain (as of old) an almost republican fellow-feeling with the people; and, in the last resort, they go no further for the real living and visible authority in their Church, than to the body of the people in communion with it. The responsible party in England has been that of the ultra-Episcopalians. Nominally members of a Church of which the supreme civil magistrate is the undoubted Head, they are, nevertheless, ambitious of making themselves into a mystery and a power—are for bringing men back under the ceremonial law of words, and forms, and rites—and are not only for separating the clergy from the laity, but for drawing a broad impassable line between them. They have plainly set their hearts on changing the whole relation between themselves and their congregations;—from the true moral relation of the teacher and the taught, into a dry spiritual dependence of the whole body of the people upon their sacred order, as on an order of Levites or of Bramins in the Church of Christ.

The only point which these extreme parties—the ultra-Presbyterians and ultra-Episcopalians—hold in common, is the high ground which they severally take for their respective Churches in relation to the State. The two Churches strive alike for inconsistent advantages. They both would willingly be National Churches, and be arrayed in the vestments with which the State provides its servants; while both also affirm that the Bridegroom himself has given them a wedding garment, the sanctity of which must not be soiled by waiting upon human legislatures with suit and service. We are as desirous as any well can be, that a government should go great lengths in reverencing the consciences of its citizens, whether it be the conscience of an

individual as a private person, or his corporate conscience as member of a church or of any other society. A National Church has a further claim, not so sacred a one, but still plain and intelligible. The State, by which it has been adopted, is bound to treat it with all the consideration and respect which may best enable it to fill the station to which it has been raised, and to discharge the duties which we must suppose to be assigned to it. But, having wisely prescribed the conditions of adoption, the State must afterwards hold its own. Demands may be made in the name of conscience and of honour, on behalf of public bodies as well as of private persons, which no just and enlightened people can concede. Mr Hallam has very properly reproached the General Assembly of Scotland with the folly of keeping up the forms and language of the sixteenth century. He has bade it remember, 'that the supremacy of the legislature is 'like the collar of the watch-dog, the price of food and shelter, 'and the condition upon which alone a religious society can be 'endowed and established by any prudent commonwealth.' That there can be no freedom in the sense in which Voluntaries and Nonjurors speak of freedom, except in a Free Church, is a verity concerning which nobody can be mistaken any longer, at least in Scotland. The contrary notion was comparatively harmless in an institution, into which and through which lay blood and lay opinion freely flowed. There was great excuse, too, to be made for it, in consequence of the contradiction between the principles which were predominant on the first establishment of Presbyterianism at the Reformation, and those which were most prevalent on its subsequent restoration at the Revolution. We most sincerely grieve, therefore, that so many men, worthy of all praise, should have been deceived by the traditional language of the Church of Scotland to their almost worldly ruin. On the other hand, we must ask the Oxford clergy to remember that Mr Hallam's reproachful warning applies equally to all. The notion is neither harmless nor excusable in the Church of England, with its more clerical constitution, and its more consistent history. In case the Tractarian authorities, with the help of Mr Gladstone, should succeed in persuading their Anglo-Catholic divines to equivocate with their consciences, brave the public, and baffle the legislature, *the principles and idea of their Church* may secure them in their temporal interests. That is true. We only hope that their Church, in that case, may prove equally efficacious in securing them in their eternal.

The Secession was grounded upon a supposed denial by the Legislature of the spiritual independence of the Church. This question might have remained dormant for another hundred years

in Scotland, but for the unlucky interests of private patrons. By this time Lord Kinnoul himself is probably of opinion, that the country has paid a heavy price for the maintenance of his right to force a minister upon the parish of Auchterarder. On the other hand, if the proposers of the *Veto* could have foreseen what has taken place, they would probably have never brought it forward. But no persons had ever greater reason to believe that the law was on their side. In asserting the independence of the Church, they knew what was Scottish History; they were told what was Scottish Law. Before they could, by possibility, discover their error, they were compromised beyond retreat. That the policy of any form of popular election is very questionable, as a general proposition, is universally admitted. Nevertheless, we have only to suppose that the *Veto* would have retained the late seceders within the Church, and perhaps might have recalled others, and the friends of Establishments can scarcely suggest a case in which the experiment would be more worth trying; for the same principle necessarily applies to a part as to the whole. And we at least cannot doubt, but that the restoration of Presbyterianism at the Revolution was wisely grounded on the express statutory allegation, of 'its being agreeable to the inclinations of the people.' After the turn which things have taken, the public now can only look for compensation from the large scale on which the Free Churchmen are attempting to carry out their scheme of church-extension. It is an experiment, too, by which we shall learn in time what can be made of Free Churches, as a half-way house between a National Establishment and a purely voluntary system.

The cause of the Ultra-Presbyterians was the cause of the people from the first. Wisely or unwisely, such was its tendency and aspect. Right or wrong, the most popular among the ministers took it up, and made it theirs. On the contrary, the cause of the Ultra-Episcopalians has been all along the cause of the clergy, and with the exception of a few such laymen as Mr Gladstone, (*plus royalistes que le roi*), of the clergy only. Whatever else they may be ignorant of with impunity, a clergy ought to know something of the people with whom they have to deal. Up to the eleventh hour the Anglo-Catholics imagined they were carrying the people with them! If the feeling in which this crusade against Protestantism originated and made way, had been an honest religious feeling, we hope we should have made full allowance for what we must still have thought its errors. But the case, as it stands, is the case of Laud and the Nonjurors over again, with less provocation and less excuse. It is the case of men who, in possession of the substance, have been willing to risk the loss of it,

in their anxiety to become masters of the shadow also. A knot of clergymen—the Hickses and Dodwells of our day—gathered together at Oxford with the declared object of uniting the Church against the Dissenters and the Whigs. The University was just the place they wanted for a manufactory of novices and tracts. In their hands, it soon became a seminary for transforming the Anglo-Catholic Church (as they have preferred calling it) into a mere Priesthood. For the last ten or fourteen years, the best part of its resident zeal and talent has been occupied in ascertaining how near a clergyman of the Church of England may approach to being a Roman Catholic, without incurring the disagreeable necessity of avowing himself to be one. With a few respectable exceptions, they continued their membership with the Church of Cranmer and of Jewel, which glories in the title of Protestant and Reformed. Yet they repudiated the Reformation, both in letter and in spirit; abjured the name of Protestants and Reformers; and, while they scoffed at Luther, raised literary altars to legendary saints. The English public looked on for awhile, patient and puzzled; caring little what the clergy might be doing in their studies, as long as service in the churches went on as usual. Meantime, indifference was mistaken for approbation, or at least submission; and English High Churchmen, all the time, kept constantly ascribing the contemporary embarrassments of the Church of Scotland to its want of Bishops. A singular doctrine for the countries of Archbishop Laud and Archbishop Sharpe!—countries in which Episcopacy had so mismanaged its affairs, as to ruin for a time not only itself but the Monarchy as well.

But this part of the controversy was soon to be set at rest. The rash Diocesans of London and of Exeter suddenly appeared upon the field. Burning lights, but more solemn warnings; ignorant of the feeling of the middle classes, or defying it; loving power, but incapable of the self-guidance and self-control by which power is best secured; adorned with a diversity of talents, but wanting that most necessary one called so falsely common sense; ever busy, doing or undoing—issuing to-day, in spite of reason and remonstrance, orders which physical resistance, active or passive, obliged them to retract to-morrow;—they tore up by the roots the principle of authority and the habit of obedience, and have involved themselves and their Clergy in a cloud of discreditable contradictions, more destructive of public confidence and self-respect than if they had been hooted at in the streets. From the Bishop of London we would willingly have hoped for better things. We honour a Bishop who is no Nepotist, and despises money. As for the character of

Dr Philpots, nobody need care about that until he shall have shown some care for it himself. The buying off his opposition to Catholic emancipation with the Bishopric of Exeter, has been one of the great scandals of our time—scandalous to the persons buying, and scandalous to the person bought. What, then, were we to expect? Impossible to say what; but certainly something clever, versatile, and mischievous. Our expectations have been fulfilled. Lord Bacon has noticed it as among the principal causes of divisions and defections in the Church, that its fathers and leaders should lose their light and wax worldly; that there should be among them any against whom the Supreme Bishop hath not a few things, but many things; any that have lost their first love; any that are neither hot nor cold; any who has stumbled too fondly at the threshold, in such sort that he cannot sit well that entered ill. ‘*Then, men grope for the Church as in the dark.*’

The Church of England has lost caste and confidence by these late transactions. Yet it can scarcely be imagined that it ever intended to claim for itself, or for any similar institution, the attribute of infallibility. For upon this point, under any canon of interpretation, natural or non-natural, there can be no mistake concerning the meaning of one of its Articles. We refer to the Article which affirms that the very Church of Jerusalem, along with the other famous Churches, all have erred. A more direct admission of their being mere human institutions (whatever language to the contrary we may sometimes have to hear) cannot easily be conceived.

Locke’s definition of a Church, indeed, is good enough for us. ‘*A Church I take to be a voluntary society of men joining themselves together of their own accord, in order to the public worship of God in such manner as they may judge acceptable to Him, and effectual to the salvation of their souls.*’ The co-operation and union, the sympathy and help, on which Arnold dwells so much, as being the characteristic virtues of a church, will naturally follow, more or less, from a common worship. *A National Church* adds no other circumstance than the fact, that, to be properly so named, this voluntary society must really comprehend the nation. Where this is not the case, its name is a misnomer, its privileges a usurpation. When this is the case, we have no objection to Hobbes’s definition of a Church, or to Arnold’s merging of Church and State in one, except for the opposite consequences the authors of them may draw.

In classing the Churches of the Three Kingdoms, we have been accustomed to consider the Church of Scotland as really national; that of England as semi-national; that of Ireland anti-national.

We assumed, accordingly, that a Scotchman, an Englishman, and an Irishman, would probably look at them with corresponding feelings.

A few words will suffice for the National Church of Ireland. During the debates on the humble proposal of the Whig Government for regulating the Irish Church, it was christened by Mr Gally Knight the 'Monster Church.' Its position is so truly monstrous—so much more like that of an Ecclesiastical garrison than a National Church, that it would be ridiculous to stop and criticize it. Nobody ever thinks of it as a National Church; nobody can defend it on the principles on which any other National Church that ever existed was ever deemed defensible, or ever was defended; nobody can open a rational book on Church establishments, without finding the arguments in their behalf proceeding, from first to last, upon facts and reasonings by which the Church of Ireland stands utterly condemned. Practically, too, it has done as little for the Protestant religion as for the Protestant interest and the Protestant ascendancy. Both the Protestant religion and the Protestant interest would have been in an infinitely sounder state if it never had been heard of. We long have wondered how any man, with adequate notions of the nature of a Church, can have reconciled it to his conscience to unite himself in membership with, still more to accept preferment under, so unnatural an institution. Less, if possible, is to be expected from it now than in the good old times, when it was often used as a middle term—something between an honourable exile and a penal settlement—for many a man less worthy of promotion in any Church than even Swift. The evil is a growing one. During the first half of the last century, the Pope had a capital ally in Protestant penal laws; during the latter half, and down to our own time, in Protestant political exclusion. There still remains for him the Protestant Church Establishment—almost as effectual an assistant, from the sense of indignity and scorn belonging to it. It may not positively make Catholics; but we have not the least doubt but that it prevents conversions. Were it to last, by any possibility, another hundred years, is there a man alive who believes that of itself it would have brought over a hundred converts, nominal or real? Occasional converts to Master's Caste are quite another thing.

Every year the growing numbers of the Roman Catholic population make the sight of it a more preposterous spectacle, and the thing itself an infinitely more dangerous experiment. Yet what are we to do? Burke said, he would never have despoiled the Roman Catholic population of its Church property in the first

instance. But since the crime or blunder had been committed, he seems to have thought that there was nothing left for them but a Voluntary Church. After dissuading the Irish Roman Catholics, in language as earnest and vehement as O'Connell's, from letting their priests become pensioners on the Government, he declares : — ' I wish very much to see, before my death, an image of a ' primitive Christian Church. With little improvements, I think ' the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland very capable of exhibit- ' ing that state of things. I should not, by force, or fraud, or ' rapine, have ever reduced them to their present state. God ' forbid ! But being in it, I conceive that much may be made of ' it, to the glory of religion and the good of the state.' Of the Protestant Establishment he adds, faintly and despondingly, ' If the other was willing to hear of any melioration, it might, ' without any strong perceptible change, be rendered much more ' useful.'—A. D. 1795.

Fifty years pass on ; and we have Arnold calling for the establishment of the Roman Catholic religion in three-fourths of Ireland. ' The Christian people of Ireland, (says he,)—i. e. in my ' sense of the word, the Church of Ireland—have a right to have ' the full benefit of their Church property, which now they cannot ' have, because Protestant clergymen they will not listen to. . . . ' The Irish, being a Catholic people, have a right to perfect inde- ' pendence, or to a perfectly equal union. If our conscience objects ' to the latter, it is bound to concede to them the former. . . . ' Those who think that Catholicism is idolatry, ought, on their ' own principles, to move heaven and earth for the Repeal ' of the Union, and to let O'Connell rule his Celts their own way. ' I think that a Catholic is a member of Christ's Church just as ' much as I am, and I could well endure one form of that ' Church in England and another in Ireland.'

We are as convinced as of our own existence that there can be no peace for Ireland—or for England in connexion with it—no real Civil Union between the two Countries—until the nominal Union between the Church of England, and what only a parrot or a mocking-bird can call the Church of Ireland, has been dissolved. If the Irish Church were merely a failure, a pure waste of the national funds for religious instruction—that would be bad enough ; but, from all we hear of it, it is so much money spent, and successfully spent, in the interest of the Spirit of all Evil. It has succeeded to perfection in provoking and in nourishing those antipathies which are destructive of the only religion that is worth having—the religion of good-will and peace—the religion which commands us to love our neighbours as we love ourselves. Some sixteen years ago, the Roman Catholic Dean of Cashel told Prince Puckler

Muskau—'We have scarcely such a thing as a Christian among us. Catholics and Protestants have one common religion—that of hatred.' The Prelacy and Liturgy of Laud created once in Scotland a common religion of the same description. Repeat the provocation now; or, let the National Churches of England or of Scotland become as contemptible in numbers, be as invidious and as presuming, and we have no manner of doubt but that, at both ends of the island, Protestant could be brought to hate Protestant to the full as well.

There cannot be conceived a greater contrast to the Irish Church, than has hitherto been presented by the Church of Scotland. The one was re-established on the decisive averment, that 'it was agreeable to the inclinations of the people.' If States had consciences, the preamble for establishing the other would have, as publicly, recited directly the reverse. Mr Dick, the stanch advocate of the Voluntaries, acquits the Church of Scotland of having been accessory to any evils but such as are unavoidably generated by an establishment. The testimony of Adam Smith in its behalf, is not merely negative. In his chapter 'On Institutions for Religious Instruction,' he bears witness, that it had produced all the good effects, both civil and religious, which can possibly be supposed to be produced by any other. Among the foremost of those effects was that remarkable peculiarity of Presbyterian countries—the spectacle of the common people brought over, without persecution and almost to a man, to the Established Church. Here were to be seen a Clergy, poorly endowed, equal in station among each other, little raised above their flocks. But they were learned, respectable, and independent; and they exercised, generation after generation, an extraordinary influence over a pious and orderly population. Considerable mischief, according to Adam Smith, had followed for a season from the right of every parish to elect its pastor. But every thing was eventually set in order (the philosopher fondly hoped so) by the statute of Anne. This statute took away the right from the Parishioners, and gave it back to the original Patrons. 'What a little way can the shrewdest see before them, in the complications and the eddies of the minds of men! There can be now no question but that this statutory restriction of that popular liberty and spiritual supremacy, on which Knox had desired to build his Church, has since shaken the ecclesiastical system of Scotland to its foundation—a result which Adam Smith foresaw as little as Lords Brougham and Campbell can have foreseen, (when they were affirming the decree of the Court of Session in the *Auchterarder case*,) that Lord Aberdeen's Declaratory Bill so soon

would follow, affirm their own first popular out-of-door impression concerning the *Veto*, and trample their judgment in the dirt.

The problem on which the Church of Scotland has been rent in twain, is one of those problems which, solve it as we may, we shall have reason at times to fear that we have solved it wrong. The option between Patronage and Popular Election is an unavoidable dilemma; and though prudent regulations may moderate the evils, yet, under all possible regulations, it is only a choice of evils which can remain. The legislature which should give a preference to Popular Election, will be told by the followers of Adam Smith that it prefers a system which, wherever it has been in vigour, has been productive of nothing but disorder; and has tended equally to corrupt the morals both of the clergy and of the people. Burke laboured the same maxim in his correspondence with Dr Hussey:—‘Permit no elections from within or from without. In very small churches, where a ruling mind or two puts the whole in order, nothing can be better than an election. But in great bodies it is pestiferous. Indeed, in great bodies it has been long disused, and to good effect. Otherwise, humanly speaking, the Christian religion could not have existed to this day.’—(A.D. 1795.) Such was Burke’s protest in the case of a Church which, thought ruly national, was unendowed: in which, therefore, half of the undue motives which pollute the course of Popular Elections, sacred or profane, have disappeared. And yet, suppose every word of the testimony of Adam Smith and Burke to the dangers of Popular Election to be literally true, it by no means follows that the consequences of Patronage are not as corrupting, and that its abuses may not be at last as fatal. They are not less at the heart because they are less on the surface; and because, except in a few very flagrant cases, they eat their way, like a dry rot, comparatively in silence. On either system, the difficulties increase with the value of the endowments. Grievously then, however silently, must the yoke of Patronage be at present pressing upon the cure of souls in the rich Establishment of England! It is now sixty years ago since Paley, with all his moderation, could not refrain from publicly calling ‘upon those, who had the ordering of such matters, to reflect how the converting the best part of the revenues of the Church into annuities for the gay and illiterate youth of great families, was starving out the little clerical merit that was left in the country.’ This authoritative exposition of the real working of a system of patronage is very unlike the theory of endowments by Dr Chalmers. Nor will it agree one iota better with any other theory of the objects which any nation in its senses can possibly have had in

view, when it entrusted a Church with part of its revenues. Theories are unfortunately only theory—Paley's statement is the fact. The fact is an intelligible but mournful commentary upon a subsequent chapter in his 'Moral and Political Philosophy,' in which it is acknowledged that every rational defence of an Establishment must suppose the necessity of endowments, in order to secure an efficient and learned clergy! Burnet has printed Cranmer's unsuccessful protest against the stalls of Canterbury. It is much to the honour of his piety and foresight. The Church of England nowhere appears to so little advantage as in a Cathedral town. After a century of remonstrance and collision, the yoke of Patronage has at last been shaken off by half of Scotland in despair. Yet our humble benefices held out but few temptations to the jobber. Instead of 'annuities 'for the gay and illiterate of great families,' its most ordinary abuse would be, here and there, the quartering on the Kirk the half-paid dominie of some shabby laird.

There is no use now in speculating whether the late Secession might have been prevented; or whether the proposed control over the abuses of Patronage was a sufficient object for staking so much upon that unhappy question. The policy of an object may be doubtful. Yet our doubts need not prevent us from admiring the characters of individuals, and honouring them for the sacrifices they have made. Right or wrong, necessarily or unnecessarily, the Secession is accomplished. The position of the ancient Church of Scotland is become, in consequence, a position of difficulty and of peril. When we reflect how much more truly national it has been than the Church of, perhaps, any other country—how much of all that a Church can do it has done—that it has been her Church, more than any other thing, which has made Scotland what she is, and has given her a name among the nations—we cannot calmly think that it may one day have to take its place, side by side, with the Church of Ireland. May God preserve it for a prouder fortune than that of the sinecure Church of a small, though it may be a rich, minority! But any thing is better than an emptied and degraded Church. In case it should be destined to be borne down by the youthful vigour of its impetuous rival—a result which, however, we do not greatly fear—of one thing we are certain—it will not be replaced by any exclusive National Establishment. Neither the Presbytery of Knox nor the Prelacy of Laud will rise upon its ruins.

The Church of England is much more complicated in its nature and organization, in its position and its history, than that of Scotland. But it has one advantage. Its relation to the State has been always clear and definite. This is a point upon

which principle and practice have been both so uniform, that any difference of opinion on the subject can only be accounted for by ignorance or wilfulness. The Ecclesiastical Constitution of England was from the first plainly bottomed upon a Parliamentary title. Its Civil Constitution scarcely more so. Both exist, only 'as by law established.' In both, the supreme Legislature is in Parliament. In both, the whole judicial and executive authority are primarily vested in the Crown. When these three authorities—Legislative, Judicial, and Executive—are thus disposed of, what is there behind for any other claimant?

As long as the Church of England was a branch of the Church of Rome—a branch of that mighty tree by which the earth was overshadowed—the historical terms of its adoption by the State was a case for antiquarians; and not an easy one. The common canon law of Europe was not (as such) the canon law of England. Ecclesiastical laws were not received there as the Pope's, but as the King's. There were liberties and specialties in the Anglican as well as in the Gallican Church. Statute after statute occasionally interposed. But the line, as drawn by common law or statute, was unsteady and obscure, without either principle or rule. It followed whosoever's hand was uppermost in the scramble—Pope or King. Thanks be to God and Henry VIII., it is not so now. The terms on which the present Church of England was not only adopted by the State, but almost, if not altogether, constituted by it, may be easily learned, and by a plain man, without the help of any antiquary. The Statute Book, and Strype and Burnet, Collier and Lingard, will furnish us with all the facts and documents we can want. Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth, with the sanction of their Parliaments, proceeded to build up an intelligible National Church on the national foundations which Henry VIII. and his Parliaments had laid. The means employed were often bad enough—force and fraud. But the work was carried on in broad daylight; and its principles were proclaimed from the house-tops. Some men undoubtedly were bribed, and many were intimidated. Yet we do not believe, from the day of the resignation of the seals by Sir Thomas More—or the day that a layman, the Lord Cromwell, sat in Convocation as its President, and Vicar-General of the Supreme Head of the Church of England—or the day of the passing of the Act, entitled, 'An Act, showing the Sub-mission of the Clergy'—that any body can be said to have been deceived. The work was the work of years. It ended in the old Ecclesiastical Constitution being thoroughly broken up, and a new one erected upon its base. In the new one,

too many of the old materials may have been used, and too much of the ancient structure and elevation may have been retained. But its policy and its principles were all its own. Divines may amuse themselves with the fiction of a continuity of title. But, viewing the existing Protestant Church of England as a National Church, the break in its title is as complete as if the Mahomedan religion had been adopted in the place of the ancient faith. Several successive Parliaments were engaged on the construction of the new edifice. Being Christian assemblies—Protestant majorities legislating for a Protestant people—they of course established their new Church according to their new opinions.

The most important characteristics of a National Church are comprised in the supposition of an appointed Clergy, provided for out of public funds and teaching authorized doctrines. Since the Reformation every one of these particulars, without any distinction between discipline and doctrine, has been settled by the State. And why not? Before it legislates upon other subjects, as, for instance, on law, medicine, or military affairs, the general government ought, no doubt, to consult the persons whom it considers best qualified to advise it with reference to the subject-matter. We must suppose it to do the same in Church affairs. But, under these circumstances, it has never entered into the head of the lawyer, the physician, or the soldier, that their opinion was entitled to be regarded as any thing but advice. Clergymen, however, have got into the evil habit of imagining, that, from some supposed peculiarity in religion, or on account of some supposed privilege in their office or in their persons, they are entitled, in whatever regards the Church, to be considered as something higher than mere advisers. But the privilege to which they thus pretend, can never stand an instant where Protestantism has really been received; for the very corner-stone of Protestantism is the right of the people, directly or indirectly, to the substantive authority in the Church. It is mainly on this account that Protestantism, as commonly understood by simple folk, has gone out of favour with so many of the clergy. We know of no possible reason why the opinion of members of the clerical profession should be invested with more authority than is the case with the members of other professions; while, from the nature of the subject and from experience of the past, there may be many reasons why their opinion should have less. Lord Clarendon had found them such wretched counsellors to his royal master, that, in the bitterness of his heart, he left it as a warning for posterity, that Clergymen were the worst informed, and took the worst measure of affairs, of any class of persons who could

write and read. Nor were these idle words. It was as sincere friends of the Church, (in every sense of the word, large or narrow,) that in 1664, Clarendon being Lord Chancellor, and Sheldon being Archbishop of Canterbury, came to a resolution, as bold and singular in its way as the shutting up by Cromwell of a House of Commons he could not manage. By nothing more formal and constitutional than a verbal agreement between themselves, they transferred the right of taxing the clergy from Convocation to Parliament. They must have foreseen the consequences which followed. In little more than fifty years, Convocation had dropped out of the English Constitution. A Minister who should revive it now, would deserve to be impeached. We think we may trust our present Premier. The Provincial Synod of Bishops, which, according to the eighteenth chapter of the Reformation of the Ecclesiastical laws, Cranmer had meant to substitute for it, would not have succeeded much better; for the objection was not so much to a Lower House of Convocation, as to any purely clerical assembly.

The English Convocation was in fact an Ecclesiastical Parliament, composed in the worst spirit of Popery, and in its worst times;—an encroachment upon, but yet a part of, the civil constitution with which it was coeval: a compromise between the sacred Synod, which the clergy wished it to be regarded, and a regular third estate. For Edward the First had originally designed it to have been strictly a third estate, after what is called by Burnet Charlemagne's second model of the Church. Convocation was thus a very anomalous institution from the first. The Reformation came, and reduced it to be nothing better than a stage for the Clergy to expose themselves upon. It had just enough of life and passion in it to answer the high calling of a factious instrument for factious politicians. It had no real power; but it was a name to conjure by; and evil spirits would appear. Forms of things long remain in England after the substance is eat out; or it could hardly have been worth while to have kept up for a day the show and ceremony of an institution so worn out and decrepid, that Chief Baron Gilbert had observed of it—
 ‘ Sometimes, indeed, the Lords, and sometimes the Commons,
 ‘ were wont to send to the Convocation for some of their body to
 ‘ give their advice in spiritual matters. But still this was only
 ‘ by way of advice. For the Parliament have always insisted
 ‘ that their laws, by their own natural force, bind the clergy; as
 ‘ the laws of all Christian princes did in the first ages of the
 ‘ Church.’

From the nature of things, a Religion cannot be made National but by the sanction of the supreme authority of the State.

The English people, it is true, took little part in the turns and fluctuations of the Reformation; so little, that the National Religion was put backwards and forwards four times within twelve years—each of these successive changes representing at the time little more than the will and pleasure of Henry and Edward, Mary and Elizabeth. Notwithstanding which, they were all, however, as constitutionally expressed, each and every one, as similar changes would be now. Whatever was done, was done by the omnipotence of King, Lords, and Commons. Meanwhile, if the body of the people were consulted little, the body of the clergy appear to have been consulted less. They must have been subjected, however, all along to the painful distinction by which an active obedience is distinguished from a passive one—a precise clerical subscription from a presumed laical assent. The Highest Churchman will scarcely venture on a peremptory denial of the public authority by which the Church of England was introduced into the realm. They are much more likely to have recourse to the shifts of pleading; and (as it is termed) *confess and avoid*. The real question, they may reply, is not so much the fact of adoption, as the terms. This is true. It was undoubtedly competent to the English nation to have excluded the people at large from all share in Ecclesiastical legislation, and to have consigned it entirely to persons in Holy Orders. Some persons have a pleasure in imagining that such is the case with the Church of England now. There is no proposition, however, in English history clearer than the contrary. If the Church of England had no other legislature than a purely spiritual legislature, it would be in the unhappy predicament of having no legislature at all.

Providentially, the real legislature of the Church of England is not far to seek. Its legislature is Parliament. This simple verity is not in the least dependent on the fact of the Bishops having seats in the House of Lords; still less upon any presumption, that the law holds (as one of its many fictions) that every member of the English Parliament is also a member of the English Church. It follows as the natural consequence of the general omnipotence of Parliament, and of there being no exception in favour of the Church. Roman Catholics were members of Parliament at the Reformation; and for some time after. Puritans (some of them to all intents Dissenters) soon followed. When sectarian restraints were afterwards imposed, they were imposed on political pretences. While Parliament declined to disqualify, on ecclesiastical grounds, any of the members of its Civil legislature from being, at the same time, members of its Church legislature, it was not likely to allow any such objection to prevail in the case of Church judicatories.

Accordingly, a Dissenter may sit (and does sit) as supreme Ecclesiastical Judge in the Privy Council. The case of the King differs from other cases, by the fact of the King being, by law, the Head of the Church. It is evident, however, that the open principles of the English constitution were originally considered to be too strong for the presumption which this *descriptio personæ* almost unavoidably implies. Otherwise there would have been no necessity for the 30th Charles II., to prevent the Head of the Church of England from being a Papist. The 12th of William III. applied only to future sovereigns. Except for it, the Head of the English Church might be an Independent like Cromwell, or a Presbyterian like James I.; than whom nobody had talked more lightly of the Church of England and its sacraments, until circumstances made it worth his while to put himself in communion with it.

It is true there is a terrible arrear of Ecclesiastical legislation. What would Melancthon think of us, who recommended periodical revisions of Articles of Religion? What, Lord Bacon?—who complained, two hundred years ago, that ‘the Ecclesiastical State should still continue upon the dregs of time, and receive no alteration now for these five-and-forty years, and more. . . . And that they had heard of no offers of the Bishops of ‘bills in Parliament.’ During this long interval, there can be no doubt but that the natural advisers of the Church have allowed a variety of evils to accumulate, rather than take the risk of a discussion in the House of Commons as the condition of redress. We question even now, whether the present Master of the Temple will succeed in bringing the Rubric and the Canons before a Committee of Religion. From one consideration or another, Parliament has left a great part of its ecclesiastical business undone. Nevertheless, it has freely exercised its legislative power over the Church on a multitude of occasions. Sometimes consulting with the Clergy—sometimes not: in either case, the ultimate judgment and sanction being, beyond all question, solely and exclusively its own. The principal things to consider in an Establishment are—what is to be done about its endowments and its clergy—its discipline and its doctrine. It may be useful to particularize, in one or two instances, how Parliament has dealt with them. We will begin with endowments.

Church property (or, to describe it less fallaciously, the property which the nation has set apart for spiritual purposes) Parliament has given and taken away—it has united it in its amount by Mortmain Acts—it has moulded it at its discretion, now by enlarging, now by restraining statutes—it has changed it in its

quality by Tithe Commutation Bills—and, by divers enactments against non-residence and pluralities, has modified the terms upon which it can be enjoyed.

Over the clergy, or the Ministers of its Church in Holy Orders, Parliament has equally held the reins. It has fixed the age at which they can enter into that sacred corps; and has prescribed the forms and ceremonies by which its Priests are ordained, and its Bishops consecrated. It has incorporated them with their fellow-citizens by taking off the restriction of celibacy, and allowing them to marry. On the other hand, by putting on them the prohibition of trading, and farming, and of sitting in the House of Commons, it has done its best to keep them unspotted from the world; and to confine them to the duties to which they have devoted themselves by their ordination vows.

Where to place the jurisdiction over the Discipline and Doctrines of a Church, is a more delicate question. One of the Fathers declared he would never again go to a General Council. He had seen no good of them. But even into this delicate province Parliament has entered, and has maintained its ground there with as assured a step, and as minute a supervision, (ordering and controlling,) as any of the four first Councils. It is by Act of Parliament that Sunday is kept holy. The Act is prefaced by an elaborate preamble, that—what days should be set apart for God's service, and what not, was left to the liberty of Christ's Church, and to the determination of the rulers and ministers thereof; and then follows a determination by King, Lords, and Commons, in behalf of Sunday and certain other holidays. On the same principle, the same Parliament of Edward VI., after reciting the godly travel of the King's Highness, the Lord Protector, and others of his Council, proceeds to establish the form of Common Prayer and public worship, and the rites with which the sacrament was to be celebrated. Every syllable of the ancient Canon Law, which is at this day Law in England, is kept alive by an unhappy saving in the Act of Henry VIII. He was Canonist enough himself to have taken care that the revision of the Canons by his Commissioners (half clerical half lay) should be in accordance with his mandate; which forbade the Universities to grant any more degrees in a science with which the Church of England had no longer any connexion or concern. A few years afterwards, the Parliament of Elizabeth, in its own name, and in its first and fundamental statute, laid down its own tests and limits for ascertaining what was heresy, and what not. It added an ironical compliment to Convocation, in case new heresies should need to be declared. This fundamental statute expressed, beyond all possibility of mistake, the ecclesiastical

principles and policy of this decisive reign. Its peremptory provisions, on the most tender of all spiritual questions, were followed, ten years later, by an Act with the title of—‘An Act for the ‘ministers of the Church to be of sound religion.’ On this Act, (drawn up as loosely as a modern statute, and construed as strictly,) the necessity of subscription by *all* clergymen to *all* the ‘Articles for avoiding diversities of opinion!’ at present stands.

Statutory enactments of this description by the supreme authority of the State, (there being not a shadow of legislative power in any other quarter,) are abundant proof that the Church legislature of the Church of England is in Parliament. In like manner, in all other particulars the analogy to the civil Constitution is pursued throughout. Accordingly, the remaining branches of Church authority, judicial and executive, are in the Crown.

* ‘The first statute of Elizabeth (1 El. c. 1) enacts, ‘that all such ‘jurisdiction, spiritual and ecclesiastical, as by any spiritual or ecclesiastical authority had heretofore been exercised for the visitation of the ‘ecclesiastical state and persons, and for reformation of all manner of ‘heresies, &c., shall for ever, by authority of Parliament, be annexed to ‘the imperial Crown of the realm.’—(Sect. 17.) ‘That the Queen and ‘her successors, by virtue of that Act, had full power to assign from time ‘to time such person or persons as they should think meet, being natural born subjects, to execute under her highness the said spiritual and ‘ecclesiastical jurisdiction.’—(Sect. 18.) ‘That no manner of order or ‘determination, for any matter of religion or cause ecclesiastical, made by ‘the authority of that Parliament, should be deemed or adjudged at any ‘time hereafter to be any error, heresy, or schism.’—(Sect. 35.) ‘That ‘the commissioners, appointed as aforesaid, shall have no power to adjudge any matter to be heresy, but such as heretofore have been adjudged ‘to be so by the authority of Scripture, or by the first four General Councils; or such as hereafter shall be ordered to be heresy by the High ‘Court of Parliament, with the assent of the clergy in their Convocation.’—(Sect. 36.)

To the best of our knowledge, this last clause is the only place in which Convocation is recognised by Parliament as a properly assenting party in any instance whatsoever of spiritual legislation. It must be observed what in this case was the nature of the instance, and how strictly limited to a negative even here; but, above all, it must be recollected that the clergy, at this time, had no share in the elective franchise for the House of Commons. The preambles and recitals of the Act ‘for the restraint of appeals,’ (24 Hen. VIII. c. 12,) and of ‘the ‘Act for abolishing of diversitie of opinions in certaine articles concerning Christian religion,’ (31 Hen. VIII. c. 14,) demonstrate by what successive stages the Church of England was brought out from its bondage, first to the Pope, and next to the Spirituality or Clergy, into its present freedom. The process was in truth not an emancipation, but a transforming and a creating process.

All Ecclesiastical Courts are derived out of the Royal Prerogative, precisely in the same manner as the Courts of Common Law and Equity.

Again, in the Administration of the Church the Crown is the sole constitutional executive. The Bishops, and the whole hierarchical series of governors in the Church—principals and subordinates—represent, as governors, the ecclesiastical authority of the Crown, and nothing else. The King, if it should become necessary, can appoint the Bishops by letters-patent. The commission which Cranmer, Bonner, and some other Bishops, (probably all,) took out from Henry VIII., and again from Edward VI., can be read in Burnet. The provision by which they received their Bishoprics, to be held only during the King's pleasure, may have been a very impolitic one: And it was undoubtedly fitting, as soon

The scruple felt by James I. at the ecclesiastical edict drawn up by Grotius, and published by the civil magistrates of the States of Holland, was in the spirit of the precedents collected by 'that renowned antiquary,' Sir Robert Cotton, (an answer to an argument from supposed antiquity, that '*ecclesiastical laws ought to be enacted by temporal men.*') These precedents are, one and all, Popish in point of principle, and Popish in point of time. There was some colour for keeping Church legislation in spiritual hands, as long as that part of the body politic which was called 'the Spirituality' (in distinction to the Temporality) could be properly described as being synonymous with 'the English Church.' And the specific error of Cotton (as afterwards, to the same effect, of C. J. Vaughan) appears to have consisted in carrying down the spirit of Popery upon this subject, together with its reminiscences, into a Protestant period. After reading Lord Hardwicke's celebrated judgment, (A. D. 1736, ii. Atkyns, 650,) it is difficult to conceive that these reminiscences were not misunderstood by Cotton and Vaughan as well as misapplied. Even in Roman Catholic times, the sturdiness of the common law distinguished between the legislative sphere of Convocation and of Parliament, not only the subject-matter of religion, and by the distinction between Spirituality and Temporality, but also by the pervading principle of representation. There is early judicial notice of the characteristic fact, that the laity were not represented in Convocation at all. But be this as it may: Admitting, for the present purpose, that all argument, both from antiquity and from law, must have excluded temporal men from spiritual legislation during the period that the Church of England was part and parcel of the Church of Rome, it will not be the less true, that the Reformation swept all this argument away. Under the English constitution, it was impossible that the Reformation could stand still, and be satisfied with such an enlargement of the royal prerogative as had made Henry VIII. 'a King with a Pope in his belly,' according to Sir Nicholas Bacon's picturesque expression. It necessarily took the other step, and transferred at once the full power of spiritual legislation to the common-

as men's minds had steadied to the Reformation, to return to the old tenure of life and good behaviour. To the other novelty in the commission—an explicit declaration that the Bishops were to exercise their Bishoprics, as the King's delegates, in his name and authority—we see nothing to object, unless it were found that the generality of the words exposed them to misconstruction. As much of the Episcopal office as relates to ministering in the Church and to administration of the sacraments, Elizabeth had had the discretion to disclaim for herself, and we presume for all her successors, male as well as female. In other respects, Elizabeth asserted her plenary superiority out and out, and talked of her prerogative of unfrocking Bishops with an irreverent indecorum. In one of her speeches to Parliament, (1585,) she reminded them that God had made her 'overruler of the Church.' There were great

wealth at large. 'I have heard,' said Peter Wentworth, addressing the House of Commons of 1575—'I have heard of old Parliament men, that the banishment of the Pope and Popery, and the restoring of true religion, had their beginning from this House, and not from the Bishops.' The truth is and must be, that, as soon as ever the Church of England was laid open to the light and breath of heaven, and to popular understanding and belief, the Temporality became a component part of it. From that moment, a Convocation which represented the Spirituality only could be no longer rationally considered to represent the Church. The High-Church Convocations of after times, however, were not afraid to put this violence upon reason. Among the impertinences of the Canons of 1603, it was declared, (Can. 139, 140,) that 'whoever should affirm that Convocation was not the true Church of England by representation, and that, therefore, it could not bind the laity in causes ecclesiastical, should be excommunicate!' This audacious attempt by an English Priesthood, to recover for their order an authority, of which, if they ever had it, the Reformation had certainly deprived them, was, we need hardly say, in as manifest contradiction to the law of the land as to common sense. The courts at Westminster have dealt with it accordingly.

For the question, the real question, at the root and in the sap, and throughout the whole trunk of the English Church, as a reformed Church, is this—are the people of England in communion with its Church—a part of the Church—a real and substantial part of it? or, are they there only for the purpose of attending to and attending on the clergy? 'When I hear men talk of the Church,' Arnold used to say, 'I cannot help recalling how Abbé Siéyes replied to the question, "What is the *Tiers Etat*?" by saying, "*La nation moins la noblesse et le clergé*;" and so I, if I were asked, What are the laity? I would answer, the Church *minus* the clergy. This,' he said, 'is the view taken of the Church in the New Testament; can it be said that it is the view held amongst ourselves? and if not, is not the difference incalculable?' It is assuredly the view taken of it by the law.

faults and negligences in it. ‘All of which, if you, my Lords of the Clergy, do not amend, I mean to depose you. Therefore, look well to your charges.’ As might be expected of the Tudors and the Stuarts, they often pushed their notions of what belonged to the executive a great deal too far, in ecclesiastical affairs as well as in civil. Their royal interposition frequently went beyond the ordinary powers of any ecclesiastical executive. In all such cases the sovereign was understood, both by himself and others, to draw his power from the unfathomable depths of an indefinite prerogative supremacy. Henry VIII., for instance, Defender of the Faith, and so forth, in the pride of his divinity altered certain Articles of Faith with his own hand, and apparently published others without consulting either Convocation or Parliament. Every attempt by the Tudors and the Stuarts to control the House of Commons in its debates concerning religion, treated such debates as infringements on the prerogative. Discussions in Convocation contrary to the royal pleasure, would have fared still worse.

In the mean time, with regard to public worship Parliament had taken care of the prayer-book only. It had said nothing of preachers. Regulations concerning them were considered less urgent. There was no superstition in their case to displace; for the warmest advocates of the mysterious privileges of holy orders, have confined their claims to the spiritual administration of rites and ceremonies. The gift of preaching was too hazardous a pretension to be put among the powers of an apostolical succession. The Crown, therefore, took the preachers into its own hands. It was a singular prerogative which could cover ‘the directions concerning preachers,’ as issued first by James I.—who was ‘indeed a mixed person, a king in civil power, a bishop in ecclesiastical affections’—and afterwards by his son. The mandate commences—‘Forasmuch as the abuses and extravagances of preachers in the pulpit have been in all ages repressed in the realm by some act of council or state, with the advice of learned prelates: and insomuch as the very licensing of preachers had this beginning by an order at Star-Chamber, (19, Henry VIII. :) and that, at this present, *young students, by reading of late writers and ungrounded divines, do broach doctrines many times unprofitable*,—Therefore His Majesty hath been entreated to settle for the present, by proclamation, these limitations following.’ Then follows a string of minute directions, parcelling out to preachers the topics which they were allowed to preach upon, according to a curious scale of ecclesiastical dignities and academical degrees. Alas, for the security which would be now afforded us by Dignities and Degrees!

A twelvemonth ago, we should have thought it time wasted to have gone into these particulars. But the Bishop of Exeter takes liberties in argument, of which Atterbury (were he living) would be ashamed. Assertions cost him nothing: whether it suits his purpose to tell his clergy that the Sermon is rubrically part of the Communion service! or to tell the House of Lords that the *temporal* authority, formerly exercised in England by the Pope, was all the authority which the Act of Supremacy and the English constitution recognized in the Crown!—he has so much more about him of the temper of a hired Advocate of the Church, than that of one of its Fathers, that we have thought it best to go back to first principles. Our first principles are those which, in the edict drawn up by Grotius on the part of the Remonstrants, and adopted by the States of Holland, are announced to be ‘agreeable to the example of the kings, princes, ‘and cities, which have embraced the Reformation.’ According to the policy of the English nation, the form in which they have embodied and expressed these principles is, that of the supremacy of the Crown over the Church, and the supremacy of Parliament over both. Arnold recognized the doctrine of the Crown’s supremacy as the peculiar blessing of the constitution of the Church of England—‘A rare and mere blessing of God.’ In this opinion we heartily agree. It is not necessary to go further; and to conclude with him, that the supremacy of the Crown must consequently contain what Arnold conceived to be the true idea of a perfect Church. Still less can we indulge the hope, that (were it worked out to what he would have considered its ‘full development,’) we should find in it that kingdom of God for which his straining eyeballs were looking out—the fulfilment of the promises made in Scripture to the Church of Christ.

We are thankful for smaller matters. Yet it is no small matter to have, in the very framework of the ecclesiastical constitution, a security against the enormous fallacy of a Sovereign Priesthood; and to know that the spiritual government of a people is fenced in against abuse by the very same protection as their civil—by representatives of their own. Englishmen cannot be much misgoverned in either, without it being their own fault. It is no small matter, too, to believe with Arnold, that by the Articles of its Church the Christian *res publicâ* depends on the political. Therefore, there may be at least as many Christian societies as there are political; and indeed, in these kingdoms, there are more. Since, not only does Nonconformity cease to be an offence of any kind from the moment it is recognised and authorized by the law; but it is thereby in fact established: for, (as Lord Mansfield sensibly observed,) in these matters, to tolerate is to establish.

M. Villemain, in his commentary on Cicero's *De Republicâ*, contemptuously compares the ecclesiastical legislation of the English Parliament to the ecclesiastical legislation of the Roman Senate. We see no reason for being ashamed of the comparison. We know from Polybius, as well as from Cicero, that the good sense of their ecclesiastical polity did not prevent the Romans from being more religious than their neighbours. Can as much be said in favour of the ecclesiastical polity of modern Rome? In our judgment, the political constitution of the Church of England, rightly understood, is its specific merit. It is the people's share in it. As a general advantage, it can scarcely be overrated. Yet the Church of England is beset with particular disadvantages, great and numerous, to which remedies of some sort must be applied ere long; or dissolution, in one or other of its forms, may overtake the wealthiest, though not the first-born, of the Churches of the Reformation before it is aware.

Dr Arnold wrote his pamphlet on Church Reform during the excitement of 1833; under an exaggerated impression (as he afterwards acknowledged) of the strength of the movement party, and of the immediateness of the danger. His general opinion of the Church of England—of its merits and demerits, its present and its future—will be better gathered from his varied correspondence, extending over a tract of years. The opinion will be found to be much the same, from first to last. He thought its whole system so corrupt, that it had not to be amended here and there, but to be recast. It stands, he said, in many points, just as it did in the worst days of Popery—only reading 'king or aristocracy' in the place of 'pope.' It had been left at the Reformation as avowedly unfinished as Cologne Cathedral. Yet English Churchmen, instead of renewing the crane on its half-built towers, in the hope of some day finishing them, persuade themselves that their building is complete! Its historical and motley character made him marvel at the fondness of many noble minds for our 'dear mother the panther.' The very phrase, 'mother church,' sounded in his ears as an unscriptural and mischievous idolatry. Dissent from it, accordingly, wore a very different aspect in his eyes from divisions introduced into a more perfect church. Nor was the making and irritating Dissenters the worst consequence of its corruptions. To the extent, that the notion of a Priesthood had got possession of it, its Christian power of union and co-operation was so far paralysed. The spirit of the great body of the Clergy at the present day, had altered very little from what it had been ever since the time of Queen Elizabeth downwards. It still continues to be the spirit of a Political party; and, unfortunately, of the party which had been, in the main, opposed to all improvement.

‘ Therefore (he concludes, that were there no other objection to their title to be considered a national Church) it will not do for the Church party in England to identify themselves with the nation, which they are not; nor with the Constitution, which they did their best to hinder ever coming into existence.’

Nothing that can now be done, can change the past history of the English Church; or much improve, we fear, the political spirit of its Clergy. The obstacles in the way of Church Reform, in the high meaning which Dr Arnold attributed to the word, are confessedly insurmountable. They lie deeper even than the idolatry of things as they are by the high churchmen; or than the idolizing of the early reformers by the evangelicals; or even than that indifference to general principles, so characteristic of Englishmen, which was enough (he said) to break his heart. They lie in the fact, that an attempt to execute his reform would probably produce far less good than evil—unless a previous reformation should have taken place in human nature, amounting to a change of it altogether. But, far short of the views he loved to brood over, there is room for many changes in the Church; which might lessen considerably its internal evils, and moderate the dangers to it from without. With respect to the Liturgy, he appears to have thought little alteration was needed in it beyond leaving out the political services. He made equally light of the important questions of patronage, of the equalizing of revenues, and of pluralities. The tone in which he notices Wesley’s observation to his Ministers, (to the effect that they had no more to do with being gentlemen than with being dancing-masters,) shows he was aware of one of the evils of a rich establishment. We mean of the danger that its Clergy will get above their work—not from pride, but from their station, their habits, and their mode of education.

With respect to the Articles—as an ostrich, it is said, can digest iron—so, when Arnold had once swallowed the Articles, they seem to have given him no further trouble. He disliked them, he said, because they represented truth theologically and technically, and, in consequence, untruly. He would have gladly reduced them to articles of peace. He willingly, therefore, signed petitions for relief in respect of the terms of subscription to both Articles and Liturgy. But this was all. There is no proof of his having been sufficiently sensitive to the real extent of the grievance which these peremptory subscriptions are inflicting on many natures. Snares to some—to others scourges. We should ourselves wish for no better instance of the peril of them, than the way in which such minds as Arnold’s and Paley’s reasoned themselves into subscribing. The time, however, when such reasonings can prevail with men of

half their ability and honesty, seems coming to an end. For this we have to thank the extreme cases of Messrs Ward and Oakley. Arnold says, 'historically our prayer-book exhibits the opinions of two very different parties, King Edward's reformers, and the high churchmen of James the First's time, and of 1661. There is a necessity, therefore, in fact, for a comprehensive subscription, unless the followers of one of these parties are to be driven out of the Church.' *Comprehensive Articles*, that is, open Articles, would be a great gain. But a *comprehensive subscription* of close Articles, is more than we can comprehend, or should wish to be comprehended in. We are told that the friends of Mr Oakley are threatening to proceed against Mr Baptist Noel; and that there has been some talk, more or less, of convening Archbishop Whately before his Oxford brethren as a Sabellian, because Mr Ward has been degraded as a Roman Catholic. In case a see-saw of this kind should drive out of the Church not only one party, but both, Church of England men would see their way at once. The whole system of subscription must come down; and the test of Church membership might possibly be reduced to the test required in baptism. As somebody said of old, it would be then no longer *res ingeniosa* to be a Christian. We once heard an exclamation from the pulpit of Robert Hall, which we should rejoice to hear taken up and echoed from pulpit to pulpit throughout Christendom. 'If there be one truth clear as the sun in heaven, it is this—There should be no terms of communion but what are terms of salvation: and the man who is good enough for Christ is good enough for me!'

The difficulties of the Church regarding doctrine pressed lightly, in comparison, on Arnold's spirit. Its difficulties of discipline and government almost weighed him down. Before he could feel any hope for the Church, there must be signs in it of a real Church government, not a pretended one; and the only government he would have believed to be a real one, must be one which was vested in the Church, not in the Clergy. This he would have thought so incalculable a good, that, for the sake of it, he would have been willing to undergo for a season almost any aggravation of actual misgovernment. 'One thing I see, that if attempts be made, as they seem to be, to make the power of the Bishops less nominal than it has been, there will be all the better chance of our getting a really good church government; for irresponsible persons, irremoveable, and acting without responsible advisers, are such a solecism in government, that they can only be suffered to exist so long as they do nothing; let them begin to act, and the vices of their constitution will become flagrant.' On this part of the case, Lord Bacon, in a remark-

able paper 'On the Pacification of the Church,' had pronounced judgment long ago: 'There be two circumstances in the administration of Bishops, wherein, I confess, I could never be satisfied; the one, the sole exercise of their authority—the other, the deputation of it.'

We have said that Arnold did not attach sufficient importance to the pressure put upon scrupulous consciences within the Church by Articles of Faith. He was quite awake, however, to the injury they did the Church from without. A National Establishment can be only just, useful, and secure, when it is nearly co-extensive with the Nation. In the hope of saving it, Arnold would have relaxed its theoretical bond—its Articles; and would have tightened its practical one—its Government. Its multifarious and complicated Articles make it the religion only of a part, and of a much smaller part than would otherwise be the case. Arnold's alternative was a short one: 'Either the Church must be more comprehensive, or an establishment cannot be maintained. The Church as it now stands, no human power can save.'

The Supremacy of the State is one thing; an identity of Church and State, another. Any such identity is so manifestly impossible in these kingdoms, that, if it were the only condition upon which the Church of England could be saved, we should agree with Arnold that it was not to be saved by human means. On the other hand, 'if it is to be considered merely as the *'Theory of a perfect Church and a perfect State,'* it is no longer a subject of meditation for Statesmen and Divines, but for the ingenious exertions of a declamation prize. Upon any view of it, it is a theory on which, we are afraid, we are scarcely open to conviction. However, as we understand that an Appendix to the 'Fragment on the Church,' and also a Miscellaneous volume, in which Arnold's views are more fully stated and developed, will soon be published, we gladly put aside our pen and our objections, and wait for their appearance.

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